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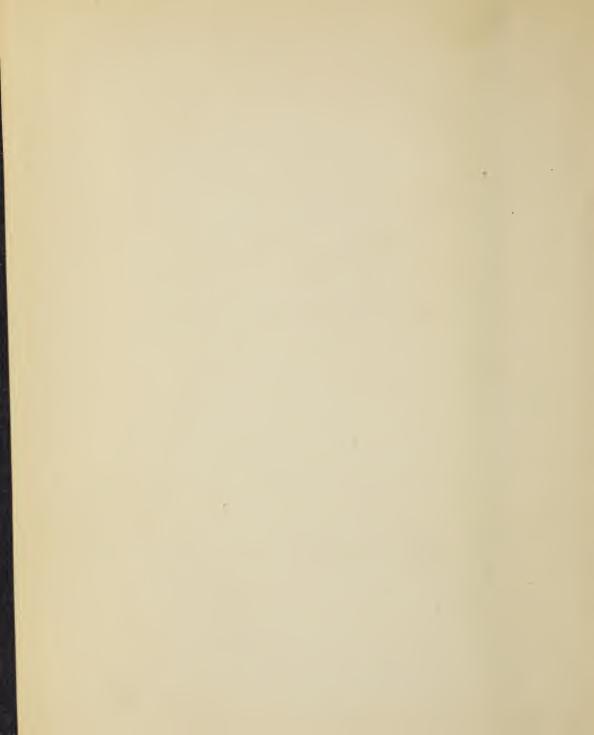
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

Section

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THE

ANGLICAN

HYMN BOOK.

SECOND EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In putting forward a revised and enlarged Edition of the present Work, the Editors think it right to state that, while they cannot but consider the number of Hymns, which it contained in its previous form, to be sufficient in itself for ordinary Church use, yet they are conscious it might not be deemed extensive enough for the requirements of choice. For this reason they have increased it from 333 to 404, by which means it is believed that ample scope for selection will now be afforded to all those who approve of the general principles of the Book, while it has afforded to themselves an opportunity of improving it both in its matter and form.

Among the Hymns appropriated to particular occasions there will be found 10 for Morning, 15 for Evening, 8 for Sunday, 15 for Advent, 10 for Christmas, 9 for Epiphany, 22 for Lent, with 28 for the period from Passion Sunday to Easter, 14 for Easter, 10 for Ascension-tide, 10 for Whitsuntide, 8 for Trinity-tide, 12 for Holy Communion, 8 for Baptism and Confirmation, 7 for Harvest, 6 for Missions, and 6 Processional. Besides these, there is at least one special Hymn for every Saint's Day in the year, while 200 will be found available for General purposes by a reference to the Index of Subjects, where, in most cases, choice may be greatly enlarged.

Of these Hymns, which include 28 Psalms, 304 are of English origin, the remaining 72 being Translations by various Authors from the Greek, Latin, and German. In making the whole selection earnest care has been taken to avoid every thought, which did not seem to be in strict accordance with the obvious meaning, and genuine spirit of the Book of Common Prayer. It is humbly hoped that the true Catholicism of the Anglican Church will be found reslected in the pages of the Anglican Hymn Book.

With reference to the question of Text, the Hymns have been re-produced, as far as possible, in their original purity, though it was frequently necessary to curtail their dimensions. Some alterations, it is true, have been introduced into several of them, but this has almost always been done for the sake of the musical accent; for in English Hymnody the laws of Rhythm are violated to such an extent as to give serious pain to the mere reader; but when the compositions are set to music the evil is so greatly aggravated, as to become intolerable not only to musical taste but to religious

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fympathies. This is the more to be lamented, fince it frequently happens that the mere transposition of a word would remedy the evil.

With regard to the Music, the same principles which influenced the compilation of the First Edition have been steadily followed in the present. All Adaptations have been rigorously excluded, as an affront to Art, if not a mischief to Religion; they are mostly feeble, and always indecorous. Further additions have been made from the elder sources of Tune, while the number of modern Compositions has been largely increased, a labor in which the Musical Editor has been aided by some of the first Musicians of the day.

The number of Tunes has still been kept equal to the number of Hymns, by which means the Tune will always serve to suggest the Words, and the Words the Tune. No doubt there are very many Tunes of earlier date, in the case of which there is no such connecting link, and therefore they will frequently be found as suitable to one Hymn as to another, of the same character and metre. For this reason it has been thought expedient to surnish a list of the best among them, which may be thus transferable, along with the Hymns, with which they may be additionally used.

As the Book now stands it contains, besides a few Ancient Melodies,-

75 Tunes from the earlier English sources;

25 from the later English;

100 from German;

200 by Composers of the present day; of which

133 have been written specially for the present Work.

The nomenclature of Tunes is well known to be in a state of serious confusion, and yet so great is the convenience of names, that they have been appended, even though still embarrassed by uncertainty. In the case of most of their own copyright Compositions, the Editors have distinguished them by the commencing words of the Hymns for which they have been written, and from which it is earnestly hoped that they will never be separated.

All the Tunes of past date, in which the existing harmonies seemed to call for improvement have been newly arranged, and the various Vocal Parts been brought within easy reach of average voices.

Marks of musical expression have been affixed to the Words, in order to create uniformity and suitable feeling in singing them. Those who do not agree with the view thus taken, are, of course, at liberty to substitute their own.

Metronome marks have also been supplied, not with the view of dictating the exact time in which the Tunes should be sung,—which, under certain circumstances, must vary,—but rather to operate as a check against slowness on the one side, and hurry on the other. For a long time the former evil prevailed; now we are threatened with the latter.

The Editors have now to return their best thanks to the various Authors, Translators, Composers, and Proprietors of Copyrights, who have allowed them to make use of the Works, with which they are severally connected. The following is a list of the Authors and Translators, or their Representatives, who have liberally allowed the use of their Hymns:—

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (by permission from the Holy Year), 26, 90, 167, 220, 231, 383; Mrs. Alexander; Dean Alford; Rev. Robt. Hall Baynes; Wm. Bonar, Esq.; Rev. Edwd. Caswall; Rev. Henry Collins, 133, 351, who kindly permitted the Editors to alter his Hymns; Miss F. E. Cox; W. C. Dix, Esq.; Rev. D. T. K. Drummond; Miss C. Elliott; Mr. W. Wells Gardner, for Rev. L. Tuttiett's Hymns; Mr. J. T. Hayes, for Dr. Neale's Translations (Hymns of the Eastern Church), 24, 99, 111, 221; Rev. J. W. Hewett; Rev. J. R. Hogg, for Rev. H. F. Lyte's Hymns; Rev. J. Holme; Rev. T. Holme; Rev. W. W. How, who gave generous permission to use any of his Hymns; Dean Milman; Rev. Dr. Monsell; Mrs. E. F. Morris; Rev. G. Moultrie (Hymns and Lyrics), 141; Rev. J. Moultrie; Eari Nelson, for the late Rev. John Keble's Hymn, 236; Rev. Dr. Newman; Rev. T. G. Nicholas; Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co., for Dr. Neale's Translations; Miss H. Parr; Messrs. Parker, for Rev. J. Keble's Hymns; Rev. E. H. Plumptre; Rev. F. Pott; Ven. Sir George Prevost, for the late Rev. I. Williams' Translations; Rev. G. R. Prynne; Rev. G. Rorison; Rev. A. T. Russell, who liberally offered any of his Hymns, as well as those of Rev. H. Downton which have been inserted; Rev. T. Gregory Smith, for Mr. W. S. Raymond's Hymn, 139; Rev. G. Thring; W. Whiting, Esq.; and Canon Woodford.

Permission to insert 366 has been purchased from Mr. Masters.

The best thanks of the Editors are due to all those Contributors, who have supplied original Tunes to this Collection. Amongst these they desire to mention Professor Sterndale Bennett, A. H. Brown, Esq., Rev. J. B. Dykes, Dr. G. J. Elvey, John Hullah, H. S. Irons, G. A. Macsarren, Walter Macsarren, Esqs., Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Henry Smart, Esq., Dr. Steggall, Professor Stewart, and Lady Thompson. The additional Composers, now connected with the work, are T. E. Aylward, Joseph Barnby, R. Barnett, Esqs., Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., Cantab., Rev. R. R. Chope, E. H. Thorne, Esq., and Lady Thompson.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes has contributed, along with other Tunes, 6 that have not appeared before.

To the following gentlemen they would express their obligations for permission to use Tunes of their composition, which have already appeared in print:—

T. E. Aylward, Esq., 70, 347; R. Barnett, Esq., 356; A. H. Brown, Esq., 193; Joseph Barnby, Esq., 221, 395, 402; Rev. R. R. Chope (Congregational Hymn Book), 236; Wm. Dorrell, Esq., 294; Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 24, 51, 150, (183, with the consent of the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern), 342; Dr. G. J. Elvey, 155, 328, 361: Dr. Gauntlett, 149, 258, 303, 377; Rev. L. G. Hayne, 172, 182; E. J. Hopkins, Esq., 197; H. S. Irons, Esq., 245; G. A. Macsarren, Esq., 63, 213; W. H. Monk, Esq., 398; S. Reay, Esq., 372, 376; R. Redhead,

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Thanks are likewise given to the following Proprietors of Copyrights for their consent to the insertion of the Tunes that accompany their names:—

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Permission has been purchased from Mr. W. Wells Gardner to include 156, 190; and from Mr. Masters for 97, 122, 223.

ROBERT CORBET SINGLETON,
M.A., First Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley:

EDWIN GEORGE MONK,

Mus. Doc., Oxon., Organist and Choir Master of York Minster.

York, January, 1871.

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The following Translations, with very few exceptions, are the property of their respective authors, or of those who represent them. Many were written for the present work.

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Oh! 'twas a joyful found to hear	337	New Version, 1696
Oh! where shall rest be found	336	James Montgomery, 1819
O Jesu, Saviour of us all	60	Ambrosian, 5th Century. Tr. 1870 Laurence Tuttiett, 1854
O Jefus, ever present	339 367	William Cowper, 1779
O King of earth, and air, and sea.	270	Bishop Heber, 1827
O Lord, how excellent Thy Name	301	Eighth Pfalm, vers. 1867
O Lord of harvest, once again	360	Joseph Anstice, 1836
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O Lord of holy rest, we pray	32	Philip Doddridge, 1755
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O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills .	366	John Mason Neale, 1844
O Lord, turn not Thy face from me	98	John Marckant, 1562
O Love divine, how fweet Thou art.	335	Charles Wesley, 1746
O loving Saviour, Who art touched . O mourn, thou rigid stone	204	T. T. N., 1870
On each return of holy rest	121	Thefaurus Hymnologicus. Tr. 1870 James Holme, 1861
	29	(Marianne Nunn.
One there is above all others	345	Altered by George Vicesimus Wigram? 1838
Onward, holy champion	233	Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1865
O praise ye the Lord	267	New Version, 1696
O precious Saviour, from Thy throne.	327	Thefaurus Hymnologicus. Tr. 1867
O facred Head, now wounded	128	Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676. Tr. 1849
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O splendor of the Father's might.	3	St. Ambrofe, 4th Century. Tr. 1870
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O timely happy, timely wife	2	John Keble, 1827
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O wilt Thou pardon, Lord	99	St. Joseph of the Studium, 9th Century. Tr. 1862
O Word celestial, Who Thy rest	318	Thomas Aquinas, 13th Century. Tr. 1867
O worship the King	260	Sir Robert Grant, 1839
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Praise to God, immortal praise	359	Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773
Rejoice! the Lord is King	163	Charles Wesley, 1745
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	398	Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865
Remember Thy Creator now	387	Pascit Corvos, 1870
Resting from His work to-day	140	Thomas Whytehead, 1842
Ride on! ride on in majesty	117	Henry Hart Milman, 1827
Rife, my foul, adore thy Maker	10	John Cennick, 1741
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	118	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776
Round the Lord in glory feated	178	Bishop Mant, 1837
Saviour, bleffed Saviour	347	Godfrey Thring, 1866
Saviour, breathe an evening bleffing .	19	James Edmeston, 1820
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	374	Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840
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Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding .	228	William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826
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Soldiers of Christ, arise	235	Charles Wesley, 1749
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Sweet the moments, rich in blessing .	123	Walter Shirley, 1774. From James Allen, 1757
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The Christian's path shines more and more	16	Thomas Holme, 1861

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Thou Judge of quick and dead	43	Charles Wesley, 1749
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* Composed for this Work.

† Harmonized ,, ,, by G. A. MACFARREN.

‡ Harmonized ", ", by E. G. Monk. || Modified ", ", by E. G. Monk.

Нуми.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
HYMN. 1 2 3 4 5 6 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22	Morning Hymn	†Dr. W. Boyce. Ob. 1779 †S. Webbe, circa 1790 *Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1867 †J. Rosenmuller. Ob. 1685 *E. G. Monk, 1867 (Harmony founded on J. S. Bach.) Ob. 1750 †Ancient Melody. Printed 1535 †Lutheran *E. G. Monk, 1870 *E. G. Monk, 1867 Thomas Tallis. Ob. 1585 *E. G. Monk, 1867 †Melchior Vulpius. Ob. circa 1616 *E. G. Monk, 1870 *E. G. Monk, 1867 †Lutheran *Henry Smart, 1867 [Rev. J. Jowett, 1823 *Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867 *G. A. Hardacre, 1867 Bamberg Hymn Book, 1732 †Rihel, 1573. Layriz	I L. 6 fevens. 886, 886. L. L. L. 847, 847. 8, 33, 6. L. L. 8 fevens. 64, 66. 4 tens. 86, 86, 88. 86, 86, 44, 8. 8, 33, 6. 87, 87. 87, 87. L. C.
23	Through the day .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	
24	St. Anatolius	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862	76, 76, 88.
²⁵	The radiant Morn Dies Dominica	*Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, 1870 Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	88, 84.
27	Hail, Sacred Day	*Walter Macfarren, 1870	86, 84.
•	· ·	(‡Lutheran. Rev. W. Havergal's Old)	
28	Oldenburg	Church Pfalmody	4 fevens.

HYMN.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
29	On each return	*E. G. Monk, 1870	88, 88, 6.
30	Moravia	Rev. J. West, circa 1800	S.
31	Till Daine I Dan	*G. Å. Macfarren, 1867	L.
32	O Lord of Holy Rest .	*W. H. Holmes, 1867	L.
33	Old 137th	†Day's Pfalter, 1562	D.C.
34	Jesus calls us	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	87, 87.
35 36	Hark! a Trumpet Voice	*E. G. Monk, 1865	87, 87.
36		Rev. W. Havergal, 1859	87, 8 7, 88 7 .
37	Conditor Alme	†Ancient	L.
38	Lo! He comes	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	87, 87, 47.
39	Luther's Hymn	‡First printed in 1524	87, 87, 88 7 .
40		†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	C
41	Ermuntre dich	Johann Schop, 1641	6 eights.
42	Alle Menschen müssen sterber	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750	
43	Old 25th	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750. †Day's Pfalter, 1562. *G. A. Macfarren, 1867. Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662. †Day's Pfalter, 1562.	D.S.
44	Day of Wrath	"G. A. Waciarren, 1807	6 fevens.
45	Axminster	+Day's Proless Area	4 fevens.
46	Turk and Pope, or Spires	. †Day's Platter, 1562	L.
47	Day of Judgment	Lutheran. Before 1588. Havergal's	87, 87, 47.
48	Saxony	$\{ \} \}$ Old Ch. Ps $\}$	L.
49	Buda	Lutheran, 1598. Dibdin	L.
50	I and aims as	1 *E. G. Monk 1867	886, 886.
51	Bethlehem New	. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 186—	8 fevens.
52	Adeste fideles	. IJohn Reading. Ob. 1092	Irregular.
53	All my heart	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	8336, 8336.
54	Battishill	John Battishill. Ob. 1801	4 sevens.
55	Lusatia	†Lutheran. Havergal's Old Ch. Ps	87, 87, 47.
56	Christmas	Wurttemburg Gesangbuch, 1864 .	4 fevens.
57	While Shepherds watched	†Old English	D.C.
58	Hark! what mean .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	87, 87, 4.
59	Frankfort	C. Joseph, 1690. Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.	
60	Briftol	Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	C.
61 62	Chief of Martyrs .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	4 fevens.
	Thy dear Disciple .	. *E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
63	Strathpeffer	1 A A	S. L.
6 ₄ 6 ₅	Jefu Redemptor Durham	. †Ancient	C.
66	Jesus! Name	*F G Monk 1867	4 fevens.
67	St. Peter	*E. G. Monk, 1867	C.
68	St. Mary's	A. R. Reinagie, 1840	C.
69	Father, let me dedicate	*F. G. Monk 1867	75, 75, 75, 75.
70	No. 53, Sarum Hymnal	Playford's Pfalter, 1671 Flayford's Pfalter, 1671	/5, /5, /5, /5, /5, S.
71	Lawes	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662.	4 fevens.

Нуми.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
72	Harp, awake	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	. 87, 87, 87, 87.
73	Freylinghausen	J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704 .	
74	Zoan	Rev. W. Havergal, 1859	. 76, 76, 76, 76.
75	Bavaria	Lutheran	. L.
76	As with gladness St. Matthias New	*Herbert S. Irons, 1870	6 fevens.
77 78	D 'CI	†Werner's Choral Book, 1815.	-
7° 79	St. Ityld	H. E. Dibdin, 1851	. 6 levens. 4 fevens.
80		†Scotch Pfalter, 1615.	. C.
81	York	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615 E. H. Thorne, 1862 †Michael Haydn, 1800	. 11 10, 11 10.
82	Alleluia dulce carmen	†Michael Haydn, 1800	. 87, 87, 87.
83	Culbach	‡Lutheran	. 4 sevens.
84	There is a Book	‡Lutheran	. C.
85	St. Matthew	+D 117 0 C 01	. D.C.
86	The Lord He gave the Word	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	. 66, 88, 6, 4444, 8
87	Good Lord Who hast	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	. 86, 886.
88	Prætorius	†Prætorius, 1609	. C.
89	Lo! steals apace.	*E. G. Monk, 1867 *E. G. Monk, 1870	1
90	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	*E. G. Monk, 1870	• 77, 75.
91	Cheshire	†Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	. C.
92	Heinlein	M. Heinlein, 1677. Layriz . Ravenscroft's Ps., 1621	. 4 fevens. C.
93	Chichester	+Scotch Pfalter 1617	C
94 95	In the Hour of Trial .	*E. G. Monk 1867	65, 65, 65, 65.
96	Southwell	Denham's Pfalter, 1558	. S.
97	Southwell . , No. 47, Redhead	*E. G. Monk, 1867. ‡Denham's Pfalter, 1558. R. Redhead, 1853. †Ravenferoft's Pfalter, 1621. †Ravenferoft's Pfalter, 1621.	. 4 fevens.
98	Lamentation of a Sinner .	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621 .	. D.C.
99	Ludlow	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621 .	. S.
100	Ludlow St. Bride	Dr. S. Howard. Ob. 1782 .	. 5.
101	Windfor	G. Kirby. Ravenscroft's Ps. 1621	. C.
102	There is a Fountain	*E. G. Monk, 1867	. C.
103	Sorlington	Dr. Thomas Campion, 1600 .	. 4 fevens.
104	Dunbar	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615	· C.
105	Werde munter mein Gemüte	Johann Schop, 1641. Bach .	. 6 fevens. 8 fevens
106	Saviour, when in Dust. Hear me, O God.	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	. 8 fevens . 6 fours.
107	Mercy's Day	J. Crüger, 1653	6 fours. 3 fevens.
100	Ins Feld geh zäle	J. Crüger, 1653 Layriz, Kirchengefangs, 1854 .	7776.
110	Heal me, O my Saviour .		. 3 fevens.
111	Art thou weary	*E G. Monk, 1869	. 85, 83.
112	Filitz	*E G. Monk, 1869	. 65, 65.
113	Filitz	†Genevan Pfalter, 1563	. L.
114	From the deeps Das alte Jahr	*Walter Macfarren, 1867 J. Crüger, 1653	. 77, 77, 88
115	Das alte Jahr	J. Crüger, 1653	. L.

HYMN.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
116	Lambeth	R. King, 1695	6 eights.
-117	Ride on! ride on	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
118	Rock of Ages	R. Redhead, 1853	6 fevens.
119	Judea		C.
120	Oh! is it naught	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
121	O mourn, thou rigid stone .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	66, 66, 88.
122	Old 132nd	Day's Pfalter, 1562 (Reduced)	C.
123	Turnau	‡Gnadau's Choralbuch	87, 87.
124	Go to dark Gethsemane .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	6 fevens.
125	The Cross upraised	*E. G. Monk, 1867	86, 86, 88.
126	Saulus ums Gefetz	B. Gefius, 1605	L.
127	Rockingham O Haupt voll Blut	†Dr. Edward Miller. Ob. 1807 . H. G. Haffler, 1613. Harm. by Bach.	L.
128	Stabat Maton	†Ancient Melody	76, 7 6, 76, 7 6 887, 887.
130	014 -4	†Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	D.C.
131	We fing the praise	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.
132	Burford	4U D11 Ob -6	c.
133	Ave Maris	†Modern German	4 sixes.
134	Eghain	†? Dr. Turner. Ob. 1744	S.
135	Hark the voice	*E. G. Monk, 1870	87, 87, 47.
136	St. Philip	†Lutheran	4 fevens.
137	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson, circa 18—	Ċ.
138	Drefden	[Dresden Hymn Book, 1767. Last]	87, 87, 77.
		*E. G. Monk, 1870	
139	Weeping as they go	*E. G. Monk, 1870	777.
140	Zurich		6 fevens.
141	C. C.	*Herbert S. Irons, 1868	4 fevens.
I42 I43	D - 1 0	+D 1 DC1	L.
144	Easter Hymn	†Henry Carey. Ob. 1743	4 elevens.
145	Refurrection	*D T D D 1	77, 77, 87.
146	Kiffengen	+Lutheran. Maurice's Choral Harmony	4 fevens.
147	Howard's 148th	Dr. Howard, 1770	66, 66, 88.
148	The Lord hath quelled .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	886, 886.
149	St. Fulbert	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	C.
150	Thankfgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes. Hon. and Rev.	L.
		[J. Grey's Hymnal, 1866 .]	
151	He is risen	*E. G. Monk, 1867	87, 87, 77
152	St. Dionysius	E. G. Monk, 1803. Grey's Hymnal.	87, 87, 47.
153	The Strife is o'er		888, 4.
154	Jefus lives	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	78, 78, 4.
155	Melbourne		C.
156 157	D 1	E. H. Thorne, 1862	77, 75. 6 fevens.
15/	Presburg	†Lutheran	O Tevens.

Нумп.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
158	Bethlehem	S. Wesley. Ob. circa 1815	S.
159	Lübeck	†Lutheran, 1704	4 sevens.
160	Jam Lucis	J. Bishop. Ob. 1737	L.
161	St. Paul	†Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707	L.
162	Fairfield	†Rev. P. Latrobe, circa 1850	D.S.
163	Gopsal	G. F. Handel. Ob. 1759	66, 66, 88.
164	Caithness	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
165	Winchester New	†J. Kent. Ob. 1776	L.
166	Hark! ten thousand	*Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1868	87, 87, 77.
167	See the Conqueror	*E. G. Monk, 1870	87, 87, 87, 87.
168	St. Anne	†Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727	C.
169		∫ C. P. E. Bach, 1714—1788. Haver-	
109	Eppendorf	gal's Old Church Pfalmody .	L.
170	Narenza	†Lutheran. Cologne Hymn Book .	S.
171	Tallis' Ordinal	Thomas Tallis. Ob. 1585	C.
172	Buckland	Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863	4 sevens.
172	V: 0	Dr. R. P. Stewart. Chope's Hymn and	
173	Veni Creator	Tune-Book, 1863	L,
174	O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort	J. Schop, 1641	6 eights.
175	Olmütz	‡Lutheran	86, 84.
176	Come, Thou Holy Spirit .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	775, 775.
177	Suabia	†Lutheran	S.
178	Unser Herrscher	‡Neander, circa 1650	87, 87.
179	St. Peter's Manchester .	R. R. Rofs, 1851	66, 66, 88.
180	Weimar New	C. P. E. Bach, 1714—1788	L.
181	Dantzic	‡Lutheran	77, 75.
182	Trinity	Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863	888.
183	Nicæa	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861	Irregular.
184	Whitehall	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662	L.
185	Mach's mit mir	J. S Bach's 371. 1685—1750.	L.
186	Lamb of God	*E. G. Monk, 1867	4 fevens.
187	Nayland, or St. Stephen .	Rev. William Jones. Ob. 1799.	Ċ.
188	Arundel	S. Webbe, circa 1790.	L.
189	Panis Vivus	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	777.
190	St. Laurence	E. H. Thorne, 1862	88, 84.
191	Adoro Te	{ †Ancient Melody. Arranged for this } work	4 tens.
192	In the Name	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	87, 87.
193	St. Austel	Arthur Henry Brown, 186—	87, 87, 77.
194	Wareham .	†W. Knapp. Ob. 1768	L.
195	Dumfermline	†Ravenscrost's Psalter, 1621	C.
		(†Schneider's Handbuch, 1829. Dib-)	
196	Ezekiel	den's Standard Ps. and Tune-Book.	C.
197	Wessex	E. J. Hopkins, 1867. Temple Book .	86, 86, 88.

H YMN.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
198	'Gainst what foemen	*E. G. Monk, 1867	87, 87, 47.
199	Das walt Gott . •	. J. S. Bach's 371, 1685—1750	L.
200	Within a chamber .	*E. G. Monk, 1870	86, 86, 88.
201	Hail highly favored .	. *E. G. Monk, 1867	886, 886.
202	Throned above	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	76, 76, 76, 76.
203	The Father shew us .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	86, 886. C.
204	O loving Saviour .	(Este's Pfalter, 1592; Playford's	
205	Old 148th	• Pfalter, 1671	66, 66, 44, 44.
206	In weakness great .	*E. G. Monk, 1870	4 tens.
207	As James the Great .	*G. A Macfarren, 1867	86, 86, 886. 886, 886.
208	Beneath the fig-tree's .	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	886, 886, 446.
209	Lo! sea and land . Norfolk	†Dr. S. Howard, 1770	L.
211	With me is Luke	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
212	How bleft the unity .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	887, 887.
213	Who are these	*G. A. Macfarren, 1865. Steggall's Hymns for the Church of England	87, 87, 77.
214	St. Edmund	Dr. Staggall 1840	8 fevens.
215	St. Giles	J. Wood, 1762	L.
216	Palms of glory	*W. H. Holmes, 1868	4 sevens.
217	St. John	Supplement to New Version, 1703	D.C.
218	St. Luke new	Arthur S. Sullivan, 1867. Nishet's Pfalms and Hymns.	C.
219	Streatham	. †	55, 55, 65, 65
220	Hark the found	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	87, 87, 87, 87.
22 I	Let our choir	. J. Barnby, 1868	76, 76, 76, 76.
222	Theuerster Immanuel.	\ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \	4 fevens.
223	No. 143 Redhead .	R. Redhead, 1853	4 fevens.
224	Magdalen College .	Dr. W. Hayes. Ob. circa 1779.	886, 886.
225	Old 50th	Day's Pfalter, 1562.	D.S.
226	Wells	Before 1740. Dibdin	L. C.
227	Carlifle	Dr. Steggall, 1849	87, 87.
229	Gloucester	+Rayenforoft's Pfalter 1621	C.
230	Jefu, now Thy new-made	*E. G. Monk, 1870	87, 87, 47.
231	O God, in Whose .	*Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1867	D.L.
232	Germany	†Melchior Frank. Ob. 1667	S.
233	Onward, holy Champion	*Lady Thompson, 1870	65, 65, 65, 65.
234	St. Theodulf	M. Tefchner, circa 1600	76, 76, 76, 76.
235	Soldiers of Christ .	*E. G. Monk, 1867	
236	St. Cecilia	tional Hymn and Tune-Book, 1862	76, 76.
2 37	When fairest Eve .	. *E. G. Monk, 1870	D.C.

Нуми	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	METRE.		
238	O Death, thou art no more	*Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1870	66, 64.		
239	Hereford New	. †Playford's Pfalter, 1671	C.		
240	Betulius	‡Sigifmund Von Birken. Ob. 1681 .	6 fevens.		
241	From out the deep .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.		
242	Mainz	Mainz Choralbuch	6 eights.		
243	The Lord ascends .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	886, 886.		
244	Dort	Lutheran	L.		
245	Southwell New	H. S. Irons, 1861	C.		
246	Bedford	†W. Wheal. Ob. 1745	C.		
0.45	A -1 1-	[] J. G. C. Störl, 1744. Wurttemberg			
247	Ach, wann werde	Gesangbuch, 1864	4 fevens.		
248	Jerusalem on high	*E. G. Monk, 1867	66, 66, 44, 44.		
249	Culross	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.		
250	Cannons	G. F. Handel. Ob. 1759	L.		
251	The Lord my pasture	*E. G. Monk, 1863	6 eights.		
252	Winchester Old	†Alifon's Pfalter, 1599	C.		
253	St. Leonard	†J. C. Bach, 1680	4 fevens.		
254	St. Luke	Supplement to New Version, 1703 .	D.L.		
255	All Saints	?Dr. Croft. Supplement to New Version	D.C.		
255		1703			
256	Dortmund	Hamburg Choral Book	L.		
257	Luxemburg	Lutheran. Havergal's OldCh. Psalmody	4 sevens.		
258	University College	Dr. Gauntlett, 1848	4 sevens.		
259	Old 100th	Day's Psalter, 1562	L.		
260	Old 104th	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	55, 55, 65, 65.		
261	Was Gott thut	Bach's 371 (Derived from)	88, 887.		
262	Deathless principle	*E. G. Monk, 1870	4 sevens.		
263	Sandringham	J. Turle, 1863	4 sevens.		
264	St. Magnus, or Nottingham .	[Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707. Har-]	C.		
	Mr. life's a floods	monised by J. Hullah, 1843 . S	cc cc .		
265 266	My life's a shade	*E. G. Monk, 1867	66, 66, 44, 44.		
200	Croft's 148th	Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727	66, 66, 44, 44.		
267	Hanover	Supplement to New	55, 55, 65, 65.		
268	Crüger	Version, 1703			
269	Jesu, Lover of my soul .	†Johann Crüger, 1640	76, 76, 76, 76. 8 fevens.		
270	O King of earth	*E. G. Work, 1807	L.		
2/0	(Ten Commandments, or)				
271	Audi Ifrael	Genevan Pfalter, 1561	L.		
272	St. Bernard	Lutheran	L.		
273	Old Martyrs	Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.		
274	Hark my foul	*James Lea Summers, 1862	4 sevens.		
275	Angels' Song	Orlando Gibbons. Ob. 1625. (Reduced)	Ĺ.		
276	Canterbury	†Este's Psalter, 1592	C.		
277	Meribah	Rev. W. Havergal	6 eights.		

Нуми.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
278	Bishopthorpe	Jeremiah Clarke. Ob. 1707	C
	Lord of Mercy	D C. 11 - 0C	C.
279 280		†Lutheran. Arranged for this Work.	77, 75.
281	Coburg	Rev. W. H. Havergal	87, 87, 47.
282	Warum follt' ich mich	J. G. Ebeling, 1672	66, 66, 44, 44.
204	warum font ich mich .	(F. C. Monk 1964 Chat) Human	8336, 8336.
283	St. Ninian	(E. G. Monk, 1862. Chope's Hymn and Tune Book	6 fevens.
284	Dundee	†Scotch Pfalter, 1615	C.
285	Stuttgart	‡Lutheran	
286	Tantum ergo	S. Webbe, circa 1790	87, 87.
287	St. Michael	†Day's Pfalter, 1562	87, 87, 47. S.
288		†Raphael Courteville, 1680	C.
289	St. James	Dr. Thomas Campion, 1600	L.
290	Oriel	†Michael Haydn, 1800	
290	Offici	(Sir F. A. G. Oufeley. Maurice's Choral)	87, 87, 87.
29 I	Lovehill	Harmony	C.
292	No. 66 Redhead.	R. Redhead, 1853	c.
293	Jesu, meek and gentle	*George A. Hardacre, 1867	65, 65.
294	T	William Dorrell, 1840	L.
295	My God and Father	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	88, 84.
296	1 _ 1 .	Michael Wife. Ob. 1687	
297	Congleton	†Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662	4 tens. 6 eights.
291	Bridgewater	J. Crüger, 1653. From Bach, by Dr.	o eights.
298	Freuet euch, ihr Christen .	Gauntlett	8 fevens.
299	Who is this so weak	*E. G. Monk, 1868	87, 87, 87, 87.
300	St. Clement	Playford's Pfalter, 1671	C.
301	Vom Himmel hoch	Founded on Bach, 1685—1750.	L.
		(? P. Nicolai, 1556-1608. Harmonized)	
302	Wachet auf?	by Mendelssohn	898, 898, 664, 88.
303	St. Alphege	Dr. Gauntlett, 1852	76, 76.
304	Ewing	Alexander Ewing	76, 76, 76, 76.
305	Jerusalem the Golden	*Walter Macfarren, 1867	76, 76, 76, 76.
306	Old 113th	†Genevan Pfalter, 1562	6 eights.
307	Nun danket	†J. Crüger, 1653	67, 67, 66, 66.
308	Eternal Beam	R. Minton Taylor, 1867	L.
309	Ulm	Sigillus, 1657	4 fixes.
310	Ein feste Burg	†Printed at Wittenberg, 1529	87, 87, 66, 66, 7.
311	Allein Gott in der Höh .	Ancient. Harmonized by Mendelssohn.	87, 87, 887.
312	Formofa	A. S. Sullivan, 1867. Nisbet's Ps. & H.	87, 87, 87, 87.
313	Christus der ist mein Leben .	IMelchior Vulpius, circa 1609	76, 76.
	Die haht ich mich auch	(George Neumarck. Ob. 1681. Har-)	
314	Dir hab' ich mich ergeben .	monized by Mendelssohn }	98, 98, 88.
315	Mayenne	†Goudimel, 1565	8 fevens.
316	O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht	Lutheran. Harmonized by Mendelsohn	L
317	Franconia	†Lutheran, circa 1720	S.

HYMN.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
318	Playford	Playford's Pfalter, 1671	L.
319	Moccas	A. R. Reinagle	S.
320	St. Francis	A. R. Reinagle	4 sevens.
321	Ermebridge	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662	66, 66, 44, 44.
322	Christian, seek not	*E. G. Monk, 1868	77, 75.
323	Gibbons	Orlando Gibbons, Ob. 1625	4 sevens.
324	Behold a Stranger	*E. G. Monk, 1867	L.
325	Nearer, my God	*Henry Smart, 1868	64, 64, 664.
326	Salifbury Old 112th	Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621	C.
327	Old 112th	†Lutheran, 1540	6 eights. 88, 86.
328	St. Crifpin	*E. G. Monk, 1870	S
329 330	Braun	From Braun, 1675	664, 66, 64.
		Ravenscroft's Pfalter, 1621. Founded	
33 I	Old 81ft	on Alison's Harmony	D.C.
332	Lord, dismiss us	J. H. Walker, 1860	87, 87, 47.
333	St. Hilary	Ganther	87, 87, 87, 87.
334	Holy Father	*Dr. Steggall, 1868	87, 87, 47.
335	In allen meinen Thaten .	J. S. Bach's 371. 1685—1750.	886, 886.
336	Ben Rhydding	A. R. Reinagle	S.
337	London New, or Newton . Kent, or Devonshire	†ScotchPfalter, 1615. Playford's Ps. 1671	C. L.
338	St. Finbar	?C. Green, circa 1700 *Arthur Henry Brown, 1868	76, 76.
339 340	St. Matthias	Orlando Gibbons. Ob. 1625	C.
341	Ye Servants of the Lord .	*Sir F. A. G. Oufeley, 1867	S.
	C. A.1. 1	(Rev. J. B. Dykes. Chope's H. and T.)	00 00
342	St. Aelred	*E. G. Monk, 1870	_
343	Take up thy cross	*E. G. Monk, 1870	L.
344	No. 290 Sarum Hymnal .	Henry Smart, 1869	87, 87, 47.
345	One there is	*Henry Smart, 1870	884, 88, 84. 6 fevens.
346	If thou wouldest No. 165 Sarum Hymnal .	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1870 . T. E. Aylward, 1868	65, 65, 65, 65.
347	O Thou blest Lamb	*Lady Thompson, 1870	664, 664.
348 349	Innocents	†	4 sevens.
350	Thy Saviour standeth		86, 86, 44, 44.
351	Amplius	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	6 eights.
352	Lincoln	†Ravenscrost's Psalter, 1621 *Walter Macsarren, 1870	C.
353	When wounded fore	*Walter Macfarren, 1870	C.
354	Latrobe	†Rev. C. Latrobe, 1795	87, 87, 44, 7.
355	{Let us all in chorus fing} Hallelujah Sequence.}	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	11, 7, 11.
356	Chester Gate	R. Barnett, 1853	88, 86:
357	Hereford	†	C.
358	Eatington	+Dr. William Croft. Ob. 1727 .	C.
359	No. 54 Wurttemburg	Reduced from Wurttemburg Book, 1864	4 fevens.
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Hymn.	Tune.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
360	Tuam	*H. D. Stanistreet, Mus. B., Oxon., 1868	6 eights.
361	St. George's, Windfor	G. J. Elvey	8 fevens.
362	Harvest Praise	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Oufeley, 1858 .	66, 66, 64.
363	God the Father, Whose creation	*Henry Smart, 1870	87, 87, 87.
364	Nuneham	*Henry Baker. Mus. B. Oxon, 1868.	4 sevens.
365	Herr Jesu Christ	Lutheran	Ĺ.
366	Montgomery, or St. Andrew's	†John Stanley	L.
367		Schneider's Choralbuch, 1829	L.
368	Halle	Wurttemburg Gefangbuch, 1864 .	4 fevens.
369	Darmstadt	Darmstadt Cantional, 1687	87, 87, 87.
370	Christ is laid	*G. J. Elvey, 1868	87, 87, 87.
371	Thou Whofe Almighty Word	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	664, 66, 64.
372	Ceylon	Samuel Reay, 1862	76, 76, 76, 76.
373	O Spirit of the living God .	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	L.
374	St. Leo	*A. H. Brown, 1868	87, 87, 87, 87.
375	Strattner . ,	Strattner, 1691	4 fevens.
376	Bickleigh	Samuel Reay, 1862	66, 66, 88.
377	St. George New	Samuel Reay, 1862	S.
378	Silcher	F. Silcher, circa 1780	4 fevens.
379	St. Columba	Chope's Hymn and Tune Book	4 fevens.
380	Lea	J. Lea Summers, 1862	C.
381	Lord, this day	*George A. Hardacre, 1867	4 fevens.
382	Jesus is our Shepherd	*E. G. Monk, 1870	65, 65, 65, 65.
383	Munich	Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1868.	87, 87.
384	Thou, Who throned	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	87, 87, 47.
385	St. Faith	*C ^ N/ C	4 fevens.
386	Jefu, high in glory	*G. A. Macfarren, 1870	65, 65.
387	Remember thy Creator .	*E. G. Monk, 1870	C. L.
388	It is the Lord	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	4 fevens.
389	Walking on the winged wind Lord in mine agony	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Oufeley, 1867 .	86, 86, 88.
390	- /	*Rev. R. Corbet Singleton, 1867 ∫ †Melody of Chorale by Beethoven.)	00, 00, 00.
391	Song of Gratitude	Ob., 1827. Op. 132	L.
392	Lift not thou	*E. G. Monk, 1868	78, 78, 88, 88.
393	Old 124th	†Goudimel. Day's Pfalter, 1562	5 tens.
394	St. Pancras	Battishill. Ob. 1801	L.
395	Lead kindly light	J. Barnby, 1868	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.
396	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins, 1863. Tempie Book .	87, 87, 87.
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397	Passion Litany	*E. G. Monk, 1868	7 7, 77, 37.
398	Peterborough	William Henry Monk, 1863	S.
399	With gladsome feet	*G. A. Macfarren, 1867	66, 84, 66, 84.
400	Cooke	Dr. Benjamin Cooke. Ob. 1793 .	4 fixes.
401	We love Thy temple	*E. G. Monk, 1870	S.
402	To God the Lord	J. Barnby, 1868	446, 446.
403	Awake! Awake!	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	C.
404	Call to Praise	*E. G. Monk, 1867	10, 4, 66, 66, 10, 4.

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" 4th " "	26	325	292	303	293	282	404	19	
" 5th " "	28	284	287	285	289	301	286	21	
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AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

Morning.

No. 1.

AWAKE, my foul, and with the fun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rife To pay thy morning sacrifice.

II.

mf Thy precious time mis-spent redeem; Each present day thy last esteem; Improve thy talent with due care; For the great Day thyself prepare.

III.

In conversation be sincere; Keep conscience as the noon-day clear; Think how all-seeing God thy ways, And all thy secret thoughts surveys. IV.

f All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept! Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake

I may of endless light partake!

V.

P LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my fins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

VI.

Direct, control, fuggest, this day All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.

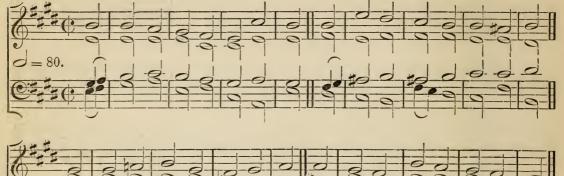
VII.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

OH! TIMELY HAPPY, TIMELY WISE.

Morning.

No. 2.





I.

infOH! TIMELY happy, timely wife, Hearts that with rifing morn arise! Eyes that the beam celestial view, Which evermore makes all things new! III.

New mercies each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

II.

New every morning is the love Our wakening and uprifing prove, Through fleep and darkness safely brought, New treasures still, of countless price, Restored to life, and power, and thought. God will provide for sacrifice.

IV.

If on our daily course our mind Be fet to hallow all we find,

V.

p Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love, Fit us for perfect rest above; And help us, this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray!

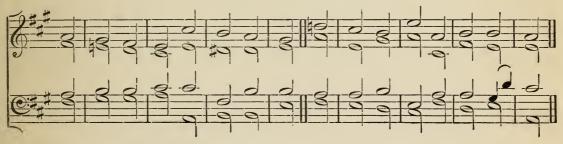
O SPLENDOR OF THE FATHER'S MIGHT.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

Morning.

No. 3.





I.

f O splendor of the Father's might, Who callest forth the light from Light! Eternal Fount of every ray! Day-star that givest light to day!

II.

True Sun of Righteousness, arise! Shine in us, Radiance from the skies! Infuse the Holy Spirit's beam, On every sense to shed a gleam.

III.

P Almighty Father, throned above!

Thou Father of eternal love!

Great God of grace, O help our prayers,

And banish sin with all its snares.

IV.

Vouchsafe us strength to act aright; Confound the Tempter's jealous spite; O sanctify each bleeding woe, And grace to persevere bestow.

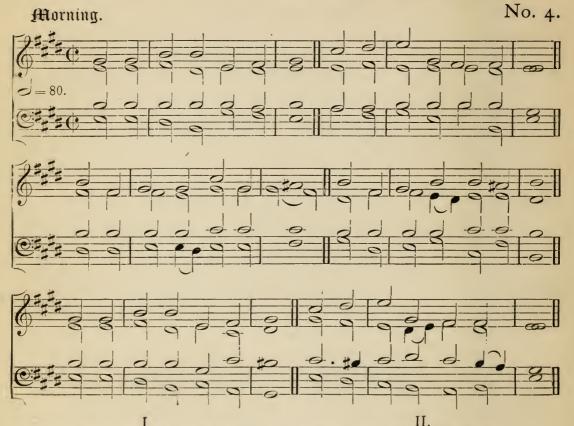
V.

mf Our fouls direct, that they may reign In holy bodies, free from stain; May Faith a living stame appear, From bane of falsehood ever clear.

VI.

cres. So pass in sober joy the day,
Sweet Modesty the dawning ray;
f May Faith meridian brightness show,
The soul a twilight never know!

CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.



f Christ, Whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only Light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night!

Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

y-itar, in my neart appear:

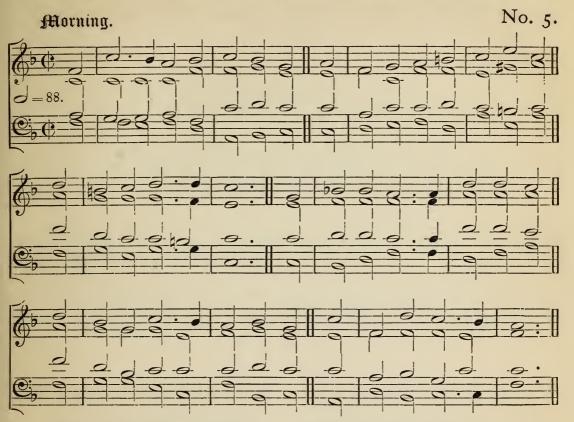
p Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,

Till Thy mercy's beams I fee; Till they inward light impart, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

III.

mf Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
cres. Fill me, Radiancy divine:
Scatter all my unbelief!
f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

THE MORNING LIGHT HATH SHED ITS BEAMS.



mf The morning light hath shed its beams,
And paved its way in living streams;
f Rise, Christian! meet the ray!
mf And while it pours its golden fire,
Oh, let it golden thoughts inspire:
f Up, Christian, hail the day!

f Shake off the lingering mould of night;
Put on the armour of the light;
Renounce a languid ease;

mf Apparel thee in holy dress,
The garb of Jesu's Righteousness;

p Then fall upon thy knees.

mf For Satan comes in light's array,
To haunt us left we kneel and pray:
Quick! humbly Christ adore!
cres. That He may rife thy leading star,
To warm and light thee from afar,
f Thy brightness evermore.

p If night hath dropped a fpot of bane,
To foil thy conscience, wash the stain
In Christ's all-precious blood;
f Full strengthened by His cordial Grace,
Essay thy soul's diurnal race,
Sustained by saintly food.

Then when the day draws near the West,
And tells thee of approaching rest,
To ease thy weary head,
cres. O pray a Saviour's richest love
May drop in radiance from above,
pp To gild thy dying bed.

LOOK FORTH, MINE EYE, LOOK UP, AND VIEW.



I.

mf Look forth, mine eye, look up, and view
How bright the daylight shines on me;
And as the morning doth renew,
Mark how renewed God's mercies be.

III.

Nor twilight plagues, nor midnight fears, Nor mortal, nor immortal foes, Had power to take us in their fnares, But fafe we flept, and safe arose.

II.

Behold the fplendors of the day
Difperse the shadows of the night;
And they, who late in darkness lay,
Have now the comforts of the light.

IV.

f Let heart, and hand, and voice, accord
This day to magnify Thy name;
And let us every day, O Lord!
Continue to perform the fame.

V.

p So when that morning doth appear, In which Thou shalt all flesh destroy, We shall not be awaked with fear, cres. But rise and meet Thy Son with jov.

AS MOUNTS ON HIGH THE ORB OF DAY.



mf As mounts on high the orb of day, With lowly fuit to God we pray, To shield us from the shafts of ill, While we our daily tasks fulfil.

II.

p The tongue of license may He curb, Lest strife should sweet repose disturb; His nursing favor screen the fight, Lest it should drink of vain delight.

III.

Our inmost thoughts be ever pure! May finful folly ne'er allure! And let the flesh, with pride inflamed, By temperance be gently tamed;

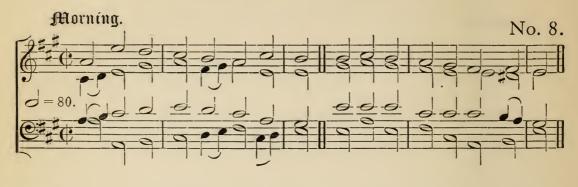
IV.

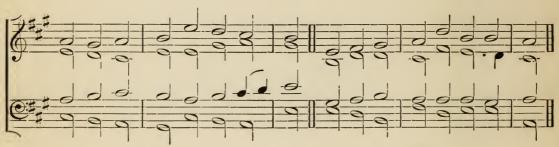
mf That when the daylight disappears, And night again her shade uprears, Our fouls preserved from worldly stain, To God may lift the thankful strain.

V.

f To God the Father give the praise, To God the Son the same upraise; With Both the Comforter adore, From age to age, for evermore.

O GOD OF MORNING, AT WHOSE VOICE.





I.

f O God of morning, at Whose voice
The cheerful fun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

II.

From fairest chambers of the East
The circuit of his race begins;
Without or weariness or rest,
Around the earth he slies and shines:

III.

mf Oh! like the fun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day:
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way!

IV.

p But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

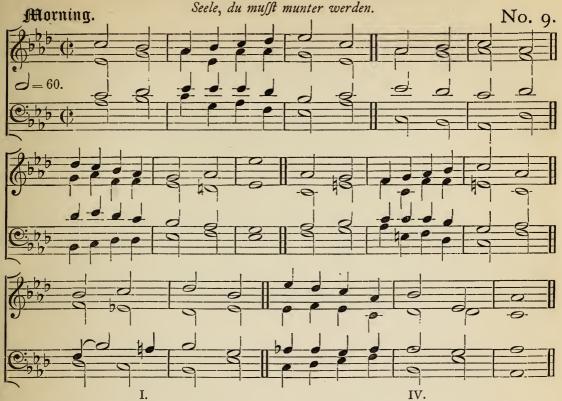
V.

mf Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

VI.

Thy counsel give me for my guide, And then receive me to Thy bliss: All my desires and hopes beside Are faint and cold compared with this.

COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.



mf Come, my foul, thou must be waking!

Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day:
f Come to Him, Who made this splendor,

See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay.

Π.

f Gladly hail the light returning!

Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers:

p For the night is safely ended;

God hath tended

With His care thy helples hours.

III.

mf Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
f But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

p Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
mf Every flain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

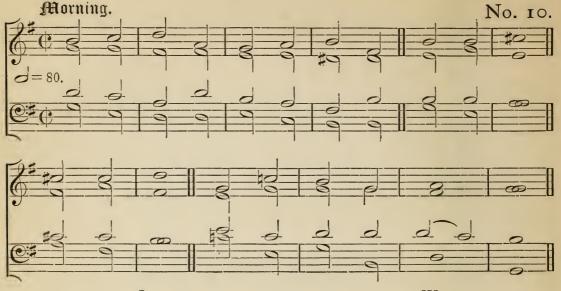
17

mf Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers,
Vain and brief, are borne away:
cres. Time, my foul, thy ship is fleering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

VI.

p May'st thou then, on life's last morrow,
Free from forrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
cres. And released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
f That far brighter Sun to greet!

RISE, MY SOUL, ADORE THY MAKER.



I.

f Rise, my foul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praife
Join thy lays;
With them be partaker.

II.

p FATHER, Lord of every Spirit,
In Thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

III.

mf Never cast me from Thy Presence
Till my foul
Shall be full
Of Thy blessed Essence.

IV.

p O Lord Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me
Till I fee
Thee in Salem's city.

V.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

VI.

mf Thou the night wast my Protector:
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my Director.

VII.

f Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
ff Reign, adored for ever!

ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD THIS NIGHT.

Wbening.

No. 11.





I.

f All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bleffings of the light, Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Beneath Thine Own Almighty wings.

II.

p Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

III.

Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed! To die, that this vile body may Rife glorious at the awful Day. IV.

O may my foul on Thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make To serve my God when I awake!

V.

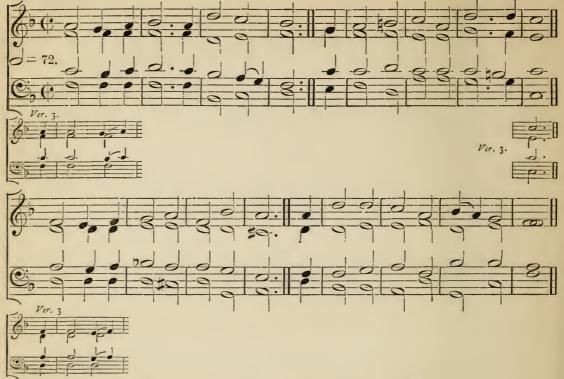
When in the night I fleepless lie, My foul with heavenly thoughts supply! Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest!

VI.

f Praise God, from Whom all bleffings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Wbening. No. 12.



mf Sun of my foul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy fervant's eyes.

p When the foft dews of kindly fleep, My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breaft.

III.

mf A | bide with | me from morn till eve, f Come near and bless us when we wake, For without Thee I cannot live; A | bide with | me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

IV.

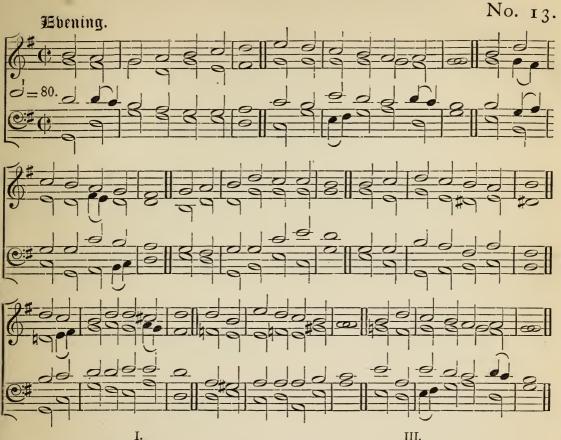
p If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, LORD, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in fin.

Watch by the fick; enrich the poor With bleffings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's fleep to-night, Like infant's flumbers, pure and light.

VI.

Ere through the world our way we take. Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

NOW THE SHINING DAY IS PAST.



mf Now the shining day is past, And the beauties of the light Are with shadows overcast By the mantle of the night: Thanks to Thee, O Lord, I pay For the bleffings of this day; Asking grace for every sin, Whereby erred I have therein.

II.

p Though the Sun hath left us now, And withholds his light from me; LORD, from hence depart not Thou, Nor in darkness let me be; But the rays of Grace divine Cause Thou round me still to shine, And with mercy overspread Both my person and my bed.

III.

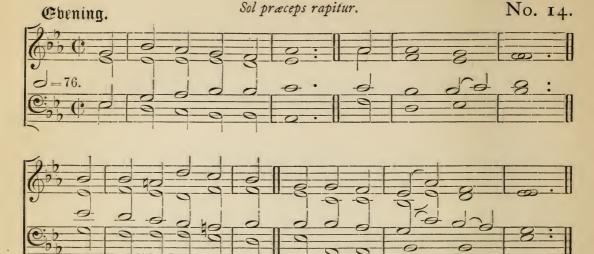
mf Chase all wicked fiends from hence, That they do me no despite, By deluding of the fense Through the darkness of the night; But, O Lord, from all my foes Let Thine angels me inclose, And protect me in my fleep, When myfelf I cannot keep.

IV.

p And fince death and fleep are faid Some refemblances to have. In my bed ere I am laid So prepare me for my grave, That with comfort wake I may, cres. To enjoy the following day; Or if death close up mine eyes, Rest in hope till all shall rife.

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST.

Sol præceps rapitur.



THE fun is finking fast; The daylight dies; Let love awake and pay Her evening facrifice.

II.

As CHRIST upon the Cross pp. In death reclined, Into His Father's hands His parting foul refigned;

III.

So now herfelf my foul p. Would wholly give Into His facred charge, In Whom all spirits live; IV.

So now beneath His eye Would calmly rest, Without a wish or thought Abiding in the breaft,

Save that His will be done, mf Whate'er betide; Dead to herfelf, and dead P In Him to all beside.

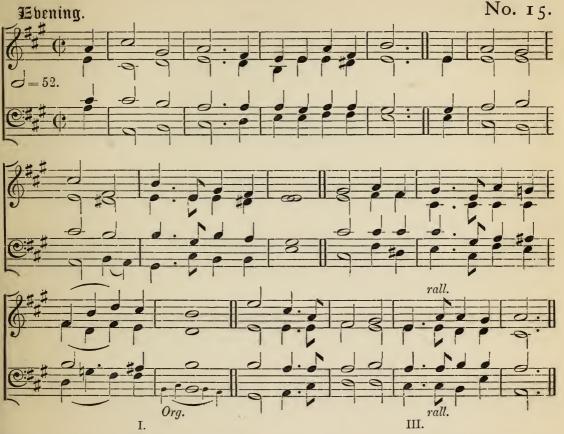
VI.

cres. Thus would I live, yet now Not I, but He; In all His pow'r and love Henceforth alive in me.

VII.

One facred Trinity! One LORD divine! Myfelf for ever His! And He for ever mine!

ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.



mf Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
cresWhen other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
f Help of the helpless, (p) O abide with me.

II.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
f O Thou, Who changest not, (p) abide with me.

p I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's power? cres. Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? f Through cloud and sunshine (p) O abide with me.

IV.

f I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, (p) if Thou abide with me.

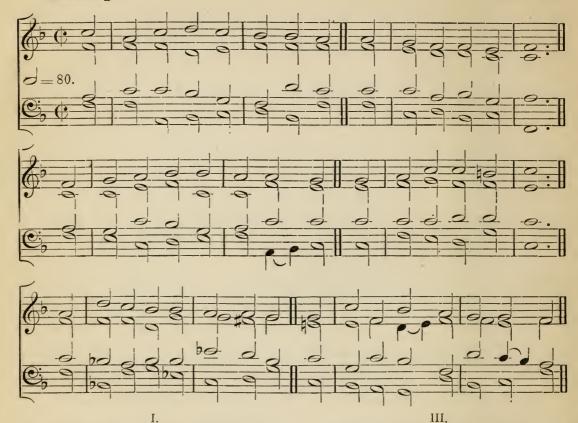
V.

pp Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
cres. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows slee;
f In life and death, (p) O LORD, abide with me!

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH SHINES MORE AND MORE.

Wbening.

No. 16.



mf The Christian's path shines more and more,
From morn to perfect day;
Yet dark'ning storms will rise the while,
And hide the cheering ray;
Though clouds may dim Faith's heavenward slight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

II.

When comforts fail, and friends are few,
And griefs his path furround;
Though all is dark without, within
cres. A heav'nly light is found.
No change of fcene his peace can blight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

mf 'Tis good at times that pilgrim faints
For but a moment's space,
Should feel that God, in wrath at sin,
Can hide His smiling face.
Behind that veil the sun shines bright,

f At evening time it shall be light.

IV.

f At evening time it shall be light;

p So runs the promise dear,

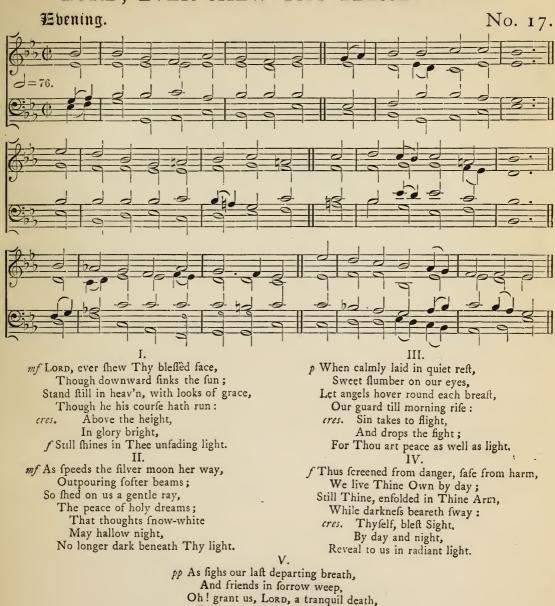
To cheer the pilgrim's fainting heart,

When death's dark hour draws near,

cres. E'en midst the gloom of Nature's night,

ff At evening time it shall be light.

LORD, EVER SHEW THY BLESSED FACE.



Like this, a restful sleep;

Raise us all bright,

ff To view Thee robed in quenchless light!

cres.

Then, through Thy might,

ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOUR.



I.

p Ere I fleep, for every favour,
This day shewed
By my God,
f I will bless my Saviour.

II.

mf O my LORD, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

III.

Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way:
Hear me pray,
Sanctify my doings.

IV.

p Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my blis,
Till Thou hence remove me.

V.

Visit me with Thy salvation; Let Thy care Now be near, Round my habitation.

VI.

f Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I fleep,
Me with all Thy power.

VII.

p So, whene'er in death I flumber, cres. Let me rife
With the wife,
f Counted in their number.

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.





I.

pp Saviour, breathe an evening bleffing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

II.

p Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrow past us fly, cres. Angel-guards from Thee furround us; cres. May the morn in heaven awake us, f We are safe if Thou art nigh.

III.

mf Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He, Who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.

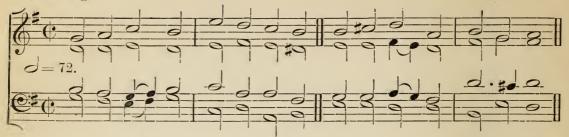
IV.

p Should fwift death this night o'ertake And our couch become our tomb, Clad in light and deathless bloom!

O HEAVENLY FATHER. HEAR MY PRAYER,

Wbening.

No. 20.





III.

p HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly FATHER, p Keep me, through this night of peril, Ere I lay me down to fleep: Bid Thy angels, pure and holy, Round my bed their vigil keep.

Underneath its boundless shade; Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee, When my pilgrimage is made.

II.

cres. Heavy though my fins, Thy mercy Far outweighs them every one; Down before Thy Cross I cast them, Trusting in Thy help alone.

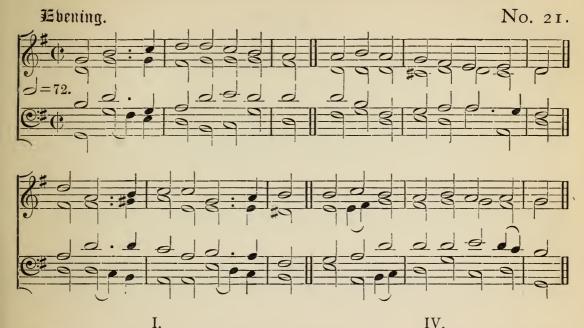
IV.

mf None shall measure out Thy patience By the space of human thought; None shall bound the tender mercies, Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.

V.

p Pardon all my past transgressions; Give me strength for days to come; Guide and guard me with Thy bleffing, pp Till Thine angels bid me home.

MY GOD, WHEN I FROM SLEEP AWAKE.



mf My God, when I from fleep awake The fole possession of me take; From midnight terrors me secure, And guard my heart from thoughts impure!

II.

O may I always ready stand, With my lamp burning in my hand; cres. May I in fight of Heav'n rejoice, Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

III.

p Blest Jesu, Thou, on Heav'n intent, Whole nights hast in devotion spent; But I, frail creature, foon am tired, And all my zeal is foon expired.

IV.

mf Shine on me, LORD! new life impart! Fresh ardours kindle in my heart! One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light Dispels the floth and clouds of night.

V.

p Lord, lest the Tempter me surprise, Watch over Thine Own facrifice! All loofe, all idle thoughts cast out, And make my very dreams devout!

VI.

f Praise God, from Whom all bleffings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise FATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST!

AS NOW THE SUN'S DEPARTING RAYS.



As now the fun's departing rays
 At fall of night descend,
 So quick declines the day of life,
 Still hasting to its end.

II.

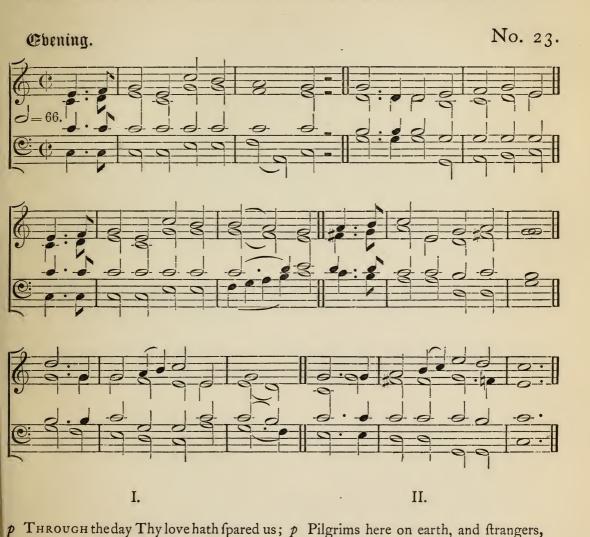
cres. LORD, stretching out Thine arms to us,
Thou on the Cross didst lie:

p Grant us that blessed Cross to love,
dim. In those dear arms to die.

III.

mf To God the Father give the praise,
With Christ His only Son;
To God the Spirit give the same,
While countless ages run.

THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HATH SPARED US.



Now we lay us down to rest;

Through the silent watches guard us;

Let no foe our peace molest;

Dwelling in the midst of foes,

mf Us and ours preserve from dangers;

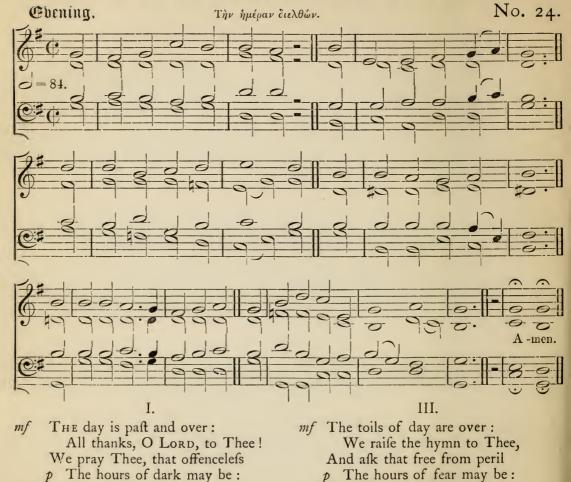
In Thine arms may we repose!

P Jesu, Thou our Guardian be!

P And, when life's sad day is past,

Sweet it is to trust in Thee! The Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last!

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.



p The hours of dark may be: p O Jesu, keep us in Thy fight,

p O Jesu, keep us in Thy fight, cres. And fave us through the coming night! cres. And guard us through the coming night!

II.

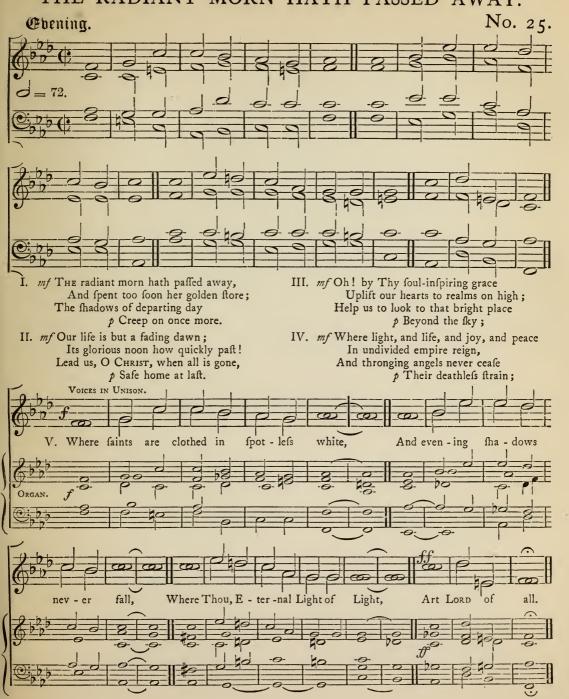
mf The joys of day are over: We lift our hearts to Thee, And call on Thee that finless p The hours of gloom may be: p O Jesu, make our darkness light,

IV.

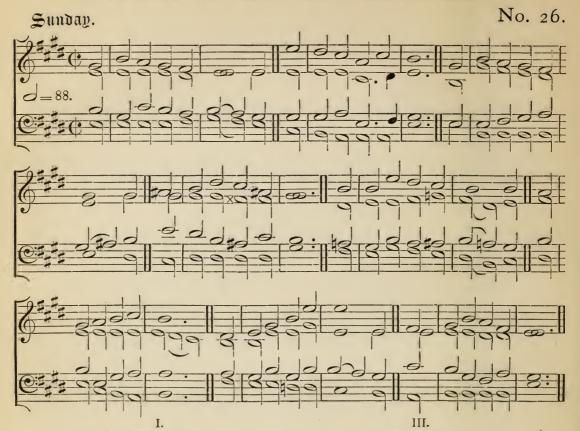
mf Be Thou our fouls' Preserver, O Gop! for Thou dost know, How many are the perils, p Through which we have to go: p Lover of men, O hear our call,

cres. And fave us through the coming night! cres. And guard and fave us from them all!

THE RADIANT MORN HATH PASSED AWAY.



O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.



mf O DAY of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
cres. On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
f Sing holy, holy,
To God the great Triune!

II.

mf On thee, at the Creation,

The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;

cres. On thee our Lord victorious

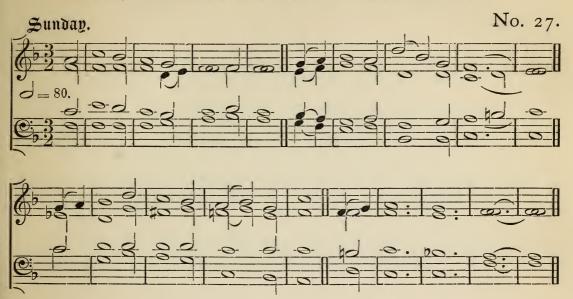
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
f And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

p To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The filver trumpet calls,
cres. Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
f And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

IV.

From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One!

HAIL, SACRED DAY OF EARTHLY REST.



I.

mf HAIL! facred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
cres. Hail! quiet spirit, bringing peace
p And joy to me.

IV.

p All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rifing high and higher,
cres. The yearning voices strive to join
p The heav'nly choir.

II.

p A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
cres. Uplists my foul, O God, to Thee,
p Where rest is found.

V.

mf For those, who sing with saints below Glad songs of heav'nly love, cres. Shall sing, when songs of earth have ceased, p With saints above.

III.

VI.

No found of jarring strife is heard, p Accept, O God, my hymn of praise, As weekly labors cease; That Thou this day hast given, cres. No voice, but those that sweetly sing cres. Sweet foretaste of that endless day p Sweet songs of peace.

pp Of rest in heaven.

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.



I.

mf To Thy temple I repair; LORD, I love to worship there; When, within the veil, I meet CHRIST before the mercy-seat.

II.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled; I, through Him, become Thy child; p Abba, FATHER, give me grace In Thy courts to feek Thy face!

III.

f While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue, That my joyful soul may bless Thee, the LORD, our Righteousness! IV.

p While the prayers of faints afcend, God of Love, to mine attend!

cres. Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads; Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

V.

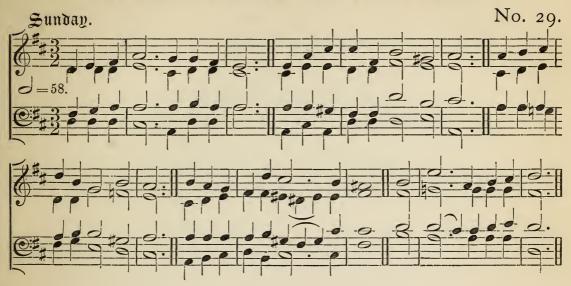
p While I hearken to Thy law, Fill my Soul with humble awe:

cres. Till Thy Gospel bring to me Life and immortality.

VI.

f From Thy house when I return, May my heart within me burn; And at evening let me say: I have walked with God to-day.

ON EACH RETURN OF HOLY REST.



Ι.

mf On each return of holy rest, The day my heavenly FATHER bleft, O let my happy portion be To find supreme delight in Thee; f In Thee, my God, in Thee!

III.

p When, humbly kneeling at Thy Throne, With deep distress my guilt I own, Then let my contrite spirit see Enough of pardoning grace in Thee; cres. In Thee, my God, in Thee!

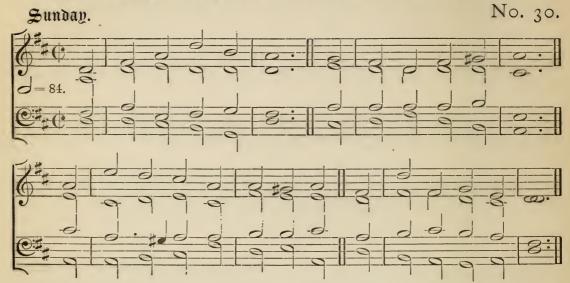
mf Those precious hours I would improve mf When in Thy temple I adore, In fervent prayer, in facred love; From earth's polluting pleasures free, To find my every joy in Thee; f In Thee, my God, in Thee!

And truth's unfathomed mines explore; Or trembling praise the One in Three, Fresh glories let me view in Thee; f In Thee, my God, in Thee!

V.

f Thus, on each day of holy rest, May I with heavenly joy be bleft, And, in a bright eternity, cres. Have my undying bliss in Thee; ff In Thee, my God, in Thee!

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST.



I.

f Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes!

II.

The King Himfelf comes near, And feafts His faints to-day; We here may fit, and fee Him here, And love, and praife, and pray. III.

p One day amidst the place,
Where our dear LORD hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of fin.

IV.

f My willing foul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

THIS PRIMAL DAY, THE SPRING OF TIME.



f This primal day, the spring of Time, When, putting forth His pow'r sublime, The Sire Almighty, Source of all, Framed by His word this earthly ball;

II.

When, death defeating, from the grave Uprofe the Son, a world to fave; When God's good Spirit came t'inspire The souls of men with gifts of fire;

III.

mf May Charity, with ardent glow,
On every heart profusely flow,
While we with voice triumphant sing
High praise to our life-giving King.

p O FATHER, Who hast fixed on me The stamp of Thy Divinity, Teach all my thoughts on Thee to rest; No love but Thine to fill my breast.

V.

O Son, throughout this mortal strife, Grant me to share Thy death, Thy life; To live devote to Thee above, A facrifice of burning love.

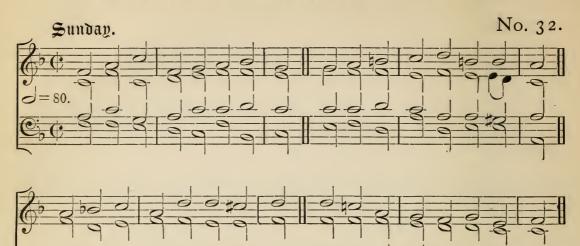
VI.

O Fount of gifts from heav'n's fair shrine, Thyself a gift still more divine, Be Thou a torch of quenchles light! Inflame my breast to seek Thy sight!

VII.

f O Sovereign of my heart, to Thee, Thrice holy, do I bend my knee; Thine ever through each passing hour, I love Thee with my utmost power.

O LORD OF HOLY REST, WE PRAY.



I.

mf O LORD of holy Rest, we pray
In this Thy house, on this Thy day!
Own Thou, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from our lips arise.

III.

mf No more fatigue, no more distres; Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.

II.

IV.

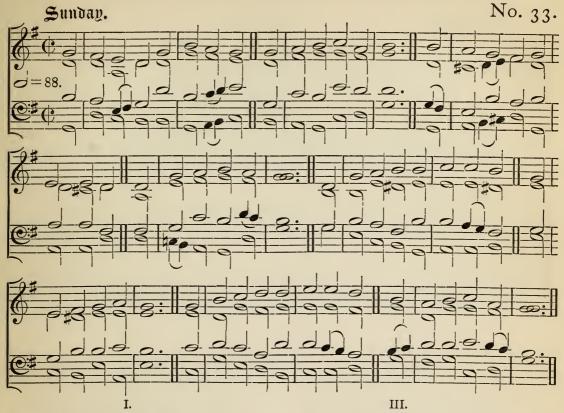
f Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; cres. No rude alarms of raging foes;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

f O long-expected day, begin!
Rife o'er these realms of woe and fin!
dim. We fain would leave this weary road,
p And sleep in death, to rest with God.

BLEST DAY OF GOD, MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT.



mf Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days:
The toiler's rest, the faint's delight,

A day of joy and praise:

f My Saviour's face did make thee shine, His rising thee did raise;

This made thee heavenly and divine Beyond all other days.

II.

mf The first-fruits do a bleffing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they, that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find:
f My Lord on thee His Name did fix,
Which makes thee rich and gay;
Amidst His golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.

mf Thou, Lord, Who daily feed'st Thy sheep, Mak'st them a weekly feast; Thy slocks assemble in their folds

On this Thy day of rest.

f Right dear and welcome to my foul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

IV.

f This day must I for God appear;
For, Lord, this day is Thine:
Oh, let me spend it in Thy sear!
The day shall then be mine.
It is my preparation-day;
And when my soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest.

JESUS CALLS US 'MID THE TUMULT.

St. Andrew. or General.

No. 34.





I.

p Jesus calls us 'mid the tumult, Reigning o'er life's troubled fea; Ever fweet His voice refoundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me." III.

mf Jesus calls us from the worship,
Paid to lucre's golden store;
Luring us from every idol,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

II.

As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear fake.

IV.

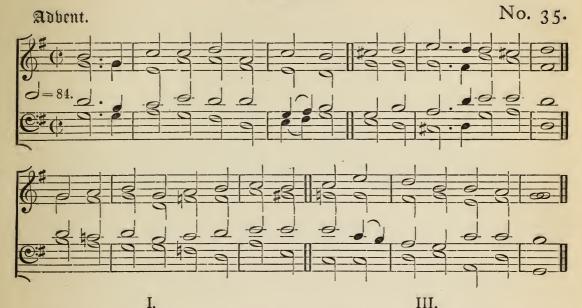
p 'Midst our joys, and pains, and forrows, Days of toil, and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."

V.

cres. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
f Serve and love Thee best of all!

HARK! A TRUMPET VOICE OF WARNING.

En clara Vox.



f HARK! a trumpet voice of warning
Pealeth through the realms of Night:
"Chase afar the dreams of darkness:

"Chase afar the dreams of darkness: Christ descends in flames of light." mf Lo! the Lamb, with free remission,

Comes to earth to cleanse and save:

Let us kneel with tears of sorrow,

His forgiving love to crave.

II.

Let the foul shake off her torpor,
Bound no more by mortal clay;
Bursts the Star of Morn in brightness,
Quenching every baneful ray.

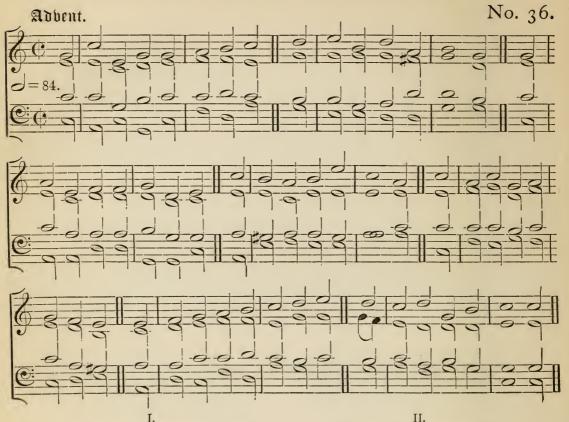
IV.

p Then, when next He beams in splendor,
Girding round the world with dread,
He above His ransomed people
Shall a shield of mercy spread.

V.

f Might and honour, praise and glory,
Give the FATHER and the SON:
Join the Spirit in the homage,
Long as endless ages run.

THE LORD OF MIGHT, FROM SINAI'S BROW.



f The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Ifrael lay on earth below,
Outfiretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand, and His right,
The rocks were rent in funder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

III.

p The LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,
The King of all created,
cres. Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory feated;
f With trumpet-found, and angel-fong,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

BLEST FRAMER OF THE STARRY HEIGHT.



mf BLEST Framer of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
f Good Jesu, Saviour of us all,
O listen as we humbly call.

f When once Thy Name, in glorious power, Comes ringing on the midnight hour, The stooping hosts of Heaven and Hell With trembling knee their terror tell.

II.

Lest Earth, betrayed by wiles of Hell, Should perish, Thou hast broke the spell; And, fired by love, unfailing, sure, For sin-sick man art sound the cure. V.

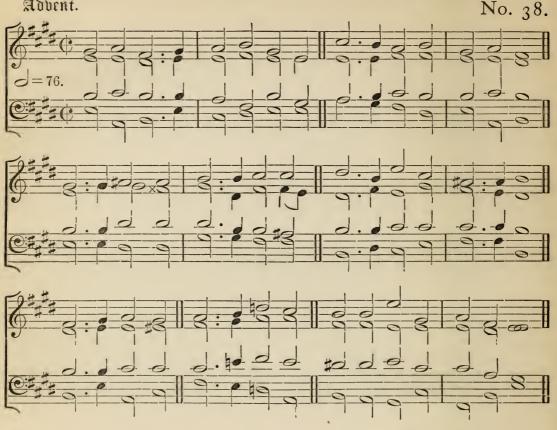
p Avert Thy wrath we humbly pray, Great Judge of that tremendous Day: With weapons of Thy heav'nly grace Defend us from the foeman's face.

III.

p To blot away that common fin, Which stained the world without, within, Thou, Cross-ward, from the Virgin's shrine, Art hasting, spotless Lamb, divine. VI.

f Might, honour, majesty, and praise, To God the Father high we raise; With God the Spirit laud the Son, Till rolling ages cease to run.

LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING.



I.

mf Lo! He comes with clouds defcending,
Once for favoured finners flain;
Thousand thousand faints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
f Hallelujah!
Jesus, King of kings shall reign!

11.

p Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those, who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

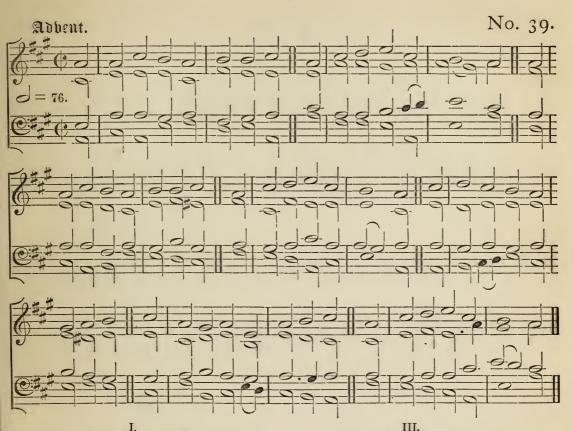
III.

mf Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
f With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

IV.

ff Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee!
High on Thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine Own:
O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down!

GREAT GOD, WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR!



p Great God, what do I fee and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory feated!
The trumpet founds! the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before:
Prepare, my foul, to meet Him!

11.

mf The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' Archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this tremendous morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

p But finners, filled with guilty fears, Behold His wrath prevailing; In woe they rife, and find their tears And fighs are unavailing: The day of Grace is past and gone; They trembling stand before the Throne, All unprepared to meet Him.

IV.

cres. But let not dread my bosom wring,
A load of horror bearing;
A wondrous fight doth comfort bring:
f The Judge my nature wearing!
p Beneath His Cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

HARK! HARK THE SOUND! THE SAVIOUR COMES.





I.

III.

f Hark! hark the found! the Saviour comes, p He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The Saviour, promifed long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a fong!

The bleeding foul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

II.

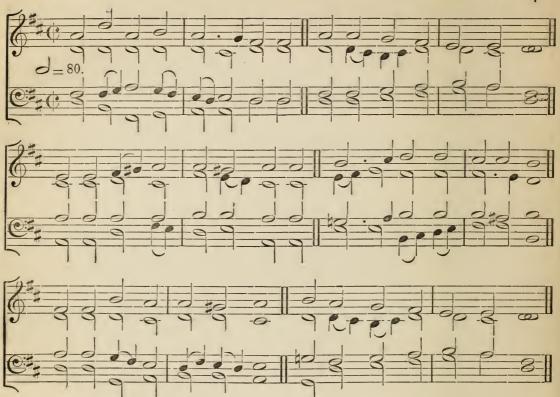
f He comes, the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held: The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron setters yield. IV.

f Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And Heav'n's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved Name.



LO! HE COMES! LET ALL ADORE HIM!

Adbent. No. 42.



I.

mf Lo! He comes! Let all adore Him!
'Tis the God of grace and truth!
Go! prepare the way before Him!
Make the rugged places smooth!
f Lo! He comes, the mighty Lord!
Great His work, and His reward.

II.

mf Let the valleys all be raifed;
Go, and make the crooked straight;
Let the mountains be abased;
Let all Nature change its state;
Through the desert mark a road;
Make a highway for our God.

III.

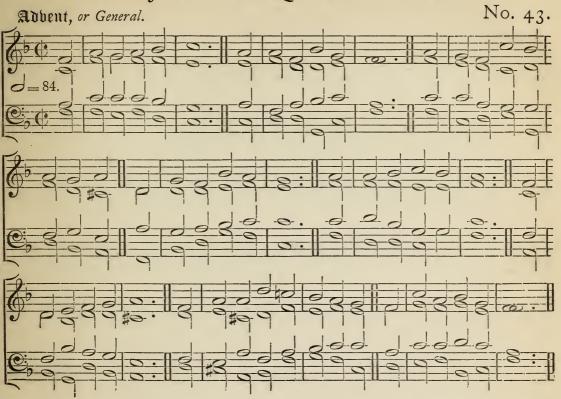
Where the thorn and briar flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord, and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too:
They shall rise on every side;
They shall spread their branches wide.

IV.

Down the hills, and lofty mountains,
Rivers shall be seen to slow;
There the Lord will open sountains,
Thence supply the plains below:

f As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

THOU JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD.



I.

p Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our souls do Thou prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

II.

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majefty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

TTT

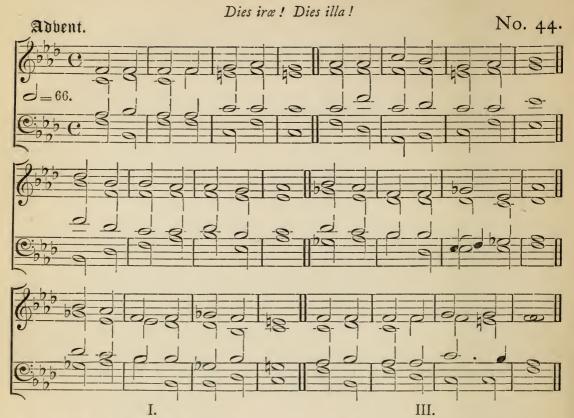
To damp our earthly joys,

T' increase our holy sears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry:
f "Ye dead, the Judge is come:
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

IV.

p Oh! may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's found,
And looking for our Lord!
cres. Oh! may we thus infure
A lot among the bleft,
And watch a moment, to fecure
An everlafting reft!

DAY OF WRATH! THAT AWFUL DAY.



DAY of wrath! that awful Day, Earth in ashes doomed to lay! Seers foretold the dread display!

pp How the world with fear shall shake, When the Judge shall Heav'n forsake, Strict account of all to take!

II.

- f Thrills the trump's amazing tone
 Through the tombs of ages flown,
 Calling all before the throne.
- p Death and Nature stand aghast, While Creation, through the vast, Wakes to answer for the past.

mf. Then the Record shall be spread,
Whence the stern arraign is read,
Sealing doom to quick and dead.
When the Judge His seat hath ta'en,
Bursts to light what hid hath lain,
Naught shall unavenged remain.

IV.

Wretch, what plea then shall I name? What defender dare to claim, When the just scarce 'scape the slame? cres. King of awful majesty,

Bringing rescue full and free,
Fount of pity rescue me.

pp Think, good Jesu, think, I pray, Thou for me didst tread Thy way: Let me not be lost that day. Weary cam'st Thou me to gain; Sav'dst me through the Cross of pain: Such Thy toil be not in vain.

Part II. VI.

Grant forgiveness from the skies, Ere the Reck'ning Day arise.

cres. Groaning I lament my fin; Blush my cheeks at guilt within;

dim. May my prayer Thy mercy win!

VII.

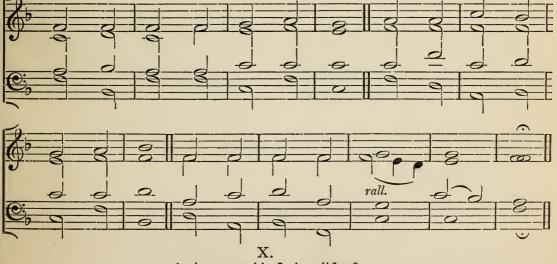
p Thou from crime didst Mary clear; Lentest to a thief Thine ear; cres. E'en to me gav'st hope to cheer. Though my prayers can nothing earn, LORD, to me in pity turn, Lest in deathless fire I burn.

VIII.

Righteous Judge, when vengeance cries, p Grant me with Thy sheep to stand, mf Severed from the finful band, p Safely fet on Thy right hand. mf When the curfed, dumb with shame, Sentenced are to piercing flame, p With the blest O call my name.

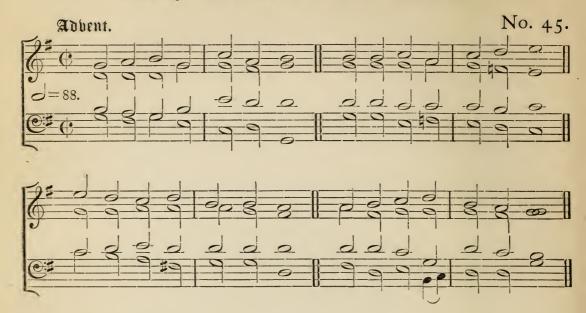
IX.

cres.Low in prayer my knees are bent; dim. Crushed to dust, my heart is rent; Be my stay when life is spent. cres. That shall be a day of tears, When the guilty one appears, Rif'n from ashes, pale with fears.



As he meets his Judge distrest, Spare him, Jesu ever blest! Grant to all eternal rest!

ZION, AT THY SHINING GATES.



I.

f Zion, at thy shining gates, Lo! the King of Glory waits; Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet, Strew thy palms before His feet!

II.

CHRIST, for Thee their triple light, Faith, and Hope, and Love unite; This the beacon we difplay, To proclaim Thine Advent Day.

III.

p Come, and give us peace within; Loose us from the bands of sin; Take away the galling weight, Laid on us by Satan's hate. IV.

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear; Give us strength Thy Cross to bear; Make us Thine in deed and word, Thine in heart and life, O Lord.

V.

Kill in us the carnal root, That the Spirit may bear fruit; Plant in us Thy lowly mind; Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

VI.

f So, when Thou shalt come again, Judge of angels and of men, We, with all Thy saints, shall sing Hallelujahs to our King.

BEHOLD! THE BAPTIST'S WARNING SOUNDS.

Jordanis oras prævia.

No. 46.

Adbent.





I.

f Behold! the Baptist's warning sounds
Thrill through the Jordan's winding
bounds:

As rings his herald voice on high, Let liftless slumber quickly fly!

II.

The heaven, the ocean, and the earth, Their great Creator's coming birth See rifing on their longing sight, And greet it with supreme delight.

III.

mf Then cleanse your hearts, to sin a prey; For God approaching smooth the way; Prepare for Him a place of rest, Meet home for such a worthy Guest.

IV.

Thou, Jesu, Thou our fafety art, The strength and balm of every heart; As grass that fades, our mortal race Lies pining for Thy absent Face.

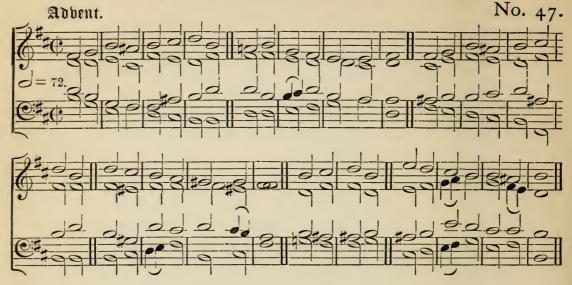
V.

mf Stretch forth Thy Hand the fick to heal;
Lift up the fall'n; Thy Face reveal:
Earth's beauty, that in dust hath lain,
Revive, and bid it bloom again.

VI.

f To Him, Who comes the world to free, To Son, and FATHER, honour be; Thee, gracious Spirit, we adore, From age to age, for evermore.

DAY OF JUDGMENT! DAY OF WONDERS!



p Day of Judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful found,
cres. Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
p How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

II.

mf See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

III.

f At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of Nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to slee:
p Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

IV.

But to those, who have confessed,

Loved and served the Lord below,

cres. He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,

See the kingdom I bestow:

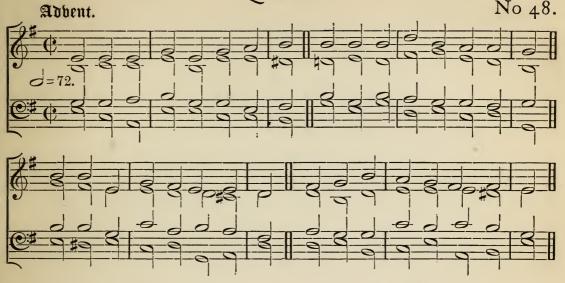
f You, for ever,

Shall My love and glory know."

V.

mf Under forrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's Great Day approaches;
Sighs shall then be turned to praise:
f We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

THE LORD WILL COME! THE EARTH SHALL QUAKE.



p THE LORD will come! the earth shall quake,

The hills their fixed feat forfake;
And, withering, from the vault of night

The stars withdraw their feeble light.

II.

cres. The LORD will come! but not the fame

As once in lowly form He came,
A filent Lamb to flaughter led,
The bruifed, the fuffering, and the dead.

III.

f The Lord will come! a dreadful Form,

With wreath of flame, and robe of florm,

On cherub wings, and wings of wind, Anointed Judge of human kind!

IV.

Can this be He, Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by
pride?
Oh Goo! is this the Crucified?

V.

f Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, feek the mountains cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall fing for joy: "The LORD is
come!"

O SAVIOUR! IS THY PROMISE FLED?



p O Saviour! is Thy promise fled? Nor longer might Thy grace endure To heal the fick, and raise the dead, And preach the Gospel to the poor?

mf Come! Jesus, come! return again; With brighter beam Thy Tervants mf Come! Jesus, come! and as of yore

Who long to feel Thy perfect reign, And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

III.

p A feeble race, by passion driven, In darkness and in doubt we roam, cres. And lift our anxious eyes to heaven, Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

IV.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale, When death rides darkly o'er the fea, And strength and earthly daring fail, Our prayers, REDEEMER, rest on Thee.

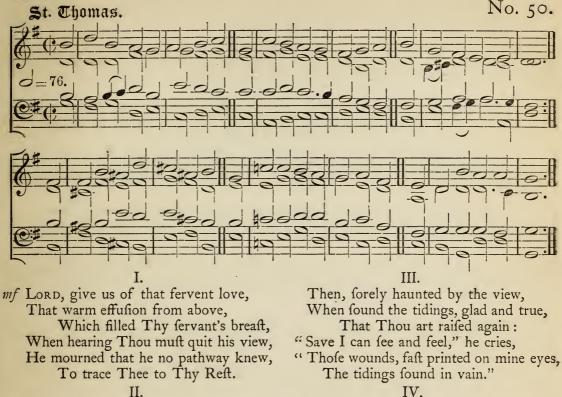
V.

The Prophet went to clear Thy way, A harbinger Thy feet before, A dawning to Thy brighter day;

VI.

cres. So now may grace, with heavenly shower, Our stony hearts for truth prepare; Sow in our minds the feed of power, Then come, and reap Thy harvest there!

LORD, GIVE US OF THAT FERVENT LOVE.



p When Thou wert nailed, and pierced, cres. Thou callest him, as mute he stands, and dead, Upon the cursed tree that spread

Its arms to paling light, Still loving Thee, he fadly wept Those bleeding scars the steel had left,

Deep graven on his fight.

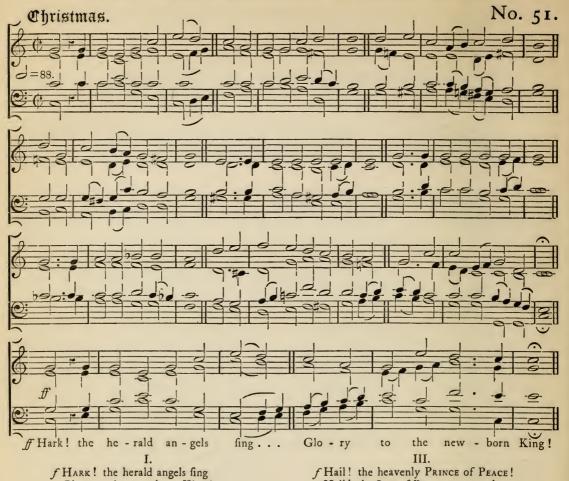
"My LORD! my God!" breaks out: "Thee, Thomas, fight to Faith doth draw;

To feel and fee Thy Side, Thine Hands:

More blest are they who never faw, Yet never knew a doubt."

p Good Lord, Who didst descry the spot, Where he was marred by carnal blot, Though loving to the last; cres. O grant, by Faith we may be stayed, His foft rebuke our faving aid, On Truth our anchor cast.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.



f HARK! the herald angels fing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and finners reconciled!

p Joyful, all ye nations, rife, Join the triumph of the skies;

cres. Universal Nature say, Christ the Lord is born to-day.

II

f Christ, by highest Heaven adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see! Hail, th' incarnate Deity!

cres. Pleased as Man with men t'appear, Jesus our Immanuel here! f Hail! the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Rif'n with healing in His wings.

p Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die,

eres. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

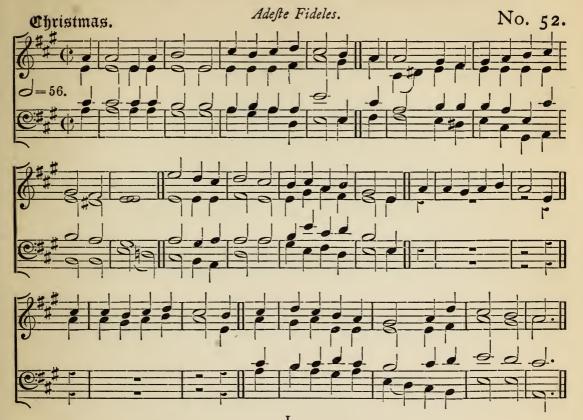
IV.

mf Come, Desire of Nations, come, Fix us in Thy humble home! Rife, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed, Bruise in us the Serpent's head!

p Now display Thy saving Power, Ruined nature now restore;

* cres. Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

DRAW NEAR, ALL YE FAITHFUL.



mf Draw near, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O haste ye, O haste ye, now to Bethlehem!
See there the Infant, born the King of Angels!
p O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
cres. O come let us adore Him, the Christ, the Lord!

mf For He, God of God, He, Light of Light eternal,
Hath not in His love abhorred the Virgin's womb:
Hail Him, true God, begotten, not created!
O come, &c.

III.

f Now fing loud Hosannas, all ye choirs of Angels!

Now fing all ye blissful sons of Heav'n above!

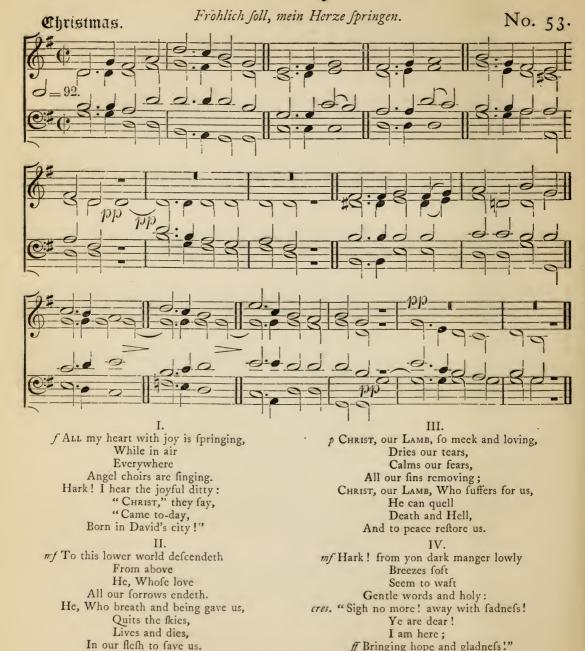
Glory to God be given in the highest!

O come, &c.

IV.

f To Thee, bleffed Jesu, born this happy morning,
Be glory afcribed by all on earth below!
WORD of the FATHER, now for man Incarnate!
O come, &c.

ALL MY HEART WITH JOY IS SPRINGING.

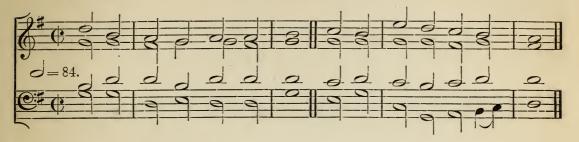


^{*} Lines 4 and 8 are repeated pp by the three under voices.

MERCY TRIUMPHS, CHRIST IS BORN.

Christmas.

No. 54.





Ī.

f Mercy triumphs, Christ is born! Seraphs hail this happy morn! Echo loud their folemn cry: ff "Glory be to God on high!"

II.

f Praise to God, and peace on earth; Such the tidings of His birth: Him we worship, Him we bless, Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

III.

Promised Branch of Jesse's stem, Christ is born in Bethlehem! We have pardon, we have peace; Darkness, guilt, and terror cease. IV.

Light and mercy cheer the tomb!
Hallelujah! CHRIST is come!
Let all earth's redeemed cry:
ff "Glory be to God on high!"

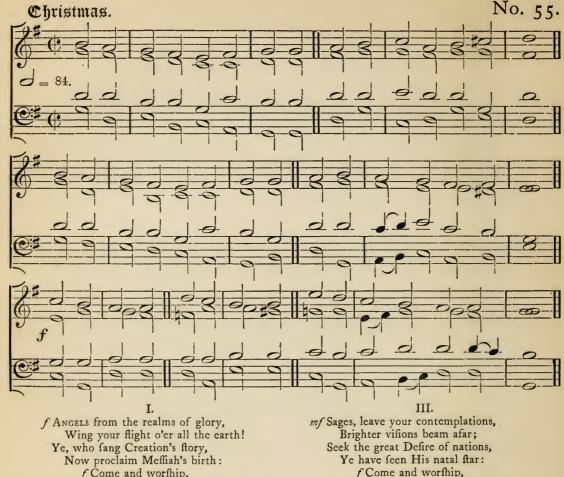
V.

p Son of Man, He murmured not, Bore with us, and shared our lot; f Son of God, we know Him well, By each sign the prophets tell.

VI.

p His the love to feel our woe;
f His the might to quell our foe:
Unto Him, in earth and heaven,
ff Be all praise and honour given!

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.



f Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King!

mf Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant-light: f Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King!

f Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King!

mf Saints, before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear, Suddenly the Lord, descending, In His Temple shall appear; f Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King!

p Sinners, wrung with true repentance, Doomed for guilt to endless pains, Justice now revokes the sentence, Mercy calls you: break your chains; f Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King!

BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN.

Christmas.

No. 56.





I.

f Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of Heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

II.

On His shoulder He shall bear Power and Majesty, and wear On His vesture, and His thigh, Names most awful, names most high. III.

Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

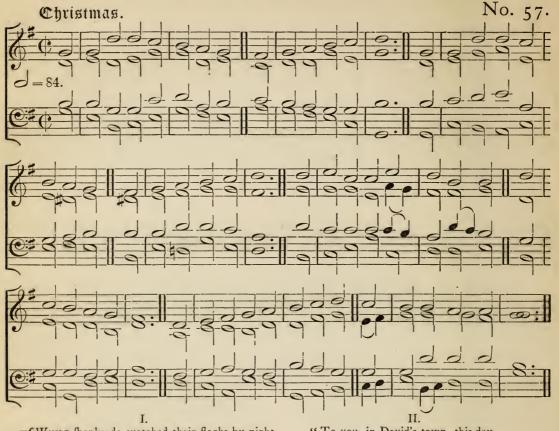
IV.

p Come and worship at His feet, Yield to Christ the homage meet; From His manger to His throne, Homage due to God alone.

V.

f Glory be to God on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.



mf While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,

The angel of the LORD came down, And glory shone around.

f" Fear not," faid he; (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind;)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind. "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,

The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the fign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapt in fwaddling bands, And in a manger laid."

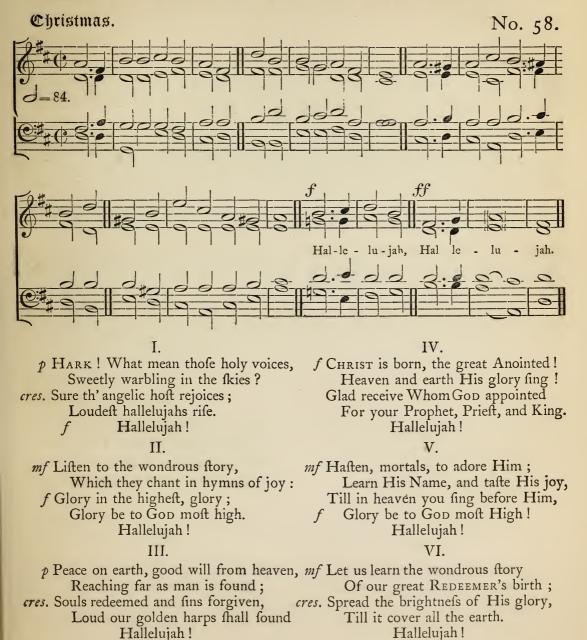
III.

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Cood will be presently from Heaven to me

Good will henceforth from Heaven to men Begin, and never cease!"

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.



COME! THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS!





I.

mf Come! Thou long-expected Jesus!

Born to fet Thy people free!

From our cares and fins release us;

Let us find our rest in Thee.

III.

Born, Thy people to deliver!

Born a Child, and yet a King!

Born, to reign in us for ever!

Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

II.

f Ifrael's strength and consolation!

Hope of all the earth Thou art!

Blest desire of every nation!

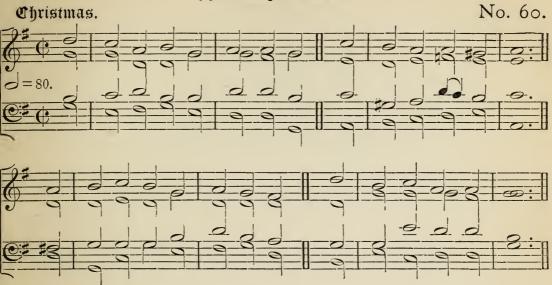
Joy of every longing heart!

IV.

p By Thine Own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
cres. By Thine all-sufficient merit,
f Raise us to Thy glorious Throne!

O JESU, SAVIOUR OF US ALL.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.



O Jesu, Saviour of us all, With God the Father One, His equal ere the world began, Now born His only Son:

II.

I.

Our peace and glory, Lord, art Thou, Sole hope of man distrest,
O hear the prayers that pour to Thee From each devoted breast.

III.

Thyself for us in mortal form
Thou freely didst enshrine:
Then grant that we, too, may partake
Thy Nature all Divine.

To that exalted grace advanced, Thy brethren shield from harm, Lest they relapse to former sin, Unaided by Thine arm.

V.

IV.

cres. The land, the heav'ns, the ocean vast,
In rival strains shall raise
To Him, Who gave Thee to the world,
Glad songs of holy praise;

VI.

f And we, for whom Thou once wast born.
Thou life's eternal Spring,
Will magnify this glorious day,
And hymns of triumph fing.

VII.

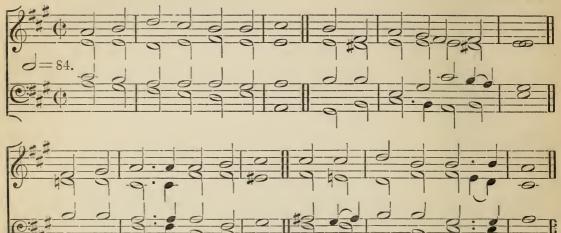
ff O Jesu, Virgin-born, with Thee, The Father we adore! О Ногу Сноят, to Thee be praife Both now and evermore!

CHIEF OF MARTYRS! HE WHOSE NAME.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

St. Stephen.

No. 61.



I.

mf Chief of Martyrs! he whose name Doth a mystic crown proclaim: Not of slow'rs that see decay, Weave we this his crown to-day.

II.

Bright the stones, which wound him, gleam, Sprinkled with his life's red stream; Radiant o'er his saintly head, Stars could ne'er such lustre shed.

III.

Where his brow receives the blows, Flashing light divinely glows; Bursting forth, each holy ray Doth an angel-face betray.

IV.

P CHRIST for him a victim bled; He for CHRIST his blood first shed: First Confessor, whose last breath Flies to own Him God in death.

V

First upon the path is he, Marked across the crimson sea! Forth he leads the martyr-band; Lo! they follow close at hand.

VI.

f Virgin-born, to Thee we raife, With the Father, endless praife; God the Spirit we adore, Now, henceforth, for evermore!

THY DEAR DISCIPLE ON THE SEA.

St. John.

No. 62.





I.

p Thy dear disciple on the sea,
A son of labour rude and sore,
cres. Leaves ship and sire, O Lord, for Thee,
p And loving stands upon the shore.

II.

mf Thus, toil and love in fweet embrace,
He lives to cheer Thy weary breaft,
A meet companion in Thy race:
Thy bosom, pillow of his rest.

III.

Though there he lay in wiftful love,
He courts no languor, dull and weak;
eres. But foars an eagle, finks a dove;
All fervid, foft, fublime and meek.

IV.

p That tender heart, that ardent mind, Such honour reaped as none have known:

Thy dying lips to him configned Thy bleffed Mother for his own.

V.

Full long the toil of life his lot:

"Peace! let him tarry till I come!"

"Come, LORD! draw near this lonely fpot,

And take Thy waiting martyr home."

IV.

p Thus calm, may we abide the hour,
;; Thy Face revealing from above;
cres. Still zealous, tho' with waning power;
f While strength declines, still firm in
love.

TO THEE, ALL GLORY, LORD.

Moly Innocents.

No. 63.





I.

To Thee all glory, LORD!
Who from this world of fin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless fword,
Those precious ones didst win.

II.

To Thee all glory, LORD!

For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heav'nly crown.

III.

p Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

IV.

f To Thee be praise for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

V.

mf Oh! that our hearts within,

Like theirs, were pure and bright;

Oh! that as free from wilful fin,

We shrank not from Thy sight!

VI.

p LORD, help us every hour,
Thy cleanfing grace to claim;
cres. In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

BLEST DAY, ON WHICH THE SAVIOUR SHED.

Felix dies, quam proprio.

Circumcision.

No. 64.





I,

f Blest day, on which the Saviour shed High sanctity, as first He bled! Blest day, whereon He first began The task to ransom fallen man!

II.

p Scarce born to light, and life, and woe, His infant blood is feen to flow; The foretaste of a deadly strife; The opening of a loving life.

III.

mf Earth now His home, with fervid will His FATHER's mandates to fulfil, He quick forestalls His day decreed, And learns, a Victim, how to bleed.

IV.

In love the finner's lot He shares, His punishment, unguilty, bears; Law-framer, now to Law the slave, That He from Law might sinners save.

V.

Before that wound, which it had made, The cancelled Law is feen to fade; A purer Law begins to reign, The Love, which deathless shall remain.

VI.

p LORD JESUS, from our hearts, we pray, What is not Thine O take away; cres. Thy Name, Thy Law, for ever rest Deep graven on our inmost breast!

LET TYRANTS TAKE THEIR HAUGHTY NAMES.

Victis sibi cognomina.

No. 65.

Circumcision.





I.

IV.

f Let tyrants take their haughty names cres. To fuffer for that facred Name, From nations forced to bleed; We count the highest prize; A nobler title CHRIST assumes For death is bitter now no more, From those that He hath freed. But fweet in loving eyes.

H.

None other name than this is giv'n For mortals to adore; A Name through which the dead revive,

And live for evermore.

III.

p The purchase, made at such a cost, When all His blood was spilt, Are we again, in mad affront, To cancel by our guilt?

V.

p Thou, Who dost love to be invoked, Blest Saviour of us all! In Thy great Name we make our boast: O hear us when we call!

VI.

f Great Jesu, from the Virgin born, We glory give to Thee; The FATHER and the SPIRIT praise, Till ages cease to be.

JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

Circumcision, or General.

No. 66.





I.

f Jesus! Name of wondrous love! Name, all other names above! Unto which must every knee Bow in deep humility.

II.

p Jesus! Name decreed of old, To the maiden Mother told, Kneeling in her lowly cell, By the Angel Gabriel.

III.

To the fallen fons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

IV.

mf Jesus! Name of mercy mild, Given to the holy Child, When the cup of human woe First He tasted here below.

V.

If Jesus! only Name that's given Under all the mighty heaven, Whereby man, to fin enflaved, Bursts his fetters, and is faved.

VI.

f Jesus! Name of wondrous love! Human Name of God above! dim. Pleading only this, we flee, p Helples, O our God, to Thee.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

Circumcision, or General.

No. 67.





I.

p How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear!

It foothes his forrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

II.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry foul, To weary spirits rest.

III.

mf Dear Name! the rock on which I build, f Till then I would Thy love proclaim My shield and hiding-place; My never-failing treaf'ry, filled With boundless stores of grace.

IV.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.

V.

Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I fee Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

VI.

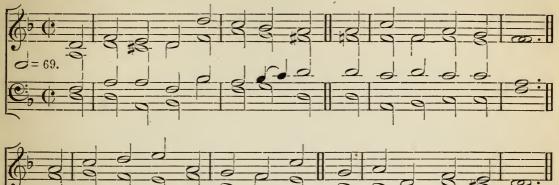
With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my foul in death!

LORD, LET ME KNOW MY TERM OF DAYS.

New Year, or General.

Psalm 39.

No 68.





I.

P Lord, let me know my term of days, How foon my life will end; The num'rous train of ills disclose, Which this frail state attend.

II.

My life Thou know'st is but a span, A cypher sums my years; And every man, in best estate, But vanity appears.

III.

with anxious care attend?

f On Thee alone my steadfast hope,
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

IV.

p The dreadful burden of Thy wrath
 In mercy foon remove;
 Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
 The heavy load should prove.

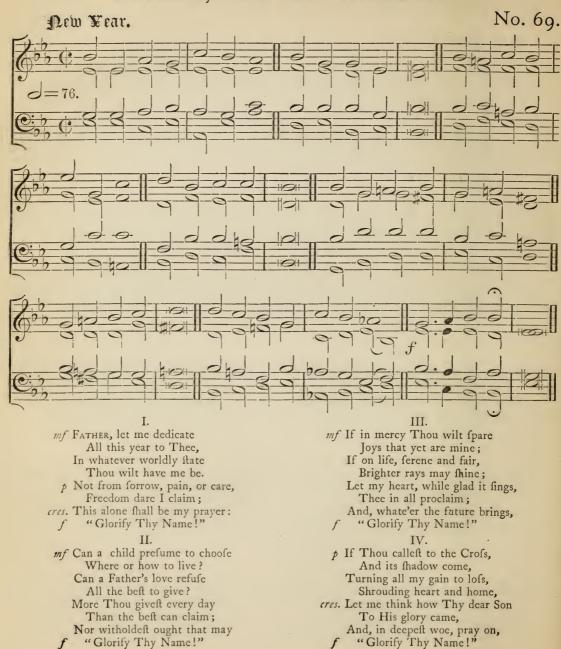
V.

mf Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

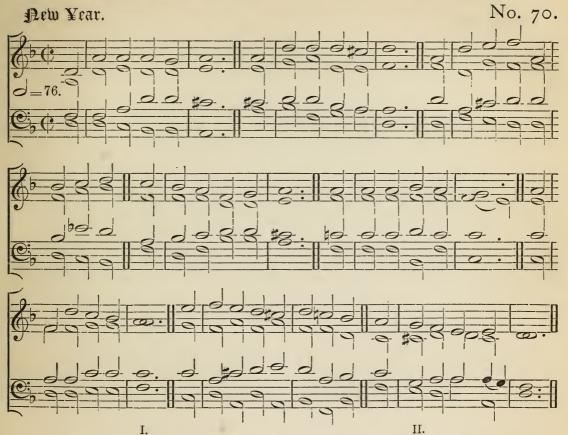
VI.

p O spare me yet a little time;
 My wasted strength restore;
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 And shall be seen no more.

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.



A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.



mf A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asseep within the tomb.
Then, gracious LORD, prepare
Our souls for that dread day;
cres. O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our fins away.

mf A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that bright day;

cres. O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our fins away.

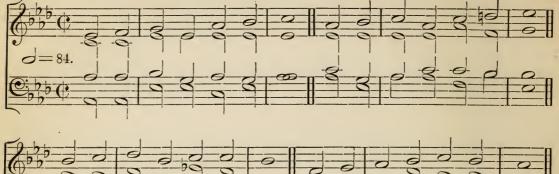
III.

mf Yet but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
p Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that glad day:
cres. O wash us with Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

FOR THY MERCY AND THY GRACE.

New Year.

No. 71.





I.

mf For Thy mercy and Thy grace, Faithful through another year, Hear our fong of thankfulness, FATHER, and REDEEMER, hear! III.

p Who of us death's awful road In the coming year shall tread? With Thy rod and staff, O God, Comfort Thou his dying bed.

II.

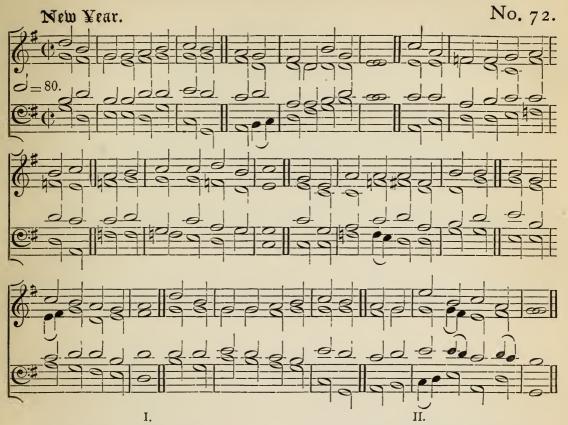
In our weakness and distress, Rock of Strength, be Thou our Stay! In the pathless wilderness Be our true and living way! IV.

mf Keep us faithful, keep us pure, Keep us evermore Thine own! Help, O help us to endure! Fit us for the promifed crown!

V.

f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings!

HARP, AWAKE! TELL OUT THE STORY.



of HARP, awake! tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!

Inf Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

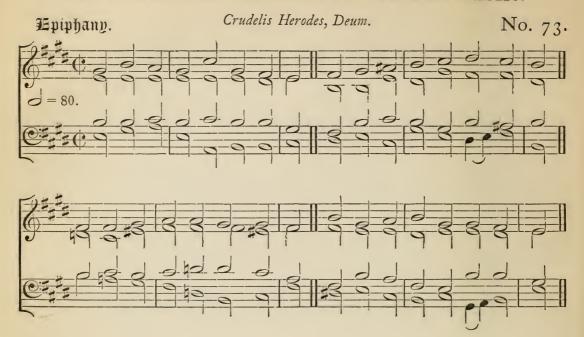
mf Gracious Saviour, Thou hast lengthened,
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!

p Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy seet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit, and Thy Word!

III.

f Let Thy favour and Thy bleffing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
p Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven, and earth, and sea;
cres. But when heaven and earth are failing,
f Saviour! we will trust in Thee.

WHY SHOULD THE CRUEL HEROD FEAR?



I.

mf Why should the cruel Herod fear

That Christ, the King, is coming near? He takes no realms of earth away, Who gives the realms of heavenly day.

II.

The Magi track the leading star, Which they had witnessed from afar; To Light by light they onward press, And by their gift their God confess. III.

In waters of the crystal flood, Lo! dips the Holy Lamb of GoD: The sins, which ne'er in Him were traced, From us, by washing, He essaced.

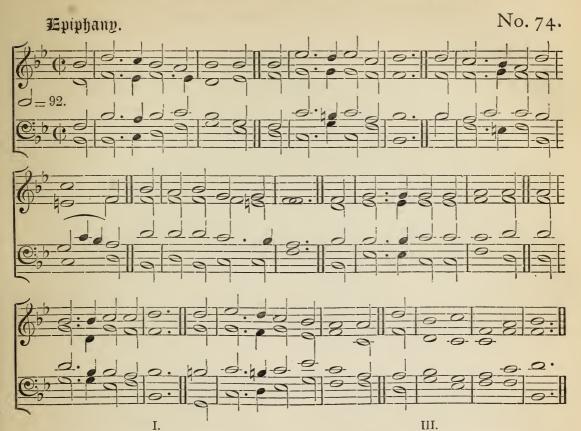
IV.

A wondrous Power is brought to fight: Lo! water reddens 'neath the light! And, at the word of Force Divine, Its nature changes into wine.

V.

f All glory be to Jesu's Name, A bright Epiphany Who came; To Father, Spirit, high we raife, From age to age, unceasing praise.

ALL HAIL! THE LORD'S ANOINTED.



f All hail! the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Who, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

II.

mf Down He shall come like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like slowers,
Shall deck His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley slow.

f Down kings shall fall before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

IV.

ff O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing, and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love.

OF NOBLE CITIES THOU ART QUEEN.



f Or noble cities thou art Queen; Thou, Bethlehem, alone hast feen Salvation's Captain, from the sky, Incarnate in a cradle lie.

II.

The Star, before whose lustre bright The vanquished Sun hath paled his light, Proclaims that God has come to earth, A sleshly Form of human birth.

mf The Magi faw Him! straight they pour Their Eastern off'rings from their store, And, prostrate, with their prayers unfold Myrrh, frankincense, and royal gold.

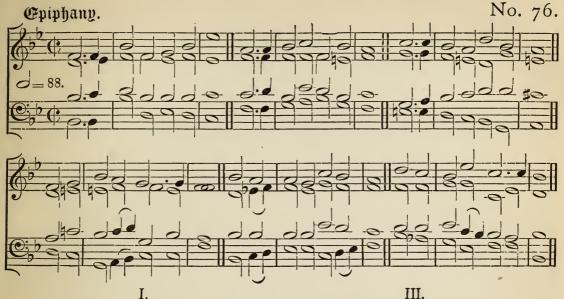
JV.

The treasure speaks the King of kings; The incense God before us brings; And, mystic sign of deathly woes, The myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

V.

f All glory be to Jesu's Name, A bright Epiphany Who came; To Father, Spirit, high we raise, From age to age, unceasing praise.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.



f AS with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious God, may we Evermore be led by Thee.

II.

As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manger-bed, There to bend the knee before Him, Whom heaven and earth adore; So may we, with willing feet, Ever feek Thy mercy-feat.

III.

As they offered gifts most rare At that manger, rude and bare; So may we, with holy joy, Pure, and free from fin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, CHRIST, to Thee, our heavenly King.

IV.

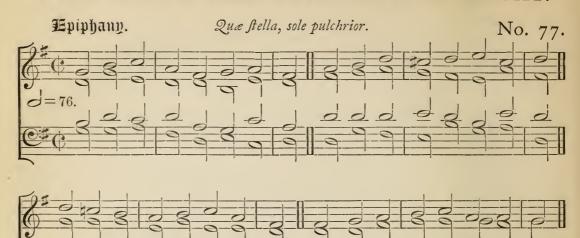
p Holy Jesus! every day Keep us in the narrow way; And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

H

V.

cres. In the heavenly country bright, Need they no created light; f Thou its Life, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun, which goes not down; There for ever may we fing Alleluias to our King!

WHAT STAR IS THIS THAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT.



I.

IV.

mf What Star is this that beams fo bright,
And dims the fun with fairer light?

f It marks a new-born Monarch's rife,
His cradle pointing from the skies.

II.

mf See now fulfilled the Prophets' cry!
"Lo! Jacob's star ascends on high!"
Arrested at the heav'nly blaze,
Starts forth the East in deep amaze.

III.

Without, the Star informs their fight; Within, there shines a brighter light, Which leads them, by its gentle force, To trace the marvel to its source.

f Love never knows of dull delay;
No toil, no risk, obstructs their way:
Their home, their kin, their native land,
At once they quit at God's command.

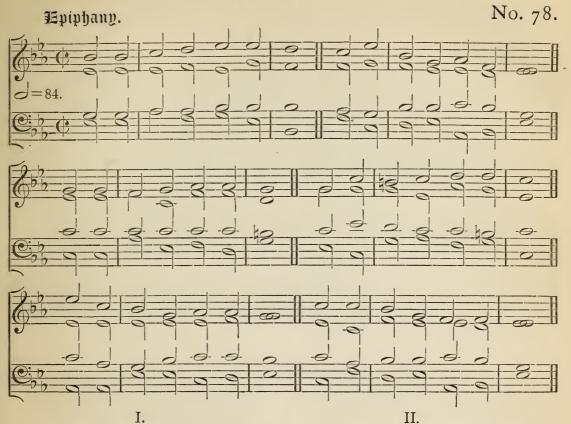
V.

P O Christ, while beams the Star of grace, Alluring us to feek Thy face, Upon our flothful spirits shine, Nor let them quench the light divine.

VI.

f To Thee, O FATHER, Radiance bright, To Thee, O Son, the Nations' Light, Be praise eternal, and to Thee, O Spirit, equal glory be.

GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.



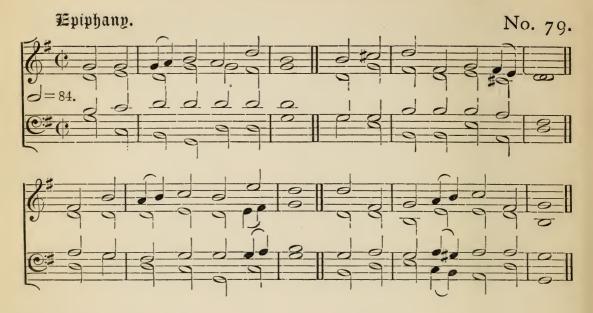
p God of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face;
cres. Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

f Let the people praise Thee, LORD!
Be by all that live adored!
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their SAVIOUR KING!
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey!

III.

f Let the people praise Thee, LORD!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR!



I.

f Sons of men, behold from far!
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.

II.

P Fear not hence that ill should flow,
 Wars or pestilence below;
 Wars it bids and tumults cease,
 Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

III.

p Mild He shines on all beneath, cres. Piercing through the shades of death; Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night, f Kindling darkness into light. IV.

mf Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste! for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there!

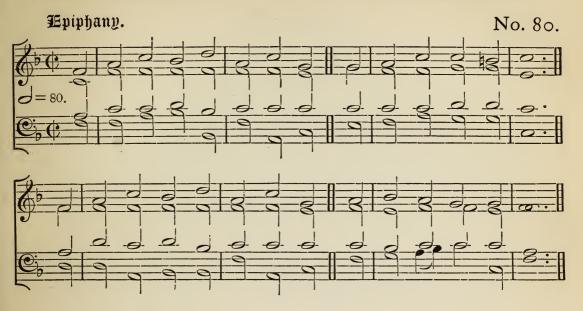
V.

cres. Here behold the Day-fpring rife, Pouring eyefight on your eyes! God in His Own light furvey, Shining to the perfect day!

VI.

f Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life t'employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

THE RACE, THAT LONG IN DARKNESS PINED.



I.

f The race, that long in darkness pined, f To us a Child of hope is born, Have seen a glorious light; To us a Son is given:

Have feen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's furrounding night.

The tribes of earth shall Him obey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

IV.

II.

To hail Thy rife, Thou better Sun, The gath'ring nations come, With joy, as when the reapers bear The harvest-treasures home. V.

VI.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty LORD!

III.

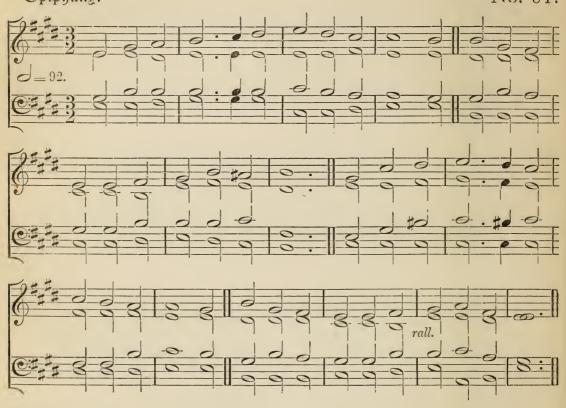
mf For Thou our burden hast removed, ff His power increasing still shall spread,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
As quick as slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

Epiphany.

No. 81.



mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid! Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant REDEEMER is laid!

I.

mf Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

II.

III.

p Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining; cres. Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Low lies His head with the beafts of the stall; cres. Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining, f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

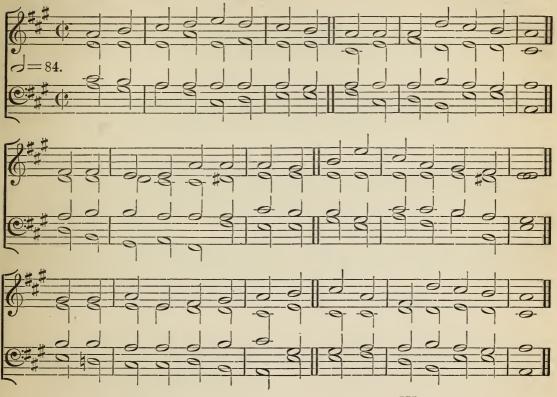
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; f Richer by far is the heart's adoration; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HALLELUJAH! SONG OF SWEETNESS.

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

Sunday before Septuagesima.

No. 82.



f Hallelujah! fong of sweetness,
Strain of joy that never dies!
Hallelujah is the chorus,
Dear to choirs above the skies!

Hark! from all the bleft in Heaven Evermore the anthem flies!

II.

Salem! Mother! oh, how gladly
Thou dost Hallelujah sing!
Hallelujah is the homage,
Which Thy happy children bring!

p Drooping exiles by her waters,
Tears from us doth Babel wring.

III.

Hallelujah we deserve not
Always here to lift on high;
Our transgressions check the uttrance,
As we Hallelujah cry:
Hastes the hour for deeply mourning

Sins that heavy on us lie.

IV.

mf Thee, in this our adoration,
Blessed Trinity, we pray:
Grant us in the realms of glory
Vision of Thine Easter Day;
cres. There to sing to Thee with rapture
f Hallelujah's sweetest lay.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 83.





I.

f Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake, and it was done. IV.

p And can man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 f No; the Church delights to raife
 Pfalms and hymns, and fongs of praife.

II.

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when He Captive led captivity. V.

mf Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in fongs of praife rejoice; Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praife to fing above.

III.

Heaven and earth must pass away: Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens and earth: Songs of praise shall hail their birth. VI.

f Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

THERE IS A BOOK WHO RUNS MAY READ.

Septuagesima, or General.

No. 84.





I.

mf THERE is a Book, who runs may read, Which Heav'nly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

II.

The works of God, above, below, Within us and around, Are pages in that Book, to show Where God Himself is found.

III.

f The glorious sky, embracing all, Is like the Maker's love, Wherewith encompassed, great and small eres. Give me a heart to find out Thee, In peace and order move.

IV.

p The moon above, the Church below,— A wondrous race they run; But all their radiance, all their glow, Each borrows of its Sun.

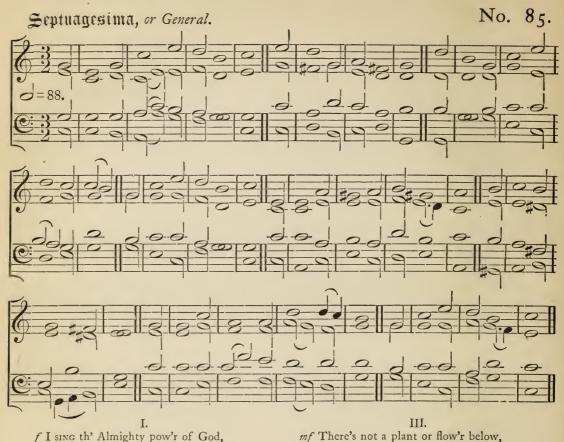
V.

f The Saviour lends the light and heat, That crowns His holy hill; The faints, like stars, around His feat, Perform their courses still.

VI.

p Thou, Who hast giv'n me eyes to see And love this fight fo fair, f And read Thee everywhere.

I SING TH' ALMIGHTY POWER OF GOD.



f I sing th' Almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rife,
That fpread the flowing feas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

mf I fing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day;

cres. The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

II.

f I fing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

P LORD, how Thy wonders are displayed, Where'er I turn my eye!

or gaze upon the sky,

But makes Thy glories known; And clouds arife and tempests blow, By order from Thy throne.

p Thy creatures, num'rous as they be, Are subject to Thy care:

cres. There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

IV.

f In heaven He shines with beams of love, With wrath in hell beneath; 'Tis on His earth I stand or move,

And 'tis His air I breathe.

mf His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
f Why should I then forget the Lord,

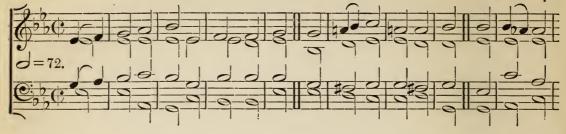
Who is for ever nigh?



WHO HAST THE WEIGHTY WOES. GOOD LORD!

Sexagesima, or General.

No. 87.





I.

IV.

p Good Lord, Who hast the weighty woes Vouchsafe us patience, loving Lord, Of galling trial borne, cres. Regard Thy fervants' bitter throes,

While wrestling with their cruel foes, p Dejected, wasted, worn.

II.

Remember that once happy spot, Within whose tainted pale The ferpent, jealous at their lot, Contrived to fix a lasting blot On man and woman frail.

Ш

Thus loft, O woman's Holy Seed, When comes the Tempter nigh, Confound his counsel, thwart his deed, Lest we, his fallen victims, bleed, And 'neath his rancour die.

To ease this mortal strife; Oh! utter forth Thy fovereign word, That Cherubim may sheathe the sword, Which guards the Tree of Life.

 \mathbf{V}_{\cdot}

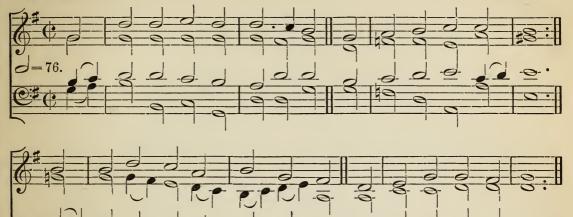
mf Grant us to eat its golden fruits, And drink the living stream, That washes by its holy roots, As high it lifts its healing shoots, To greet the heavenly beam.

f May we, our race of trial run, Safe landed on the shore, Thy glorious triumph now begun, An Eden loft, an Eden won, p Find rest for evermore!

ALMIGHTY GOD, THY WORD IS CAST.

Sexagesima, or General.

No. 88.



I.

mf. Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground:
Oh! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

II.

Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy feed remove; But give it root in praying fouls To bring forth fruits of love. III.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rifing plant destroy,
But may it in obedient minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

IV.

p Let not Thy word, in mercy fent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and fadly tell,
That we reject Thy Son.

V.

f Great God! come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty pow'r bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

LO! STEALS APACE THE WELCOME TIDE.



mp Lo! Steals apace the welcome tide, Sweet fafety's dawning hour, When Mercy's gate will open wide To catch the mourner's shower.

II.

Then use with ever softened zest
Thy words, thy food, thy sleep;
Check mirth, and with a keener breast
Thy daily vigil keep.

III.

p Let grief, unbosomed from the heart, On tears, that gushing fall, Feed fadly, yet, despite the smart, Approach the Judge of all. mf With zeal pursue the path that leads
To dwellings cold and rude,

Where droop the poor, where forrow bleeds,

And CHRIST is faint for food.

V.

Here, stretching forth a lavish hand, Let love her wealth outpour; Consign it to a heavenly land, Lest death should seize the store.

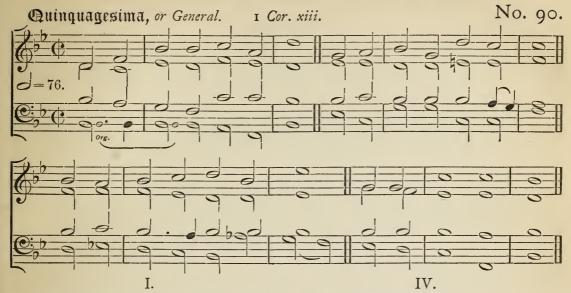
VI.

Dand, confectate us all to Thee,
 With newly kindled love,
 That purer thoughts, where'er we be,
 May flame to heav'n above.

VII.

f Three-One, to Thee high praife we give; Thee widely we proclaim; Grant we through taintless fast may live, True warriors for Thy Name.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.



Taught by Thee, we covet most cres. Of Thy gifts at Pentecost

p Holy, heav'nly Love.

II.

p Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth, or Heav'n above,
cres. Knowledge, all things, empty prove
p Without heav'nly Love.

III.

p Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
cres. All is vain if Love I need:
p Therefore give me Love.

pp Love is kind, and fuffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
cres. Love, than death itself more strong:

p Therefore give us Love.

V.

p Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
cres. Love will ever with us stay:
p Therefore give us Love.

VI.

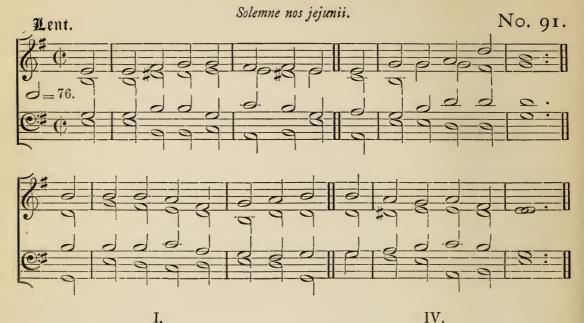
p Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight:
cres. Love in Heav'n will shine more bright:
p Therefore give us Love.

VII.

mf Faith, and Hope, and Love we fee,
Joining hand in hand, agree:
cres. But the greatest of the three,
f And the best, is Love.

^{***} Transposed a note lower, this Melody may be sung in Unison.

THE SOLEMN TIME OF HOLY FAST.



P THE solemn time of holy fast To mourning fadly calls: Lo! weeps the priest! with tearful cries Refound the temple walls.

II.

In vain ascend the tones of grief, God's angered ear to feek, Unless the language of the foul An inward forrow speak.

III.

In vain the sprinkled ashes fall, The robe is rent in vain, Unless the broken heart is torn With wounds of keenest pain. IV.

pp Then let us kneel in deepest woe To stay the wrath of GoD! Who, knowing all our guilty deeds, Uplifts His threat'ning rod.

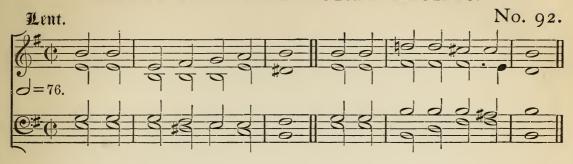
V.

p O righteous Judge! our Father, Friend! To punishment be flow; Vouchsafe us time to mend our lives; Repentant hearts bestow.

VI.

cres. Blest THREE in ONE! Great ONE in THREE! Grant us, Thy fuff'ring race, To reap from these, our lowly fasts, f Undying fruits of grace.

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS.





I.

P FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast wand'ring in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Fasting, tempted, undefiled.

II.

Sunbeams fcorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way:
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

III.

mf Shall we not some hardship bear, From the joys of earth abstain, Fasting with unceasing prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain? IV.

Then if Satan with his wiles
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Armed against his frowns and smiles,
May we never faint nor fail!

V.

p Holy peace and truth divine, Joy and gladness, light and love, Shall like angels round us shine, Precious tokens from above.

VI.

eres. Keep us, then, O Saviour dear,
Ever conftant by Thy fide,
That with Thee we may appear
f Glorious at our Easter-tide.

MY GOD, MY GOD, MY LIGHT, MY LOVE.

Lent, or General.

No. 93.





mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love, Mine all in all to me,

Wilt Thou a gracious FATHER prove To fouls that hang on Thee?

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love, For Thee I thirst alone;

The sweetest waters on the earth My foul accounts as none.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love, mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love, Mine only, only Friend,

I feek, I long, I look for Thee: Why wilt Thou not attend?

IV.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love, Oh! whither art Thou gone? Either be near unto me here, Or lift me to Thy Throne.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love. Canst Thou that soul forsake, That follows Thee with restless cries, And longs to overtake?

Come, come, with me abide;

Rejoice me with Thy presence, LORD; I know no joy beside.

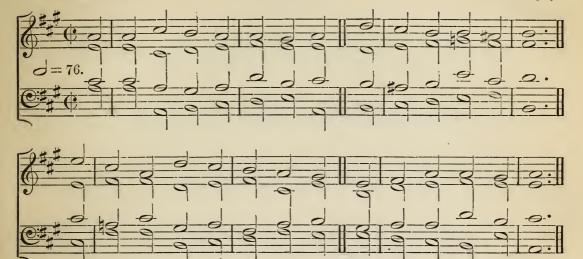
VII.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love, Hear Thou my mournful cry: cres. The God of Love hears from above; He will not fee me die.

COME, LET US TO THE LORD OUR GOD.

Lent, or General.

No. 94.



I.

mp Come, let us to the Lord our God With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The defolate to mourn.

II.

His voice commands the tempest forth, And stills the stormy wave; And though His arm be strong to smite, 'Tis also strong to save.

III.

mf 'The night of forrow long hath reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
For God appears, and we shall rife
With gladness in His sight.

IV.

Our hearts, if God we feek to know, Shall know Him and rejoice; His coming like the morn shall be, Like morning songs His voice.

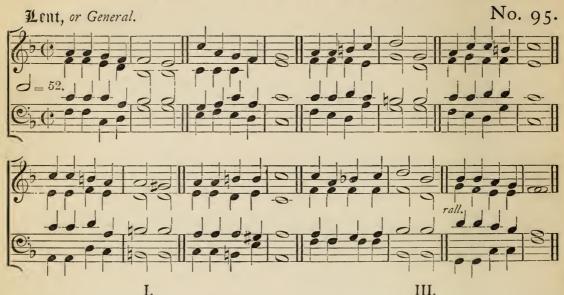
V.

As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground:

VI.

f So shall His presence bless our souls, And shed a joyful light; That hallowed morn shall chase away The forrows of the night.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.



p In the hour of trial, Jesus, pray for me, cres. Lest by base denial I depart from Thee; p When Thou feest me waver, With a look recall, cres. Nor for fear or favor Suffer me to fall.

II.

mf With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures Spread to work me harm; p Bring to my remembrance Sad Gethsemane, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.

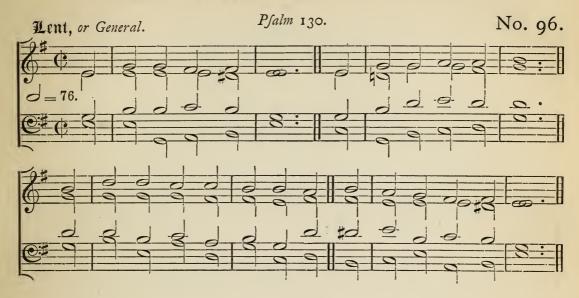
III.

mf Should Thy mercy fend me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me On my path below; Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to fee; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.

IV.

p When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain; When my dust returneth To the dust again; cres. On Thy truth relying, Through that mortal strife, pp Jesus, take me dying To eternal life.

FROM LOWEST DEPTHS OF WOE.



I.

p From lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry:
cres. Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

II.

Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce Thy sear.

III.

My foul with patience waits
For Thee, the living LORD;
My hopes are on Thy promife built,
And never-failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To fpy the dawning day.

V.

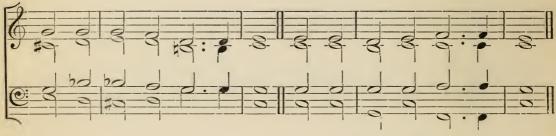
f Let Ifrael trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows:
The plenteous source and spring, from
whence
Eternal succour flows;

VI.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey:
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED WITH WOE.





p When our heads are bowed with woe, pp Thou hast bowed the dying head; When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the loft, the dear, cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

IV.

Thou the blood of life hast shed; Thou hast filled a mortal bier; cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

II.

p Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn; Thou our mortal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the human tear: cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

III.

p When the fullen death-bell tolls For our own departed fouls! When our final doom is near, cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

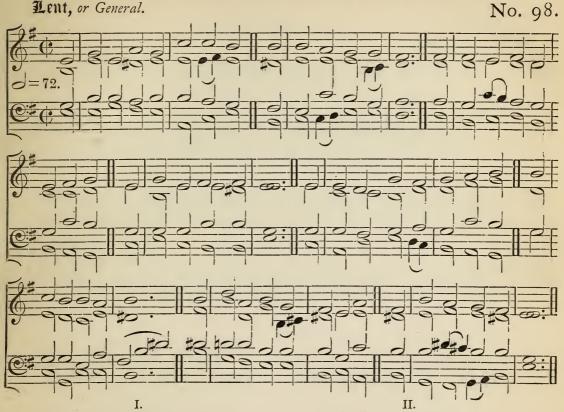
V.

p When the heart is fad within, With the thought of all its sin; When the spirit shrinks with fear, cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

VI.

p Thou the shame, the grief hast known, Though the fins were not Thine Own: Thou hast deigned their load to bear: cres. Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

O LORD, TURN NOT THY FACE FROM ME.



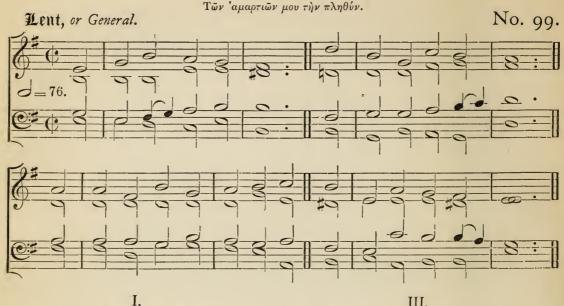
p O Lord, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my finful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;
A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
cres. Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

p And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

III.

mf Good Lord, I mercy, mercy ask,
This is the total fum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my fuit:
Lord, let Thy mercy come!
f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

O WILT THOU PARDON, LORD.



p O wilt Thou pardon, LORD, A finner fuch as I, Although Thy book his crimes record Of fuch a crimfon dye?

II.

p So deep are they engraved! So terrible their fear! The righteous scarcely shall be faved, And where shall I appear?

III.

mf My foul, make all things known To Him, Who all things fees: That so the LAMB may yet atone For thine iniquities.

IV.

p O Thou Physician blest, Make clean my guilty foul, And me, by many a fin oppreffed, Restore, and keep me whole.

V.

f I know not how to praise Thy mercy and Thy love; But deign Thy servant to upraise, And I shall learn above.

HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.



I.

p Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

II.

mf Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

III.

A broken spirit is
 By God most highly prized;
 By Him a broken, contrite heart
 Shall never be despised.

IV.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help, Nor cast me from Thy sight, Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take Its everlasting slight.

V.

mf The joy Thy favour gives

Let me again obtain;

And Thy free Spirit's firm support

My fainting soul sustain.

VI.

f To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, glory be; As was, and is, and shall be so, To all eternity.

LORD, WHEN WE BEND BEFORE THY THRONE.

Lent, or General.

No. 101.





I.

III.

May we our wills refign;
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the fins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Cres. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills refign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

II.

p Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

IV.

Let faith each meek petition fill, And waft it to the skies; And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still, That grants it or denies.

V.

f When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN, FILLED WITH BLOOD.

Lent, or General.

No. 102.





I.

mf THERE is a Fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And finners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

III.

p O Lamb of God! Thy precious Blood Shall never lofe its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Be faved, to fin no more.

II.

The dying thief rejoiced to fee That Fountain in his day; And there may I, as well as he, Wash all my fins away.

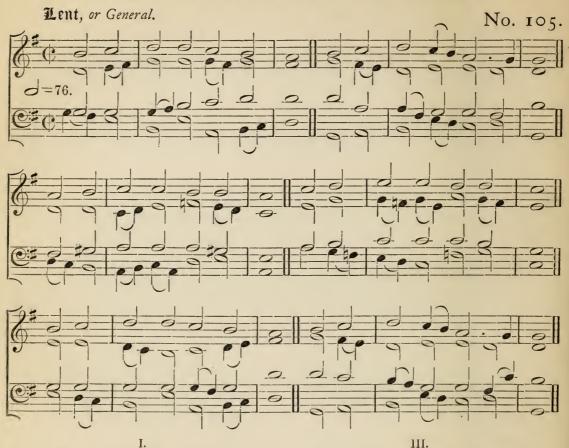
IV.

mf E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

V.

f Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll fing Thy power to fave, dim. When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue p Lies filent in the grave.

GOD, MY FATHER, HEAR ME PRAY.



mf God, my Father, hear me pray, Wash my crimson guilt away; Wretched, helpless, lost, undone, Hear me for Thy bleffed Son.

LORD, unnumbered fins are mine. cres. But eternal love is Thine.

II.

- p God, my Saviour, look on me; All my guilt I cast on Thee! Give my troubled spirit peace; Bid my fears and forrows ceafe.
- LORD, unnumbered fins are mine, cres. But eternal love is Thine.

III.

- mf God my Comforter, my Light, Strengthen me with holy might, Make Thy dwelling in my heart; Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
- p Lord, unnumbered fins are mine,

cres. But eternal love is Thine.

IV.

- f Bleffed, glorious Trinity! Holy, everlasting THREE!
- p Hear, O hear my earnest prayer, And my foul for heaven prepare. LORD, unnumbered fins are mine,

cres. But eternal love is Thine.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

Lent, or General.



I.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th' adoring knee; When repentant to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

p cres. Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy Throne on high,

pp Hear our folemn Litany!

II.

By Thy helples infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of fore diftress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour,
Of th' insulting Tempter's power;
Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye;

pp Hear our solemn Litany!

III.

By the threatenings of despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that filled the skies,
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;

pp Hear our solemn Litany!

IV

p By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the fad fepulchral flone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rifing God;

cres. Oh! from earth to heaven reflored, Mighty re-ascended Lord, Listen, listen to the cry

pp Of our folemn Litany!





I.

p HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Use still 'Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

II.

mf If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But lest me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee,
In vanity.

III.

For fin's so fweet,

As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punifhment
With bosoms rent.

IV.

p Who more can crave 'Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave,
First made of nought,
With all since bought?

V.

f Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And flight the fame,
And quench His flame.

VI.

p But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
cres. As fure to win
Through that blest Tree,
That shelters me.

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

Ment, or General.

No. 108.





I.

p Lord, in this Thy mercy's day, cres. Ere it pass for aye away, dim. On our knees we fall and pray.

II.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears, Ere that awful doom appears.

III

mf Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour, Kneeling lowly at the door, dim. Ere it close for evermore. IV.

p By Thy night of agony,By Thy supplicating cry,By Thy willingness to die,

V.

By Thy tears of bitter woe For Jerusalem below, Let us not Thy love forego.

VI.

mf Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place, Lest we lose this day of grace, cres. Ere we shall behold Thy face.

IN THE HOUR OF MY DISTRESS.

Lent, or General.

No. 109.

| 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. | 109. |

I.

p In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my fins confess,
pp Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

II.

p When I lie within my bed, Sick in heart, and fick in head, And with doubts difcomforted, pp Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

III.

p When the house doth figh and weep, And the world is drowned in fleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, pp Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

IV.

p When the Judgment is revealed, And that opened which was fealed, When to Thee I have appealed, pp Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

HEAL ME, O MY SAVIOUR, HEAL.

Ment, or General.

No. 110.





I.

p Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel; cres. Heal me, and my pardon seal.

II.

p Fresh the wounds that sin hath made; Hear the prayers I oft have prayed, And in mercy send me aid. III.

mf Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

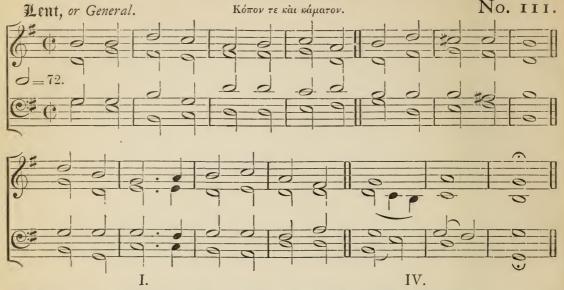
IV.

Other comforters are gone; Thou canst heal, and Thou alone: Thou for all my sin atone.

V.

p Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel; cres. To Thy mercy I appeal.

ART THOU WEARY? ART THOU LANGUID?



p Art thou weary? art thou languid?

cres. Art thou fore distrest?

mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,

p "Be at rest!"

II.

p Hath He marks to lead me to Him, cres. If He be my Guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
"And His fide."

III.

p Is there diadem, as Monarch, cres. That His brow adorns?

mf "Yea, a crown, in very furety,
p "But of thorns."

p If I find Him, if I follow, cres. What His guerdon here?
p "Many a forrow, many a labor,
"Many a tear."

V.

p If I still hold closely to Him, cres. What hath He at last? mf "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, "Jordan past."

VI.

p If I ask Him to receive me, cres. Will He say me nay? mf "Not till earth, and not till heaven "Pass away."

VII.

p Finding, following, keeping, struggling, cres. Is He sure to bless?

mf "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
f"Answer, 'Yes.'"

WHERE THE MOURNER WEEPING.



 WHERE the mourner weeping Sheds the fecret tear,
 God His watch is keeping,
 Though none else be near.

II.

mf He will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

III.

Raise thine eyes to Heaven When thy spirits quail, When, by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail. p When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear, Who His children's anguish Soothes with succor near.

V.

cres. All our woe and fadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness,
We in Heav'n shall know.

VI.

p Jesu, holy Saviour,cres. In the realms above,Crown us with Thy favor,f Fill us with Thy love.

THE KINGLY BANNERS ONWARD STREAM.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

Passion Sunday.

No. 113.





I.

IV.

Mf The kingly banners onward stream,
And shines the Cross with mystic beam,
Where man's Creator, born to save,
His mortal slesh for mortals gave.

mf The tree fo fair, fo bright, fo bleft,
In royal purple richly dreft,
Is chosen from a precious feed,
To bear those facred Limbs that bleed.

II.

p There wounded fore doth He appear, Deep stricken by the pointed spear, Outpouring water mixed with blood, That He might wash us in the flood. V.

p Thy Cross, dear LORD, our only stay, We hail on this Thy Passion Day! In holy hearts Thy grace increase, And sinners from their guilt release.

III.

VI.

cres. Fulfilled is that which Prophets fung! f
The Cross, whereon the Saviour hung,
The mark for scorn, the bed of pain,
f Isnow a throne, whence Christdoth reign.

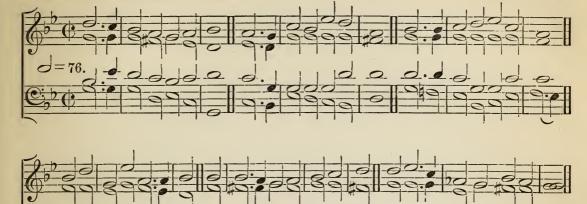
f Eternal Three, great God most high, Let all that breathe Thy praises cry! Whom Thy mysterious Cross hath won, Rule Thou while countless ages run.

FROM THE DEEPS OF GRIEF AND FEAR.

From Psalm 130.

Passion Sunday, or General.

No. 114.



I.

p From the deeps of grief and fear,
LORD, to Thee my foul repairs:
From Thy heav'n bow down Thine ear;
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.

cres. Oh! if Thou mark'ft what's done amiss,
What foul so pure can see Thy bliss?

III.

p As a watchman waits for day,
Looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and gray,
For relief he calls amain:
f So look, fo wait, fo long, mine eyes,
To fee my LORD, my Sun, arife!

II.

mf But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on His hands;
Wait, mine eye; oh! wait mine ear:
cres. If He His eye, or tongue affords,
Watch all His looks, catch all His words.

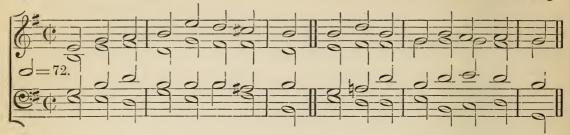
IV.

p Wait ye faints, wait on our LORD;
From His tongue fweet mercy flows;
Wait upon His Crofs, His Word;
On that tree Redemption grows:
f He will redeem His Israel
From fin and wrath, and death and hell.

WHEN AT THY FOOTSTOOL, LORD, I BEND.

Passion Sunday, or General.

No. 115.





I.

IV.

P WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend, mfO think upon Thy holy Word,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the finner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

And how Thy glory is, to spare.

II.

O think not of my shame and guilt, My thousand stains of deepest dye; Think of the blood which Jesus spilt, And let that blood my pardon buy. V.

p O think not of my doubts and fears, My strivings with Thy grace divine; But think on Jesu's woes and tears, And let His merits stand for mine.

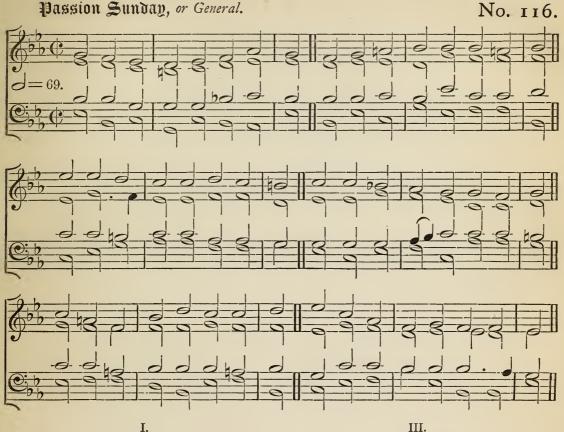
III.

VI.

Think, LORD, how I am still Thy Own, mf Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to fin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Think eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold and spare, and succour me!

WAKE, O MY SOUL! AWAKE AND RAISE.



f WAKE, O my foul! awake and raise Thine every part to fing His praise, Who from His sphere of glory fell, To raise thee up from death and hell:

p See how His foul, vext for thy fin, Weeps blood without, feels hell within!

mf Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view These two twin lights, whence heavens drew Their glorious beams, whose gracious fight Fills you with joy, with life, and light;

p See how, with clouds of forrow drowned, They wash with tears thy finful wound!

III.

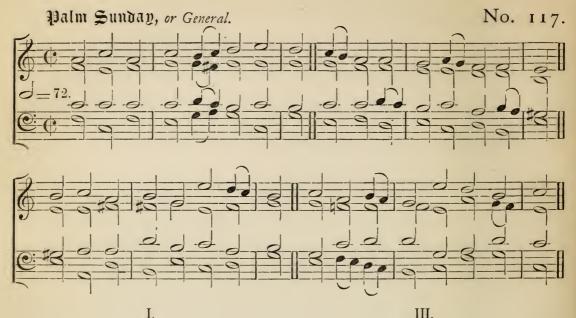
mf Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear That pow'rful voice, which stills thy fear, And brings from heaven those joyful news, Which heaven commands, which hell fubdues;

p Hark! how His ears, heaven's mercy-feat, Foul flanders with reproaches beat!

f Wake, O my 'leart! tune every string! Wake, O my tongue! awake and fing! Think not a thought in all thy lays; Speak not a word but of His praise;

p Tell how His tongue with gall they drowned, Think how for thee His heart they wound!

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!



f RIDE on! ride on in majesty! Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry! Thine humble beast pursues his road, With palms and fcattered garments strowed.

III.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty! dim. The winged squadrons of the sky Look down with fad and wondering To fee th' approaching Sacrifice.

II.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty! dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die! cres. O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin f O'er captive death and conquered sin.

IV.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty! dim. Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh, cres. The FATHER, on His sapphire throne, Expects His Own anointed Son.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty! dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die! Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain! ff Then take, O God, Thy power and reign!

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Palm Sunday, or General.

No. 118.



T.

p Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which slowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. III.

p Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy Cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for Grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

II.

mf Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
cres. Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for fin could not atone;
f Thou must save, and Thou alone.

IV.

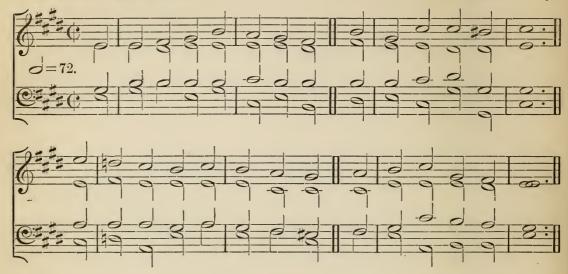
p While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyestrings break in death, When I foar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne; pp Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee!

WHO COMES FROM EDOM, WITH HIS ROBES.

Monday before Easter.

No. 119.



I.

mf Wно comes from Edom, with His robes
From Bozrah crimfon grained?
fIt is the Lord, Who quits the fight;
His robes with blood are stained.

II.

mf For us, O Christ, that war was waged;
For us that Blood was fpilt;
For us Thy vest was purple dyed,
While washing out our guilt.

III.

p May we in Thine affliction mourn, As Thou hast mourned in ours! May we attend Thee in the pangs Of Thy forsaken hours! IV.

For Thou the winepress once didst tread, Weighed down by bitter throes; The callous people saw the strife, And left Thee to Thy woes.

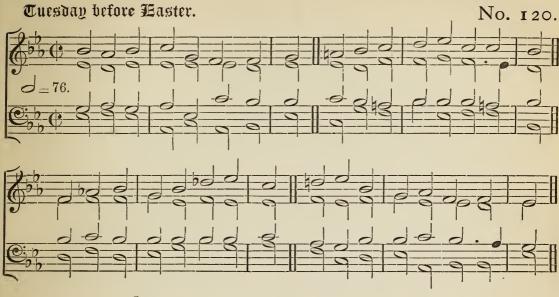
V.

Our stony heart O take away,
A tender spirit shed,
To weep for Thee, Who wept for us,
To bleed, since Thou hast bled.

VI.

mf Grant us the blis of Thy redeemed,
To lean upon Thy breast;
The Angel of Thy Presence send,
p And take us to Thy rest.

IS IT NAUGHT TO YOU THAT TREAD.



OH! is it naught to you that tread Along this path of fighs and woes, To fee a weary, guiltless Head A mark for angry, taunting foes?

Ħ.

The cheeks, where tears have fet their trace, Though angels weep, they flart not up; Await the hands that pluck the hair; From shame He hideth not His Face: What wrong too vile for fcorn to dare!

His back receives the cruel blow; The ploughers make their furrows long; Scant pity do the fmiters know:

His Frame is weak, their arms are strong.

IV.

Why, bleeding LAMB? why wounded thus? Was ever forrow like to Thine? Oh! 'tis Thy FATHER's love to us, That pours on Thee His wrath divine.

Thou cravest succour; there is none: "My Father, take away this cup! Yet not My will, but Thine be done!"

Good Lord! we fuffer in Thy woes; Our tears are shed to swell Thine Own; When Thou art scourged, we feel the blows; When anguished, echo back Thy groan.

VII.

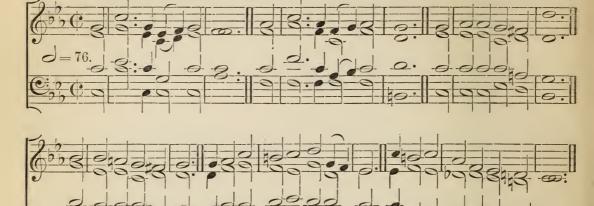
While thus we share Thy bitter pangs, In all Thy travails fore diffrest, In hope on Thee our spirit hangs To reach with Thee our Easter rest.

O MOURN, THOU RIGID STONE!

Lugete dura marmora!

Wednesday before Baster.

No. 121.



III.

mf O MOURN, thou rigid stone, Ye rocks, let tears arise, O lights celestial, moan, Ye winds, break forth in fighs! dim. Behold earth's GLORY finking fast: p For love of man He breathes His last!

II.

mf O Sacrifice sublime To love's refistless power! p He dies! oh, cruel crime! Dark fight! oh, bitter hour! eres. What mortal could conceive the thought? For finners God to death is brought!

p Those pangs that love hath borne, In anguish will I weep; My fins fo grievous mourn, The cause of woe so deep: cres. The mercy of that woe and love My foul to love and woe shall move.

IV.

mf Go, Sion, go and see, From honored Jesse born, Thy King abased for thee, And crowned with cruel thorn! p Thy Bridegroom wail with flowing eyes, pp Now slain beneath the darkened skies.

V.

mf What force of love there glows In JESUS as He dies! How fore the stress of woes, As fuff'ring all He lies! p Then mourn, unless thy heart is stone; cres. Return His love with all thine own.

ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

Thursday before Easter, or Holy Communion.

No. 122.





I.

In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD,

p I will remember Thee.

II.

mf Thy Body, broken for my fake,
My Bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
p And thus remember Thee.

III.

p Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
pp And not remember Thee?

IV.

p When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!

I must remember Thee.

V.

mf Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
f Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

VI.

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come
pp Good Lord, remember me!

SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING.

Good Friday.

No. 123.





· I.

mp Sweet the moments, rich in bleffing, Which before the Cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the finner's dying Friend.

III.

mp Truly bleffèd is this station; Low before the Cross to lie; When I fee Divine compassion Floating in His languid eye.

II.

mf Here I'll sit, for ever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood; Precious drops, my foul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God. IV.

cres. Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze; Loving much for much forgiven, Ever resting on His grace.

V.

p Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe; Constant still, in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

Good Friday.

No. 124.

I.

p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
cres. Your REDEEMER's conflict see,
dim. Watch with Him one bitter hour;
cres. Turn not from His griefs away;
p Learn of Him to watch and pray.

III.

p Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the LORD of Glory see,
Made a facrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed Tree:
cres. "It is finished!" hear Him cry!
p Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

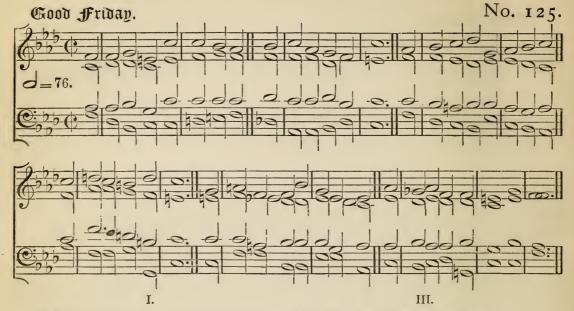
II.

p See Him at the Judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned!
Mark Him meekly bearing all!
Mark the pangs His foul fustained!
cres. Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
p Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

IV.

p Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
Angels keep their vigils there:
Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is ris'n! He seeks the skies:
p Saviour, teach us so to rise.
L

THE CROSS, UPRAISED ON CALVARY'S HEIGHT.



P THE Crofs, upraifed on Calv'ry's height,
The dead REDEEMER's bier,
From which the fun withdrew his light,
And hid him as in fear,
cres. No more, O Lord, shall darkly frown,
f But ever shine in mercy down.

II.

p The Marys, round that facred Wood, Diffolved in bitter grief, Dejected, broken-hearted, stood, Their fuff'ring past relief; We now would kneel in forrow there; Do Thou each kneeling sinner spare. p cres. We cling to that atoning Tree,
Whence we had gone aftray,
We rest our earnest hopes on Thee,
O cast us not away!
Thy precious Blood, of nameless price,

Hath flowed our costly Sacrifice.

IV.

mf We love Thee, Lord, our fins forfake;
We plead Thy Bleffed Death;
Thy wand'rers to Thy bosom take,
Breathe o'er them living breath;
cres. For Thou hast won them sweet release,
f Thy Cross is pardon, light, and peace.

V.

Then loathe thyself, disown thy deeds, cres. As if discarded dross,

Uproot the best like worthless weeds,

Vaunt nothing save the Cross;

f It stood thy staff, thy star on high:

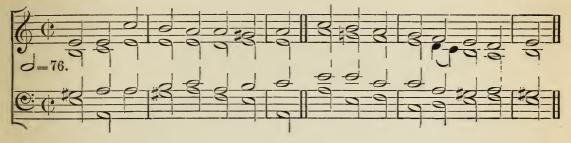
pp Low lay thee by the Cross, and die.

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE, YET MY LOVE.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

Good Friday, or General.

No. 126.





I.

mf My God, I love Thee, yet my love
Springs not from hope of blis above,
Nor fince, who love Thee not, Thine ire
Doth punish with eternal fire.

II.

p Thou Jesu, Thou hast on the Tree In all my guilt embraced me, For me hast borne the nails, the spear, Unmeasured scorn, the burning tear.

III.

Thou hast endured unnumbered woes, The sweat of blood, the thorns, the throes, Yea, death itself, and all for me, That I, a sinner, might be free. IV.

mf Then why should I not love Thee well?
Thy wondrous love no lip can tell!
It fills the earth, it fills the skies,
It melts the heart, it never dies.

V.

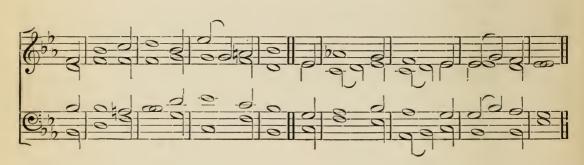
'Tis not for fake of heav'nly joy,
Nor fearing Thou shouldst me destroy,
Not drawn by any hoped reward,
That I would love Thee, gracious LORD:

VI.

p But 'tis that Thou first lovedst me,
That I with all my soul love Thee,
cres. And will love Thee, love Thee alone,
f Who art my King, my God, my own.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.





I.

p When I furvey the wondrous Cross, On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. III.

p Behold His head, His hands, His feet! Flow love and forrow mingled down! Did e'er fuch love and forrow meet, Or thorns compose fo rich a crown?

II.

mf Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast, cre Save in the death of Christ, my God: All those vain things, that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood. IV.

cres. Were all the realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.



f I joy to call Thee mine.

mf What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for finners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain. Lo! here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserve Thy place; cres. Look on me with Thy favor. Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Befide Thy Cross expiring, I'd breathe my foul to Thee.

p Be near me when I'm dying; Oh! shew Thy Cross to me; And to my fuccour flying, cres. Come, LORD, and fet me free! p When strength and comfort languist. Amidst the final throe. Release me from my anguish By Thine Own pain and wee.

BY THE CROSS, SAD VIGIL KEEPING.



p By the Cross, sad vigil keeping, Stood the mournful Mother weeping, Where her Son in torture hung: cres. Lo! her soul His anguish sharing, Bitter load of sorrow bearing, By the sword is pierced and wrung.

II.

p Oh! how fad and fore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!

cres. How she mourned, how she grieved,
How with trembling she perceived
Crushed with woe, her glorious Son!

on Mis passion, so amazing,
On His passion, so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?

Who, on Jesu's Mother thinking,
From those horrors never shrinking,
Would not share her forrow deep?

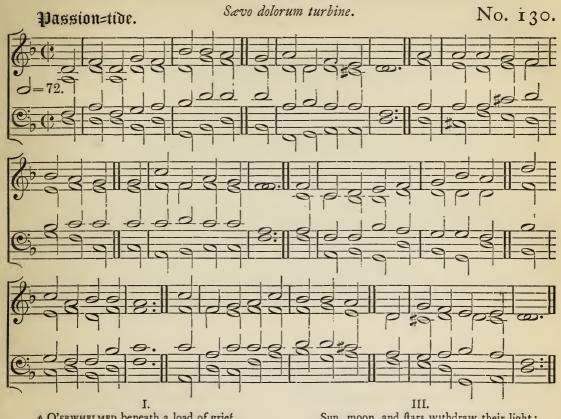
IV.

p For His people's fins afflicted,
She beheld Him bound, convicted,
Now with thorns and scourges rent;
pp Saw Him as He lingered dying,
All forlorn, in anguish crying,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

mf Fountain of divine affection,
May I feel her deep dejection,
With her griefs in fad accord!

cres. Let my heart, with ardor glowing,
With Thy love be ever flowing,
Closely knit to Thee, my Lord!

O'ERWHELMED BENEATH A LOAD OF GRIEF.



P O'ERWHELMED beneath a load of grief, With cruel fcorn affailed,

Our dear REDEEMER on the Cross, In bitter pain is nailed.

Sore wounded, from His hands and feet Outflows a fount of blood!

His face, His limbs, His breast, are steeped In that most facred flood.

11.

He weeps, He prays, He groans, He dies! His Mother's stricken heart

A ruthless sword hath deeply pierced, With agonizing smart.

The graves are opened, rocks are rent; The land, the ocean shake;

The temple's veil is torn in twain: All hear the cry, and quake. Sun, moon, and stars withdraw their light; See startled nature pale!

Then, ransomed sinners, share the woe; Your Saviour's death bewail.

In mourning stand beneath the Cross; Anoint those feet so fair;

O bathe them with a flood of tears, And wipe them with your hair.

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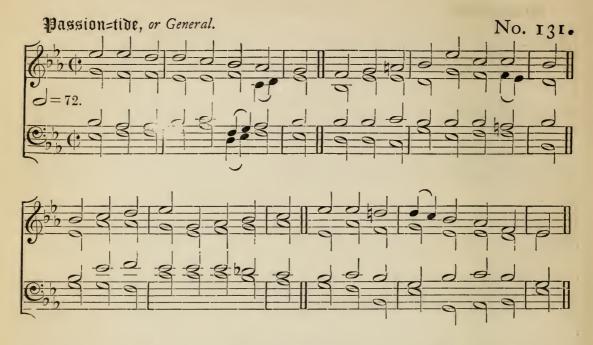
mf Thou, Sacrifice of deathless love, Hast washed the sinner white,

And by Thy life-imparting blood,
Made us the fons of light.

Then, JESU, be our peace and joy, Our life, our precious prize;

Our lamp to lead us on the path, Our crown above the skies.

WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.



I.

mf WE fing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died upon the Cross; The finner's hope let men deride; For this we count the world but loss.

II.

Inscribed upon the Cross, we see
The shining letters, "God is love:"
He bears our fins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

III.

f The Cross, it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

IV.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the seeble arm for sight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

V.

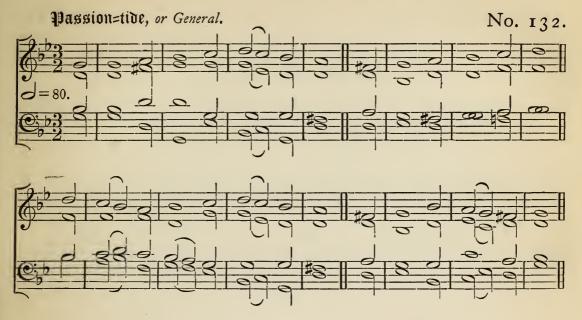
p The balm of life, the cure of woe,

The measure and the pledge of love;

The sinner's refuge here below,

The angels' theme in heaven above.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?



I.

p Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that facred Head
For fuch a worm as I?

II.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the Tree?
cres. Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

III.

mf The sun might well in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin!

IV.

p Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear Cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes in tears.

V.

mf But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
cres. Here, Lord, I give myself away:
dim. 'Tis all that I can do.

JESU, MEEK AND LOWLY.

Passion=tide, or General.

No. 133.





I.

p Jesu, meek and lowly, Saviour, pure and holy, On Thy love relying, Hear me humbly crying.

II.

mf Prince of life and power, My falvation's tower, On the Cross I view Thee, Calling sinners to Thee.

III.

There behold me gazing
At the fight amazing!

aim. Falling down before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

IV.

p Lord, Thy wounds are streaming, Bright with mercy beaming, Blood for sinners slowing, Pardon free bestowing.

V.

cres. Fountain rich in bleffing, Christ's dear love expressing, Thou my aching sadness Turnest into gladness.

VI.

p Lord, in mercy guide me, Be Thou e'er beside me, cres. In Thy ways direct me, 'Neath Thy wings protect me.

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Passion=tide, or General.

No. 134.





I.

mf Nor all the blood of beafts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

II.

f But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our fins away;
A facrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

III.

p My faith would lay her hand On that dear Head of Thine, While, like a penitent, I stand, And there confess my fin.

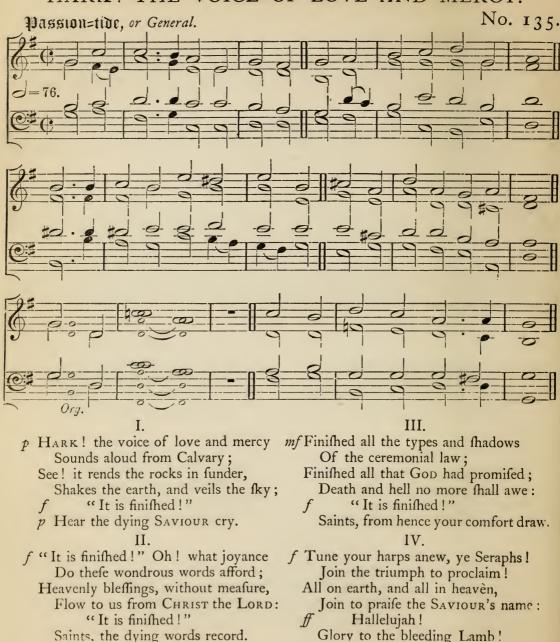
IV.

My foul looks back to fee
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

V.

f Believing, we rejoice
To fee the curfe remove;
We blefs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And fing His bleeding love.

HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY.

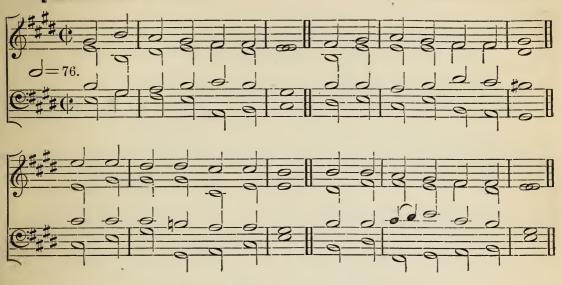


GLORY! GLORY! LORD, TO THEE.

Viva! viva! Gesu.

Bassion=tide. or General.

No. 136.



I.

P GLORY! glory! LORD, to Thee, my Who for us upon the Tree Didft, amid the sharpest pains, P Pour Thy blood from streaming veins.

IV.

mf See the blood of Abel rife,
Claiming vengeance from the skies:
p JESU'S blood, our blest release,
Pleads for mercy, pardon, peace.

II.

JESU'S blood, with merit rife, Flows, the foul's immortal life: Blessèd be His gracious love, Passing all below, above!

s love, Heaven rejo

III.

f Evermore the fong we raife; This, His precious blood we praife; Which redeemed from endless pain Sinners, held in Death's domain. V.

f When its praife, exalted high, Rings through earth, and mounts the sky, Heaven rejoices, trembles Hell, Sinking 'neath its broken spell.

VI.

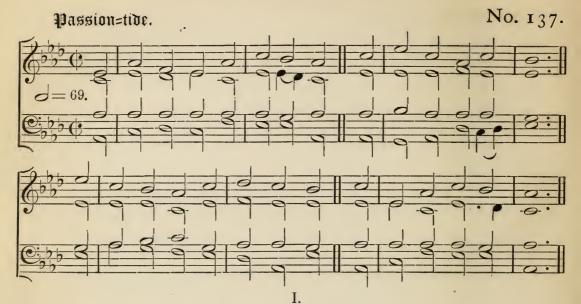
ff Let us, then, in concert fing!

Every earnest power bring!

Chanting this thrice-glorious flood!

Jesu's ever facred blood!

FOR EVER HERE MY REST SHALL BE.



p For ever here my rest shall be, Close by Thy bleeding side; This all my hope, and all my plea: For me the Saviour died.

II.

pp My dying Saviour, and my God, Thou Fount for guilt and fin, Me ever fprinkle with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.

III.

O wash me! mine Thou art;
O wash me! mine Thou art;
O wash me! not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

IV.

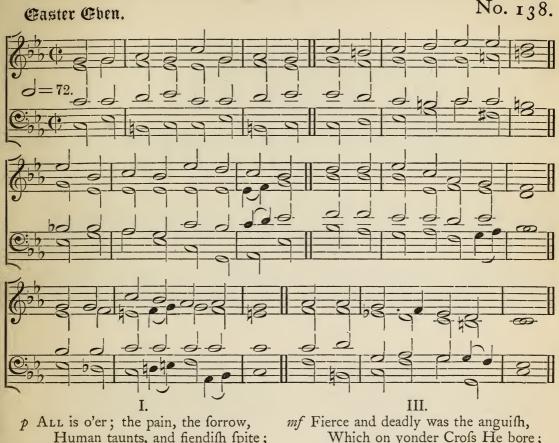
mf Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,

Till faith to fight improve;

f Till hope in full fruition die,

And all my foul be love.

ALL IS O'ER; THE PAIN, THE SORROW.



Human taunts, and fiendish spite;

mf Death shall be despoiled to-morrow Of the prey he grasps to-night;

p Yet once more to feal his doom, CHRIST must sleep within the tomb.

p Close and still the cell that holds Him, pp All night long, with plaintive voicing, While in brief repose He lies; Deep the flumber that enfolds Him, Veiled awhile from mortal eyes: Slumber fuch as needs must be After hard-won victory.

Which on yonder Cross He bore; How did foul and body languish, Till the toil of death was o'er!

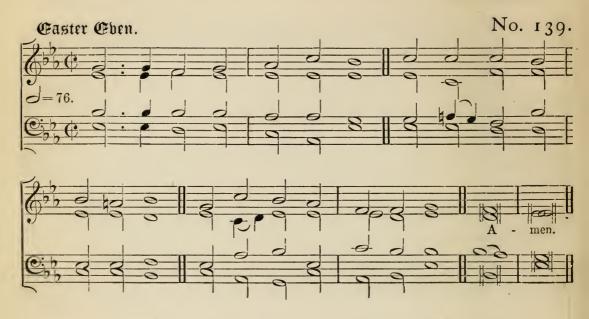
f But that toil, so fierce and dread, Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

Chant His requiem foft and low;

cres. Loftier strains of loud rejoicing From to-morrow's harps shall flow:

ff" Death and hell at length are flain, CHRIST hath triumphed, CHRIST doth reign!"

WEEPING AS THEY GO THEIR WAY.



I.

P WEEPING as they go their way, Their dear Lord in earth to lay, Late at even: who are they?

II.

These are they, who watched to see Where He hung in agony, Dying on th' accursed Tree.

III.

Pp All is over! in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in Death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

IV.

p All is over! fought the fight! cres. Heaviness is for a night;
mf Joy comes with the morning light.

V.

pp Leave we, deep His grave within, Shame, and doubt, and every fin, Would we rife His crown to win.

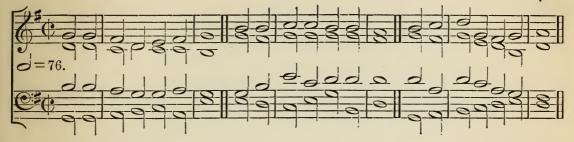
VI.

mf Glory to the LORD Who gave His pure Body to the grave, All from fin and death to fave.

RESTING FROM HIS WORK TO-DAY.

Baster Eben.

No. 140.





I.

pp RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;
Sleeps His Form, from head to feet,
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

II.

p Late that mournful eve was feen, Spent with watch, the Magdalene; Early morn beheld her rife, Wending on, with tearful eyes, Towards the holy garden glade, Where her buried LORD was laid. III.

mf So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, LORD, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where, in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

IV.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
Poor affection's offering:
Close the door from fight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain

dim. And in patient watch remain, Till my Lord appear again.

EASTER-DAY IS HERE, AND WE.



I.

f Easter-Day is here, and we To our Jesus bow the knee; Easter-day with joy is come To the tenants of the tomb.

II.

Jesus lives, He lives for aye; Death's dark shadows melt away; Hell hath tried the Lord to hold; Hell defeated we behold.

III.

mf Death, and Hell, and shades of night,
Cannot hold the Lord of light;
f Our great CAPTAIN triumphs well,
He hath burst the bars of Hell.

IV.

mf Death and Hell are desolate; Shattered is the brazen gate; f Broken are the bonds of death, For our Jesus triumpheth.

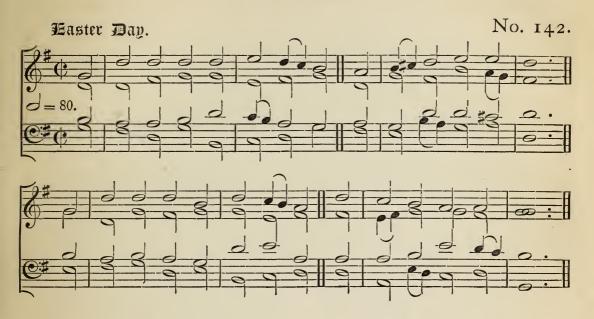
V.

f Come, ye faints, with one accord, Join the triumph of the LORD; Bruisèd is the Serpent's head; JESUS lives, and Death is dead.

VI.

ff Death is dead, for Jesus lives; Gift of life to all He gives; Jesus died that death might die; Jesus wins the victory.

AGAIN THE LORD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.



I.

f Again the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unfeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

II.

p Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!

f Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

III.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

IV.

The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain To bind His soul in death; He shook their kingdom when He feil With His expiring breath.

V.

p And still for erring, guilty man
A BROTHER's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With mem'ry of our woes.

VI.

ff To Thee, my Saviour, and my King, Glad homage let me give, And fland prepared like Thee to die, With Thee that I may live!

THE BANQUET OF THE LAMB IS LAID.



mf The Banquet of the Lamb is laid For us, in robes of white arrayed; cres. The Red Sea past, then let us sing

To Christ, our great and glorious King!

II.

P His love divine, with mercy rife, Vouchsafes His blood, the cup of life; Our loving Priest for us hath given His precious Body, food from Heaven.

III.

The Angel drops his deadly fword:
Flies fundered ocean, while the foe
Is fwallowed in the depths below.

p The LORD is now our Paschal Feast, Our Paschal Lamb, from death released, Sincerity's unleavened Bread For souls, to Sin and Satan dead.

V.

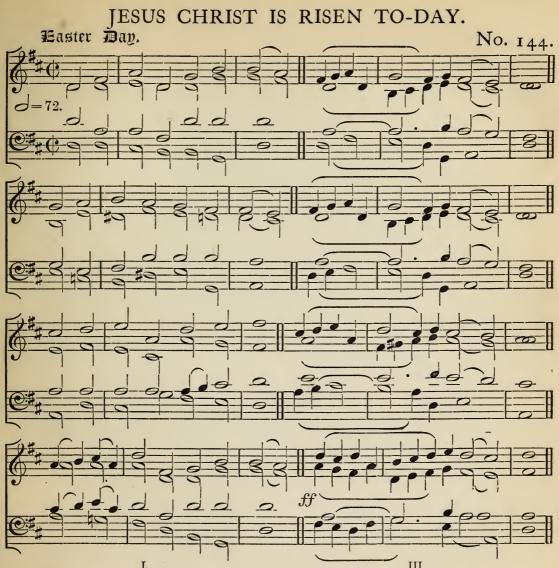
f True Victim from the starry skies, Beneath Thy feet Hell vanquished lies! The chains of death are burst in twain, The prize of Life is won again.

VI.

As Hell is now in ruin laid, His banners Jesu hath displayed, Unveiling, with extinguished ray, The Prince of Darkness to the day.

VII.

p That Thou may'ft be our Easter joy, To fail us never, ne'er to cloy, cres. O free us, now this blessed Morn, From death of sin, to life new-born.



f Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!

p Who did once upon the Cross, Hallelujah! Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

Η.

f Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

p But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our falvation has procured: Hallelujah!

f Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever sing Hallelujah!

IV

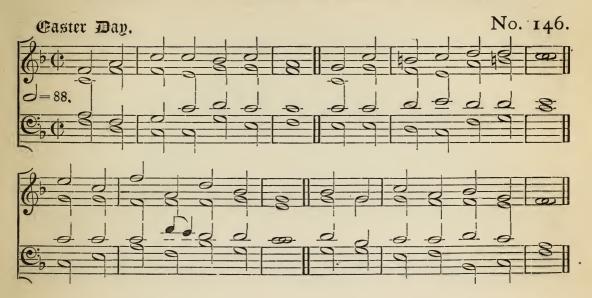
f Sing we to our God above, Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love: Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST! Hallelujah!

ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.



f CHRIST the LORD is rif'n to-day!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.



I.

f Christ the Lord is rif'n to-day Sons of men and angels fay: Raife your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

II.

ff Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.

III.

f Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Death in vain forbids His rise, Christ hath opened Paradise.

IV.

mf Lives again our glorious King; Where, O Death, is now thy fling? Once He died, our fouls to fave: Where, thy victory, O grave?

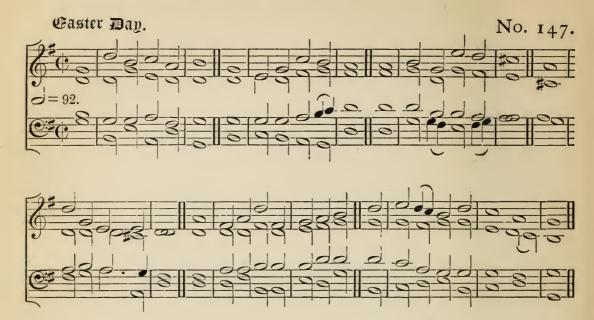
V.

f Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

VI.

ff King of Glory! Soul of Bliss! Everlasting life is this; Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove; Thus to sing, and thus to love!

THE HAPPY MORN IS COME.



I.

f The happy morn is come;
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done;
Almighty now to fave:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

II.

f What foe on us shall lay
The charge of sin and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was spilt:
f Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

III.

mf Lo! finners now can dare
To God to venture near;
Now Justice must declare
No cause remains for sear:
f Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

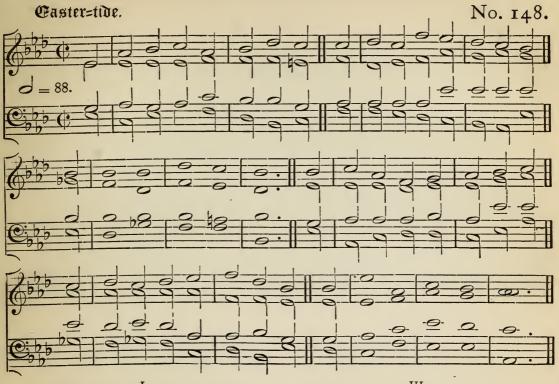
IV.

f Since Christ the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

V.

f All hail! triumphant LORD!
The Refurrection Thou!
We blefs Thy facred Word;
Before Thy throne we bow:
ff Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

THE LORD HATH QUELLED THE REBEL POWERS.



I.

mf The Lord hath quelled the rebel Powers,
That held Him in those mournful hours,
When dead and tombed He lay:
f Their spell is broken, we are freed;

The Crucified is rif'n indeed;
Bright Angels led the way.

II.

P The grave accounts Him now its own; The watch is posted, sealed the stone; And all is still around;

f But grave, and guard, and stone, and seal, The quickened Captive's power seel, While rocks the trembling ground. III.

mf As He forsakes the empty tomb,

The knell of Death, and Satan's doom,

In tones of triumph ring;

(The toil is e're, the first is done.

f The toil is o'er, the strife is done,
The fight is fought, the battle won:
Forth comes our conq'ring King!

IV.

p Great LORD! Thou first-fruits of the dead,
Rouse us from this our mortal bed,
Where held in chains we lie!
Oh! tear the bands of sin away,
And raise us, ransomed sons of day,
No more to sink and die!

v.

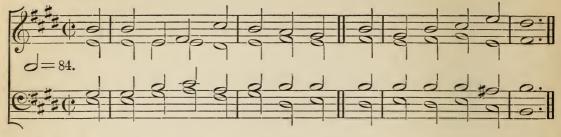
mf Uplifted on the wings of Grace,
We fly to feek Thy glorious face,
And there to feast our eyes:
f Now, Grave, what conquest canst thou sing?
Now, Death, where is thy poignant sting?
Your Victor rules the skies!

YE CHOIRS OF NEW JERUSALEM.

Chorus novæ Jerusalem.

No. 149.

Caster=tide.





I.

p YE choirs of new Jerusalem, Your sweetest praises bring, With gladsome mind, and sober joy, This feast of Easter sing. IV.

f In fplendor does He triumph now:
The glory all His Own;
He makes the mighty universe
One realm, one church, one throne.

II.

Cres. For Christ, the victor Lion, stands
Above the Dragon slain;
With ringing voice He wakes from death
The slaves that owned its reign.

V.

P We warriors, while we laud the King, Bow humbly in His fight, And crave from Him celestial rank Within His Palace bright.

III.

mf Accurfed Hell's devouring depths
Refign their wrested prey:
March forth the squadrons, disenthralled;
Their Saviour leads the way.

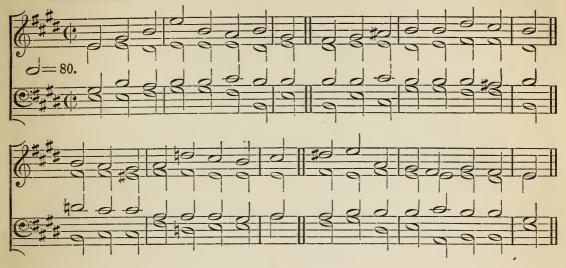
VI.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom we adore, Through ages, passing mortal thought, Be glory evermore.

COME, SEE THE PLACE, WHERE JESUS LAY.

Gaster=tide.

No. 150.



I.

mf Come, fee the place, where Jesus lay,
For He hath left His gloomy bed:
What Angel rolled the stone away?
What Spirit brought Him from the dead?

II.

f By His omnipotence He rose;
By His Own Spirit lives again,
To crush for ever all His foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.

III.

p Those, who His image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh
consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake

To life eternal from the tomb.

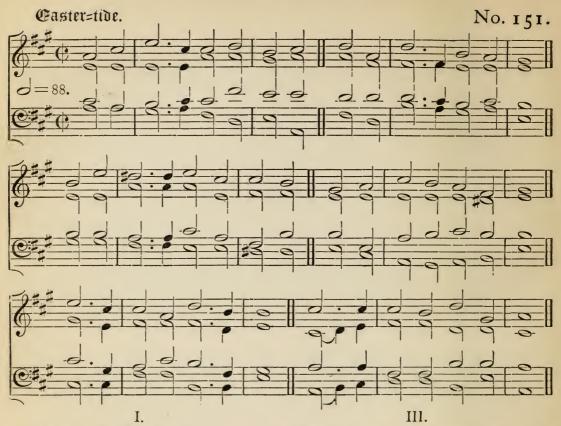
IV.

Dead, while they live, are Adam's race, By nature, fince their father's fall; cres. But lo! the messengers of grace Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.

V.

f Hear it, ye dead of every clime, Before the fecond death begins; Come forth to this new life in time, This refurrection from your fins!

HE IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN!



f HE is risen! He is risen!

Tell it with a joyful voice!

He has burst His three days' prison,

Let the whole wide earth rejoice:

ff Death is conquered, man is free, Christ has won the victory.

II.

- mf Come, ye fad and fearful-hearted,
 Smiling, glad, with radiant brow;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now:
 - f All the passion that He bore, Sin and pain, can vex no more.

mf Come, with high and holy hymning, Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;

Not one darksome cloud is dimming Yonder glorious morning ray,

f Breaking o'er the purple East; Brighter far our Easter feast.

IV.

f He is risen! He is risen!

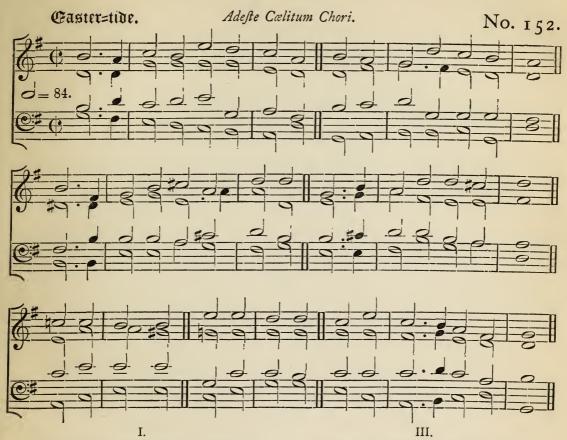
He has opened Heaven's gate;

We are free from death's dark prison,

Risen to a holier state;

ff While a brighter Easter beam On our longing eyes shall stream.

COME ONCE MORE, WITH SONGS DESCENDING.



f Come once more, with fongs descending,
Angels, come our joy to share;
Lo! what pow'r the tomb is rending!
Free among Death's captives there,
p cres. Christ is rising!
f Lo! He leaves the Sepulchre!

II.

f Vain the Soldiers watching round Him,
Through the hours of darkness lone;
Vain the jealous care that bound Him
Deep within the sealed stone:

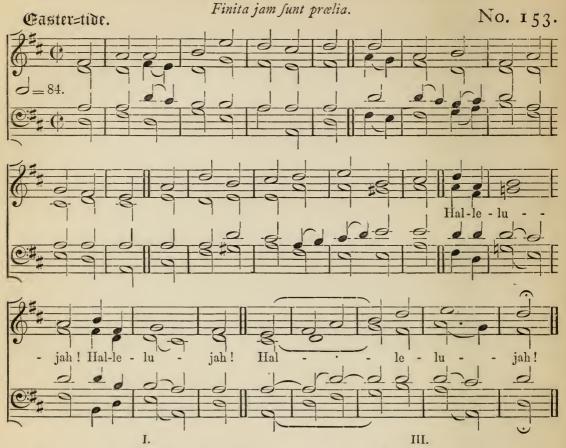
p cres. Vain their madness!
f All their toil is now undone.

f If He will, with feals unbroken
He can leave the filent tomb:
Not more wondrous was the token,
At His birth first feen to come,
p cres. When He issued
f From the spotless Virgin's womb.

IV.

p Lord, with Thee in daily dying
May we die, and with Thee rife;
Every earthly love denying,
May we lift to Thee our eyes,
cres. Thee adoring,
f With our hearts above the skies!

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE!



mf The strife is o'er, the battle done!
cres. The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
f Hallelujah!

II.

p The pow'rs of Death have done their worst, cres. But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
f Hallelujah!

p The three fad days are quickly fped;
cres. He rifes glorious from the dead:
All glory to our rifen Head!
f Hallelujah!

IV.

mf He closed the yawning gates of hell,

'The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;

cres. Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

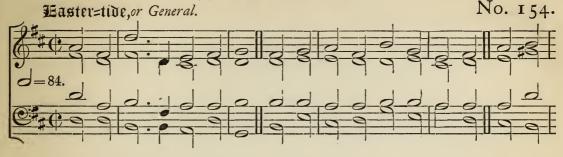
f Hallelujah!

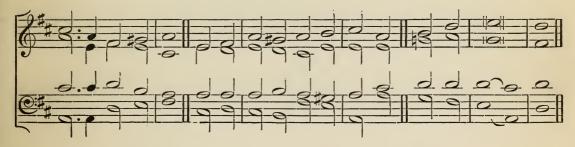
V.

p LORD! by the stripes which wounded Thee, From Death's dread sting Thy servants free, cres. That we may live, and sing to Thee, f Hallelujah!

JESUS LIVES! NO LONGER NOW.

Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich.





I.

f Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
ff Hallelujah!

II.

f Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

ff Hallelujah!

III.

mf Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

ff Hallelujah!

IV.

mf Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever:
f Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
ff Hallelujah!

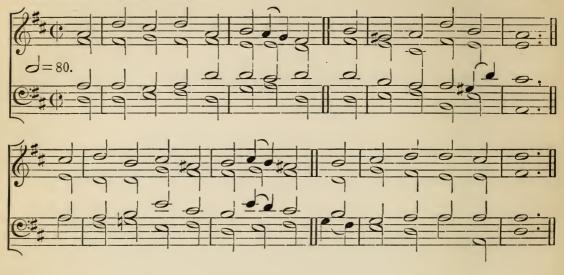
V.

f Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven!
ff Hallelujah!

LORD, IN THY NAME THY SERVAN'I'S PLEAD.

Rogation Bays, or Harvest.

No. 155.



IV.

fLORD, in Thy name Thy fervants plead, f Thine too by right, and our's by grace, And Thou hast sworn to hear: The harvest Thine, and Thine the seed, The fresh and fading year.

The wondrous growth unfeen,

V.

The hopes that foothe, the fears that brace, The love that shines serene.

H.

p Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild, p So grant the precious things brought forth By fun and moon below, We trusted, LORD, with Thee:

And still, now Spring has on us smiled, We wait on Thy decree.

That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth We never may forego.

III.

cres. The former and the latter rain, The Summer fun and air, The green ear, and the golden grain, All Thine, are our's by prayer.

VI.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

GOD OF PITY, GOD OF GRACE.

Rogation Days, or General.

No. 156.





I.

IV.

p God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly feek Thy face,
Should our love to Thee grow cold,
cres. Bend from Heav'n, Thy dwelling-place: cres. With a pitying eye behold:
p Hear, forgive and fave!

p Lord, forgive and fave!

II.

p When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
cres. Pleading at Thy mercy-feat;
p Look from Heav'n, and fave!

V.

p Should the hand of forrow prefs,
Earthly cares or want diffrefs,
cres. May our fouls Thy peace posses!
p Jesu, hear and fave!

III.

mf When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
When we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
p Lord, accept and save!

VI.

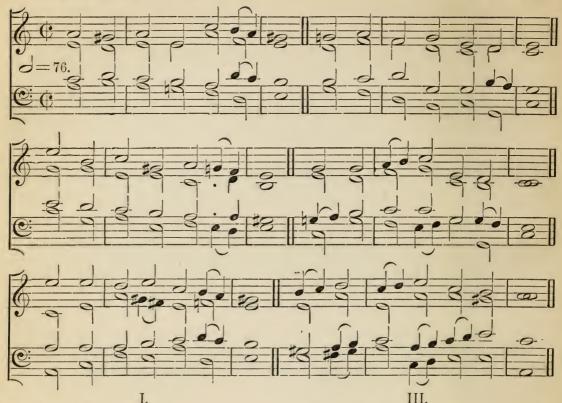
mf Whatsoe'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:

p Jesu, hear and save!

SON OF MAN, TO THEE WE CRY.

Rogation Days, or General.

No. 157.



mf Son of Man, to Thee we cry:
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,

cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and Saviour be!

II.

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry:
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs to us unknown,
 By Thy Spirit's parting groan,

cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and Saviour be!

mf Prince of life, to Thee we cry:
By Thy glorious Majesty,

f By Thy triumph o'er the grave, By Thy pow'r to help and fave, Lord, Thy presence let us see! Thou our Light and Saviour be!

IV.

f Lord of glory, God most high, Man exalted to the sky, With Thy love our bosom fill; Help us to perform Thy will,

cres. Then shall we Thy glory see, Heaven our home, and we with Thee.

THE SACRED DAY HATH BEAMED.



mf The facred day hath beamed,
That day of dear defires,
When Christ, our God, our Hope, uprofe
To meet the Heav'nly choirs.

IJ.

f The LORD on high ascends,
Once more to take His seat:
Celestial Pow'rs rejoicing sly,
His glad return to greet.

III.

The mighty battle gained,
The world's great prince undone,
Before His Father He presents
The mortal palm He won.

IV.

Upborne above the clouds, Sweet hope He sheds on all; He slings the gates of Eden back, Shut fast by Adam's fall. mf O gladness! that a Child,
Of earthly Virgin's womb,
Should suffer shame, and scourge, and Cross,
And then a throne resume!

VI.

f To our REDEEMER's Name
All thanks and praise be given,
That He hath borne our mortal shape,
To tread the courts of Heaven.

VII.

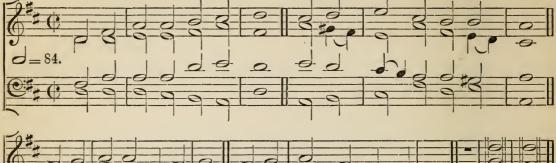
mf Let Angels deign with us
A common joy to share,
That while His presence they behold,
We still are found His care.

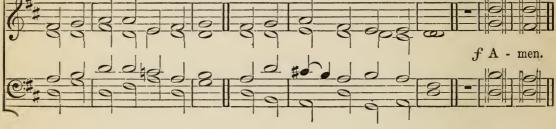
VIII.

p May we, while waiting Christ, To heav'nly works arife, And ever live fuch faintly lives, That we may reach the skies!

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

Ascension=tide.





I.

f Hail the day that sees Him rise! Ravished from our wishful eyes! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Re-ascends His native Heaven.

II.

There the glorious triumph waits:

"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in!"

III.

mf Him though highest Heaven receives, Still He loves the earth He leaves; Though returning to His throne, Still He calls mankind His Own. IV.

No. 159.

p Still for them He intercedes; His prevailing death He pleads; Near Himfelf prepares their place, Saviour of the human race.

V.

cres. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord fhall come,
Longing, panting after home.

VI.

ff There we shall with Thee remain, Partners of Thy endless reign; There Thy face unclouded see, Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

O CHRIST, WHO LIFTED TO THE SKY.

Ascension=tide. or General.

Nobis Olympo redditus.

No. 160.



I.

f O Christ, Who, lifted to the sky, Preparest us a seat on high, Sad exiles from the land above, Oh! draw us home with cords of love. III.

mp Our eyes unveiled, in blissful state,
Shall view Thee, Oh! how good! how great!
On Thee our ceaseless love shall pour,
And Thee our ceaseless song adore.

II.

Of every good the Fountain, LORD, Thou foon shalt be our rich reward: What lasting joys shall then remain, To match Thy people's briefest pain! IV.

p Thou ne'er dost quit a favoured race: In pledge of Thy redeeming grace, O fend Thy Spirit from Thy throne, To take and feal us for Thine Own.

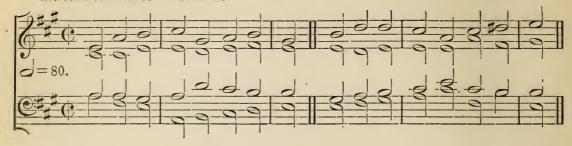
V...

f Thou coming Judge of every tribe, To Thee all praise do we ascribe, Whom with the FATHER we adore, And HOLY SPIRIT evermore.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

From Psalm 24. Ascension=tide. or General.

No. 161.





f Our Lord is rifen from the dead, The Saviour is gone up on high, The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky. IV.

mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who? ff The LORD, that all His foes o'ercame, The world, fin, death, and hell o'erthrew, And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name."

II.

mf There His triumphant chariot waits, And angels chant the folemn lay: f" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!

Ye everlasting doors, give way!

V.

mf Lo! His triumphant chariot waits, And angels chant the folemn lay: f " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye everlasting doors, give way !"

III.

"Loofe all your bars of maffy light, And wide unfold th' etherial scene; He claims these mansions as His right; Receive the King of Glory in!

VI.

mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who? f The Lord of glorious pow'r possessed, The KING of faints, and angels too, God over all for ever bleft."

THOU ART GONE UP ON HIGH.



f Thou art gone up on high
To manfions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

p But we are ling'ring here,
With sin and care oppressed;

cres. Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

f Thou art gone up on high:

p But 'Thou didft first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery

To pass unto Thy crown;

mf And girt with griefs and sears

Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears

cres. Lead us at last to Thee!

III.

f Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
p O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
cres. That we may stand, in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high!

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.



Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

THE HEAD, THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

Ascension=tide, or General.

No. 164.

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I.

IV.

p The Head, that once was crowned with p To them the Cross, with all its shame, thorns, With all its grace, is given;
Is crowned with glory now; cres. Their name an everlasting name,

Is crowned with glory now; cres. A royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

II.

f The highest place that heaven affords Is His, is His by right:

"The King of kings, and Lord of lords," And heaven's eternal light.

III.

The joy of all who dwell above, The joy of all below,

To whom He manifests His love, And grants His Name to know. V.

f Their joy the joy of heaven.

p They fuffer with their LORD below, f They reign with Him above; Their profit and their joy to know The myst'ry of His love.

VI.

f The Cross He bore is life and health, p Though shame and death to Him;

f His people's hope, His people's wealth, ff Their everlasting theme.

THY GLORIOUS WORK, O CHRIST, IS DONE.



I.

f Thy glorious work, O Christ, is done! The battle waged with death is won! Thou erst didst leave Thy starry throne, But heaven demands Thee now its own!

II.

With clouds of splendor now arrayed, Thou look'st on earth below Thee laid; Now started from their distant posts, Attend their King unnumbered hosts!

III.

Affembled heav'n in wonder waits! Fly ope the everlasting gates! Gop-man, amid the pealing sky, Thou tak'st the FATHER's seat on high!

IV.

p O Priest, and Pleader, Fount of Peace, That blood, which brought us blest release, Which gushed from out Thine heart of love, Thou liv'st to offer there above.

V.

cres. 'Tis thence Thy Church, Thy spotless Bride, Is ever nourished, beautified;
Thy members, thence with life inspired,
Are with Thy hidden Spirit fired.

VI.

mf Great Head! where'er Thou dost precede,
Thy Body thither dost Thou lead:
p Oh! may we never swerve nor stray,
But walk where Thou hast marked the way.

VII.

ff To Thee, O Jesu, praise be giv'n, Returned in triumph into heav'n! The Father, Spirit, we adore Till time shall cease, for evermore!

HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.



f HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love!
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone!

I.

11.

mf Come, ye faints, unite your praifes
With the angels round the throne;
Soon, we hope, our Lord will raife us
Whither He Himfelf is gone:
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory! glory to our King!

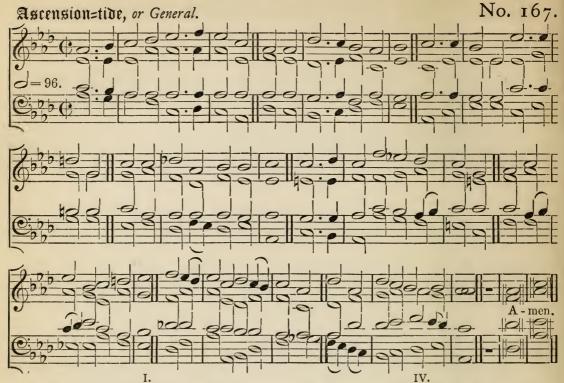
III.

f King of glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown!
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine Own.
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face!

IV.

mf Saviour, hasten Thy appearing;
Bring, oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
f Glory! glory to our King!

SEE! THE CONQU'ROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH!



f See the Conqu'ror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heav'nly palace gate!
Hark the choirs of angel voices
cres. Joyful Hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heav'nly King!

Π.

mf Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of Jubilee?
f LORD of battles, God of armies,
ff He has gained the victory!
p He, Who on the Cross did suffer,
cres. He, Who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

To His everlasting home.

III.

While He raised His hands in blessing
 He was parted from His friends;
 cres. While their eager eyes behold Him,
 f He upon the clouds ascends;
 mf He, Who walked with God, and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 f He, our Enoch, is translated

IV.

mf Now our heav'nly Aaron enters
With His blood within the veil;
f Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
p Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
cres. Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

V.

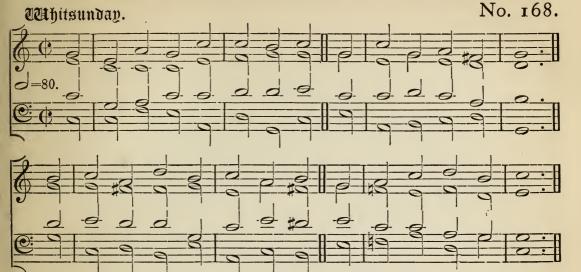
mf Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
f There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand!
f Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
cres. Man with God is on the throne:
ff Mighty Lorn, in Thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

f Lift us up from earth to heaven;

Give us wings of faith and love;
Gales of holy aspiration,
Wafting us to realms above;
That with hearts and minds uplifted,
cres. We with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory,

ff In His heav'nly citadel.

WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN.



f When God of old came down from Heaven,

In power and wrath He came; Before His feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame.

II.

p But when He came the second time, He came in power and love; Softer than gale at morning prime, Hovered His Holy Dove.

III.

f The fires, that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
p Now gently light, a golden crown,
On every sainted head.

IV.

f And, as on Ifrael's awe-struck ear
The Voice, exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

V.

p So, when the Spirit of our God Came down, His flock to find, cres. A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad, A rushing, mighty wind.

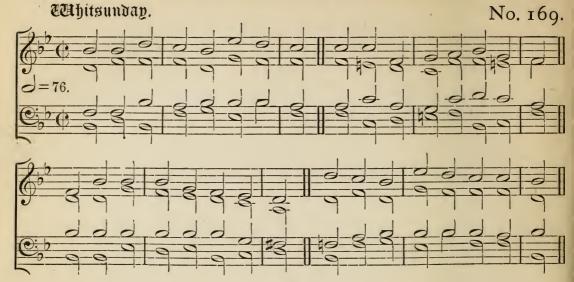
VI.

f It fills the Church of God, it fills
The finful world around;
dim. Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

VII.

p Come, LORD! come Wisdom, Love, and Power!
Open our ears to hear!
cres. Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
f Save, LORD, by love or fear.

BLEST SOURCE OF MERCY, TRUTH, AND LOVE.



I.

mf BLEST Source of mercy, truth, and love, O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

II.

f In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's furpassing glory sung!
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

III.

p Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide, Still o'er Thy holy Church preside; Still let mankind Thy blessings prove, Blest Source of mercy, truth, and love.

IV.

f O holy Father, holy Son, And Holy Spirit, Three in One, Thy grace devoutly we implore; Thy Name be praifed for evermore!

COME! HOLY SPIRIT, COME!

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 170.





I.

P COME! HOLY SPIRIT, come!

Let Thy bright beams arise;

cres. Dispel the darkness from our minds,

And ope our clouded eyes.

II.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete!

dim. Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

III.

mf Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breafts the flame
Of never-dying love.

IV.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To fanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

V.

Cres. Then dwell within our hearts,

Our minds from bondage free;

f Then we shall know, and praise, and love

The FATHER, Son, and Thee!

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.





I.

mf Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
And light a flame of facred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

II.

Look, how we grovel here below, Allured to trifling toys; Our fouls can neither fly, nor go, To reach eternal joys. III.

In vain we tune our formal fongs, In vain we strive to rise: Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

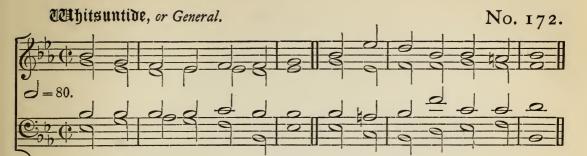
IV.

p Dear LORD, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

V.

f Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers! Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall quicken ours.

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.





I.

mf Holy Gноят, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine! Chase the shades of night away, Turn the darkness into day!

II.

Let me see my Saviour's face, Let me all His beauties trace; Shew those glorious truths to me, Which are only known by Thee.

III.

p Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; In Thy mercy pity me; Set me from my bondage free.

IV.

cres. Holy Ghost, with joy divine Cheer this faddened heart of mine; Yield a facred, fettled peace; Let it grow, and still increase.

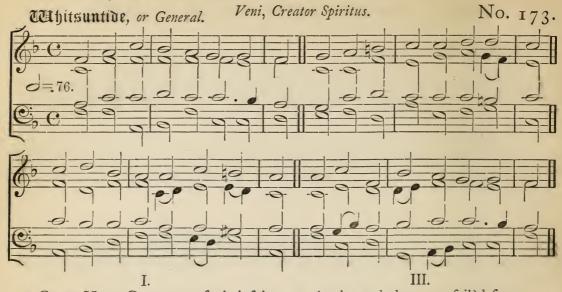
V.

HOLY SPIRIT, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
f Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

VI.

p See! to Thee I yield my heart;Shed Thy life through every part:cres. Temple pure I fain would be,Wholly dedicate to Thee.

COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE.



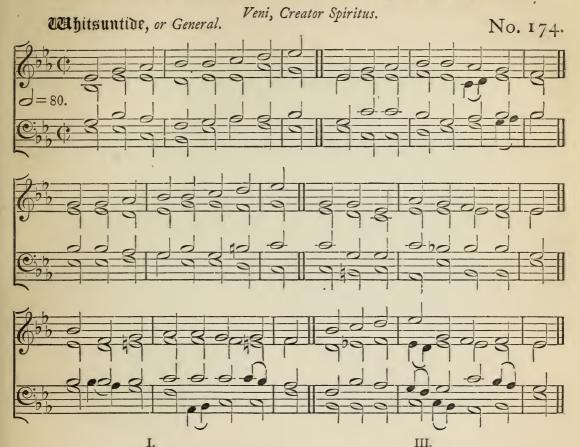
- р Соме, Holy Ghost, our fouls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire;
- who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

II.

- mf Thy blefsèd unction from above,
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulnefs of our blinded fight.
- Anoint and cheer our foiled face With the abundance of Thy grace: Keep far our foes, give peace at home: Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- mf Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of Both, to be but One; That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless fong:



CREATOR SPIRIT! BY WHOSE AID.



CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and forrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

TT

mf O Source of uncreated light!
The FATHER's promifed Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount! Thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love infpire;
O come! Thy facred unction bring,
To fanctify us while we fing.

p Refine and purge our earthly parts; But oh! inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, and vice control; Submit the fenses to the foul; And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

IV.

f Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend th'Almighty Father's Name!
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED.

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 175.



I.

P OUR bleft REDEEMER, ere He breathed His tender last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed III.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
As foft as breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

II.

With us to dwell.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

IV.

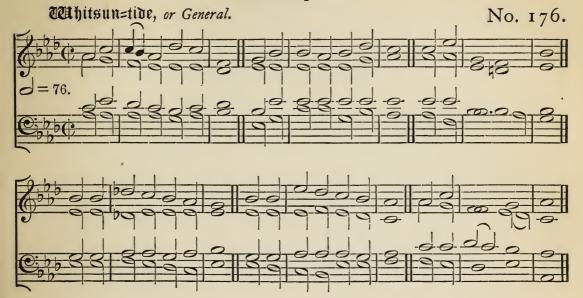
And every virtue we possess,
And every vict'ry won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

V.

mf Thou Source of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee!

COME, THOU HOLY SPIRIT, NIGH.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.



I.

р Соме, Thou Holy Spirit, nigh; Leave Thy blifsful Throne on high; Rays of light impart: Come, Thou Father of the poor, Giver from a lavish store, Light of every heart!

II.

Thou, of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's entrancing Guest,
Sweet Refreshment near;
Wearied toilers' restful seat,
Softener of the sultry heat,
Solace 'mid the tear!

III.

f Ever blefsèd, ever bright,
Fill Thy people's hearts with light,
Every corner fill;
Where Thy prefence ne'er is traced,
Man is nothing fave a wafte,
Nought is free from ill.

IV.

All uncleanness wash away, Bless with dew the thirsty clay, Heal the bleeding pain; Bend the stubborn 'neath Thy will, Warm the bosom dead and chill, Truant feet restrain.

V.

f Pour upon Thy faithful race,
Ever leaning on Thy grace,
Sevenfold gifts of love;
Guerdon bright of virtue fend;
Bring Salvation's glorious end,
Ceafeless joy above!

COME, MILD AND HOLY DOVE.

Whitsuntide, or General.

No. 177.





I.

mf Соме, mild and holy Dove,
Descend within our breast;
Do Thou, in us, make us in Thee
For ever dwell and rest.

II.

p O come, spread o'er our heads
Thy foftly fost'ring wing,
That, safely sitting 'neath its shade,
Thy praises we may sing.

III.

mf To Thee, Who givest life,
Our better life of grace;
Who givest breath, and strength, and speed,
To run and win the race.

IV.

p If by the way we faint,
Thou reachest forth Thine hand;
If our own weakness makes us fall,
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.

V.

Cres. We'll love Thee then, dear LORD!

But Thou must give that love;

We'll humbly beg it of Thy grace;

But Thou our prayers must move.

VI.

f Oh! hear Thine Own Self speak;
For Thou in us dost pray:
Thou grantest quicker than we ask;
Thy grace knows no delay.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Trinity, or General.

No. 178.

I.

mf Round the Lord in glory feated, Cherubim and Seraphim Filled His temple, and repeated Each to each th' alternate hymn:

II.

f"LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy LORD!" III.

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," finging,
"LORD of hosts, the LORD most High!"

IV.

mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

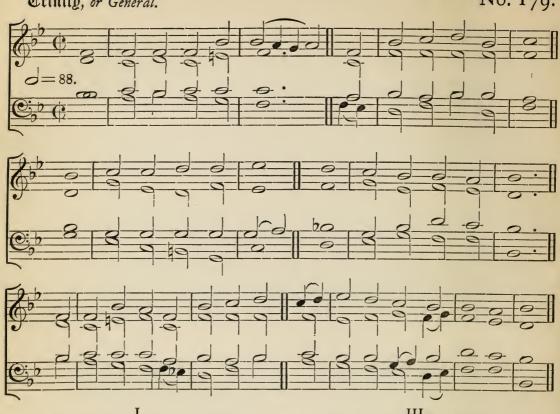
v.

ff "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy LORD!

WE GIVE IMMORTAL PRAISE.

Trinity, or General.

No. 179.



f WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
p He sent His Own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

II.

f To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

III

f To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes dying sinners live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

IV.

ff Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
The great mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

FATHER OF HEAVEN, WHOSE LOVE PROFOUND.

Trinity, or General.

No. 180.

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180.

mf Father of heaven, Whose love profound, A ransom for our souls hath found,

p cres. Before Thy throne we finners bend: To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

II.

mf Almighty Son! Incarnate Word! Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!

p cres. Before Thy throne we finners bend: To us Thy faving grace extend.

III.

mf Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death,

p cres. Before Thy throne we finners bend:

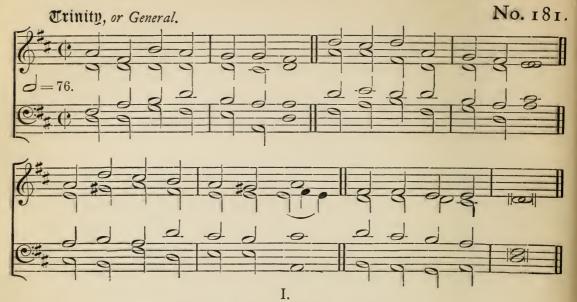
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

IV.

f Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son! Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!

p cres. Before Thy throne we finners bend: Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THREE IN ONE, AND ONE IN THREE.



f Three in One, and One in Three, Ruler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to Thee Holy chant and pfalm.

II.

mf Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

III.

mf Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on fin forgiven;
dim. Fold us in the peace of heaven;

pp Shed a holy calm.

IV.

f Three in One, and One in Three, Dimly here we worship Thee: With the Saints hereafter we Hope to bear the palm.

O GOD OF LIFE, WHOSE POWER BENIGN.

Trinity, or General.

No. 182.





I.

IV.

p O God of life, Whose power benign cres. Doth o'er the world in mercy shine, f Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

II.

mf O FATHER, uncreated LORD, Be Thou in every land adored; On every foul Thy love be poured.

III.

p O Son of God, for finners slain, We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain For us did endless life regain. mf O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care Doth us for heavenly joys prepare, May we in Thy communion share.

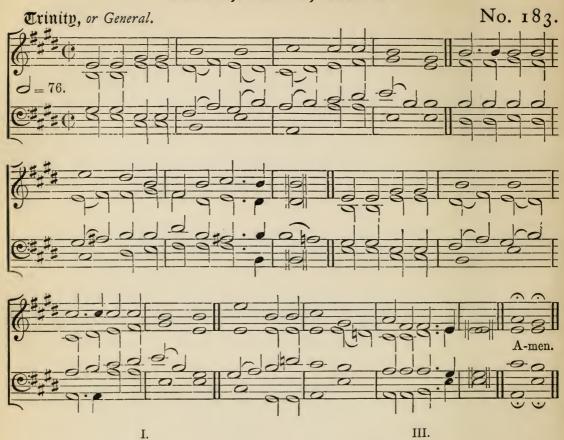
V.

p Protect us, Father, here below; Thy mercy, Jesu, may we know; O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.

VI.

f O Holy, Blessed Trinity!
With faith we finners bow to Thee:
In us, O God, exalted be!

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!



p Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee, p Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! cres. Early in the morning our fong shall rise to Thee, cres. Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may p Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty; not see!

cres. God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

p Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee, cres. Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

II.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

cres. Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

IV.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty! eres. All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea:

p Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty! cres. God in Three Perfons, blessed Trinity!

THRICE HOLY GOD OF SOVEREIGN MIGHT.



I.

Great Three, above created bound!

O Fount of everlasting light, Thrice bleft in joys divine, profound!

II.

O Unity for ever true! O Truth, Who art for ever One!

O Love, that blemish never knew! Of bounteous grace immortal Sun!

III.

p Round Thee the clouds their pall suspend, f Most holy Father, grant our plea, To hide those unapproached rays, To which the circling angels bend In terror, while they burn to gaze.

IV.

f Thrice holy God, of fovereign might! mf Thy people, new-born from the skies, Confess Thee in Thy glorious Name; Love gains a foretaste of the prize, Sought out by faith with steadfast aim.

p Grant, FATHER, we may do Thy will; Thy truth, O Son, to us impart; Our minds with grace, O Spirit, fill, To follow Thee with all our heart.

VI.

And Thou, the FATHER'S only SON, Thou too, good Spirit, Sacred Three, For ever reigning, ever One!

GREAT GOD, WHO IN THY LIGHT DOST REST.



f Great God, Who in Thy light dost rest! Great Trinity, for ever blest! We Thee avow, in Thee believe, To Thee with perfect heart we cleave. III.

The Father wholly in the Son;
The Son and Father wholly One;
With Son and Father ever found,
The Holy Ghost with Both is bound.

II.

mf Thrice holy FATHER, Thee we bless!
True God, O Son, we Thee confess!
Thou, Spirit, Chain of heavenly love,
Dost link the facred Pair above.

IV.

The Son and SPIRIT we proclaim In Substance with the SIRE the same, The THREE ONE Verity most High; The THREE ONE Love in closest tie.

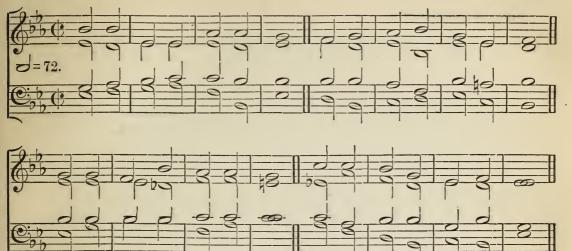
V.

ff Then give the FATHER endless praise!
To Son and Spirit glory raise!
The living God, Who bears the sway,
While countless ages wear away!

LAMB OF GOD, WHOSE DYING LOVE.

Holy Communion.

No. 186.



I.

p Lamb of God, Whose dying love, Now Thy Saints recall to mind, Hear us, bless us from above; Let us all Thy mercy find.

II.

Let Thy Blood, to us applied,
Every finner's pardon feal;
All in Thee be fanctified;
Every foul Thy comfort feel.

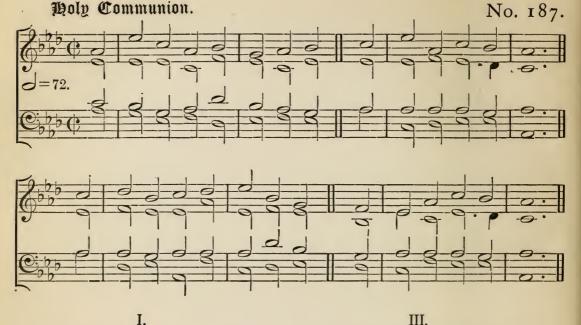
III.

pp By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious Blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
Take our load of guilt away.

IV.

cres. Burst our bonds, and set us free;
Bid our fears and sorrows cease;
dim. Lord, remember Calvary!
Saviour, bid us go in peace.

O GOD, UNSEEN, YET EVER NEAR.



p O God, unseen, yet ever near, Thy Presence may we feel; And, thus inspired by holy fear, Before Thine altar kneel!

III.

p We come, obedient to Thy Word, To feast on heavenly food, Our meat, the Body of the LORD, Our drink, His precious Blood.

II.

mf Here may Thy faithful people know cres. Thus may we all Thy words obey, The bleffings of Thy love, The streams that thro' the defert flow, The manna from above.

IV.

For we, O God, are Thine, And go rejoicing on our way, Renewed with strength divine.

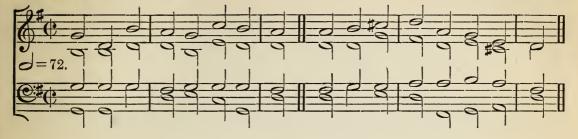
V.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

O GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF MIGHT.

Holy Communion.

No. 188.





I.

p O God of mercy, God of might, How should frail sinners bear the sight, If, as Thy pow'r is surely here, Thine open glory should appear. IV.

p O agony of wav'ring thought
When finners first so near are brought!
cres. It is my Maker; dare I stay?
p My Saviour; dare I turn away?

II.

mf For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud,
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

V.

Sweet, awful hour! the only found, One gentle footstep gliding round, Off'ring by turns, on Jesu's part, The Cross to every hand and heart.

III.

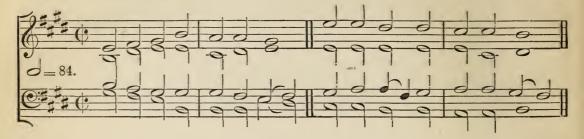
Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice, The world's Creator bleeding lies, That man, His soe, by whom He bled, May take Him for his daily bread. VI.

mf Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast; And when Thy veil is drawn at last, Let us depart where shadows cease, With words of blessing and of peace.

JESU, TO THY TABLE LED.

Moly Communion.

No. 189.





I.

p Jesu, to Thy Table led, cres. Now let every heart be fed dim. With the true and living Bread.

II.

p While in penitence we kneel, cres. Thy fweet presence let us feel; dim. All Thy wondrous love reveal.

III.

p While on Thy dear Cross we gaze, Mourning o'er our finful ways, cres. Turn our sadness into praise. IV.

p When we taste the mystic Wine, Of Thy Blood outpoured the sign, cres. Fill our hearts with love divine!

V.

p Draw us to Thy wounded Side, cres. Whence there flowed the healing tide; dim. There our fins and forrows hide!

VI.

p Lead us by Thy piercèd Hand, cres. Till around Thy throne we stand, f In the bright and better land!

BY CHRIST REDEEMED, IN CHRIST RESTORED.

Holy Communion.

No. 190.





I.

III.

mf By Christredeemed, in Christrestored, p His fearful drops of agony, We keep the memory adored, His life-blood shed for us we see; And show the death of our dear LORD, cres. The Wine shall tell the mystery, p Until He come. p Until He come.

II.

mf His Body, broken in our stead, Is here in this memorial Bread; And fo our feeble love is fed, p Until He come.

IV.

p And thus that dark betrayal-night, With the last Advent we unite; cres. The shame, the glory, by this rite, p Until He come.

v.

mf O bleffèd hope! with this elate, cres. Let not our hearts be desolate; f But, strong in faith, in patience wait, p Until He come.

THEE WE ADORE, O HIDDEN SAVIOUR, THEE.



THEE We adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee, Who in Thy Sacrament art pleased to be; Both slesh and spirit in Thy presence fail, Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

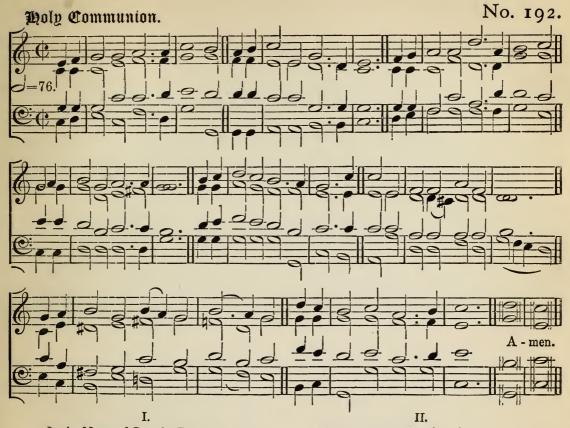
II.

P O blest memorial of our dying Lord, Who living Bread to men doth here afford! O may our fouls for ever feed on Thee, And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be! p O Fount of goodness! Jesu, Lord and God! Cleanse us unclean with Thy most cleansing Blood! Increase our faith and love, that we may know The hope and peace, which from Thy presence flow.

IV.

P O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we fee, May what we thirst for soon our portion be; To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy sace, The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace!

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE FATHER.



p In the Name of God the Father,
In the Name of God the Son,
In the Name of God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One;
In the Name, which highest angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
pp cres. Crying "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
Come we to this facred place.

p Here, in figure represented,
See the Passion once again!
Here behold the Lamb most Holy,
As for our redemption slain!
Here the Saviour's Body broken,
Here the Blood which Jesus shed,
p cres. Mystic food of life eternal,
See for our refreshment spread!

III.

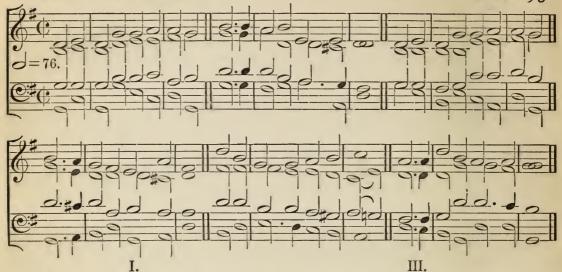
p Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here with body, soul, and spirit,
God Incarnate be adored.
Holy Jesu, for Thy coming
May Thy love our hearts prepare!
p cres. Thine we fain would have them wholly!
f Enter Lord, and tarry there!

WAKE, MY TONGUE, THE MYST'RY TELLING.

Moly Communion.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

No. 193.



f Wake, my tongue, the myst'ry telling,
Jesu's glorious Body sing!
Hymn the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Universal King,
Issue of a royal womb,
Shed to save a world from doom.

II.

mf Giv'n for us, His birth proceeding
From a Virgin pure as fnow,
He, a life with finners leading,
Came the feed of Truth to fow;
This, His ling'ring course of woes,
Bringing to a wondrous close.

p At the final Supper lying

'Mid the Twelve, that mournful night, With the Law's behefts complying, Joining in the Paschal Rite,

cres. He, to feed His favoured band, Gives Himfelf with His Own hand.

IV.

Bread the Word Incarnate telleth
By a word His Flesh to veil;
Wine to be His Blood compelleth,
Though to trace it sense should fail:

mf Faith sufficeth to impart Strength to every guileless heart.

V.

pp Low before the mystic wonder,

Let us reverence the fight;

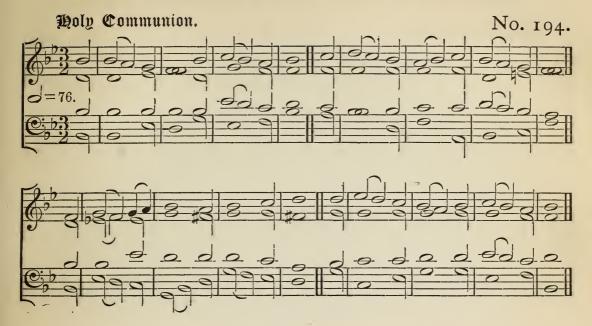
cres. Ancient figures fall asunder,

Yielding to the later Rite:

f Faith! thy needed help we seek!

Aid us where the sense is weak!

MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD?



I.

My God, and is Thy Table spread?

And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?

Be all Thy children thither led,

And let them all its sweetness know.

III.

mf Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

II.

f Hail! facred Feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His slesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That facred stream, that heavenly food!

IV.

O let Thy Table honoured be, And furnished well with joyful guests! And may each foul falvation see, That here its facred pledges tastes.

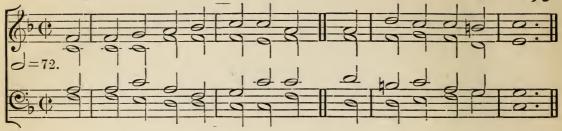
V.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above, angelic host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

LORD JESUS, GOD OF GRACE AND LOVE.

Holy Communion.

No. 195.





I.

p LORD JESUS, GOD of grace and love, Revealed on Calvary, Thou callest from Thy throne above, "This day remember Me."

II.

mf I come, Lord Jesus, to fulfil
Thy last divine command:
O! may I ever do Thy will,
And own Thy guiding hand!

III.

p I come, LORD JESUS, at Thy call;
Thy faving help I need;
Convicted, at Thy Cross I fall,
And there my ransom read.

IV.

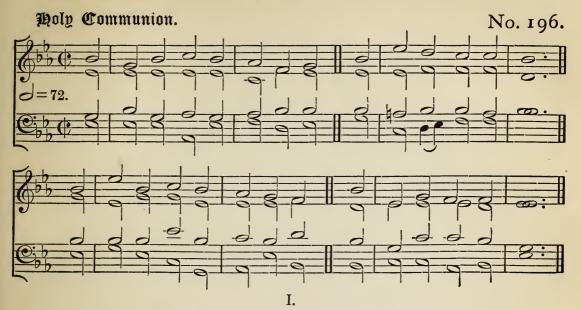
mf I come, LORD JESUS, to Thy feast,
Unworthy though I be;
By Thy redeeming pow'r released,
I rest all hopes on Thee.

V.

p cres. Oh! when I take Thy pledge of love,
Which Thou Thyself hast given,
LORD JESUS, plead my cause above!

p Remember me in heaven!

FOR MERCIES, COUNTLESS AS THE SANDS.



mf For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

II.

p Alas! from fuch a heart as mine,
 What can I bring Him forth?
 My best is stained and dyed with fin;
 My all is nothing worth.

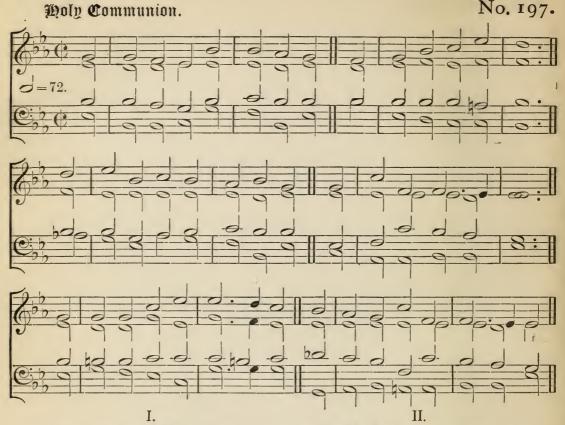
III.

mf Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed:
Salvation's facred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

IV.

The best return from one like me, So wretched and so poor, Is from His gifts to draw a plea, And ask Him still for more.

LORD, WHEN BEFORE THY THRONE WE MEET.



Thy goodness to adore, From heaven, th' eternal mercy feat, On us Thy bleffing pour,

cres. And make our inmost fouls to be A habitation meet for Thee.

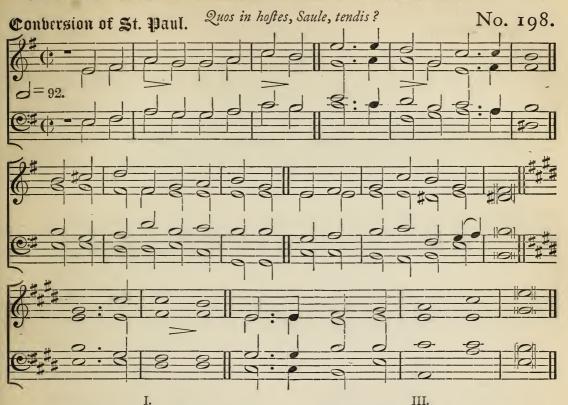
mf Lord, when before Thy throne we meet, p Thy Body, for our ransom given, Thy Blood, in mercy shed: With this immortal food from heaven, LORD, let our fouls be fed:

cres. And as we round Thine Altar kneel, Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

III.

mf Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh; Accept the humble prayer, The contrite foul's repentant figh, The finner's heartfelt tear; cres. And let our adoration rife As fragrant incense to the skies.

'GAINST WHAT FOEMEN ART THOU RUSHING?



f'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing?
Saul, what frenzy goads thy mind?
Why to slaughter harmless victims
Hast thou in thy rage designed?
peres. Christ the Suff'rer,
f Soon th' Avenger thou shalt find.
II.

f Christ approaches, whelms him, blinds him,
Hurls him helpless to the ground:
p Low before his heavenly Master,

All submissive is he found:

f Soon His herald thunders round.

f He, who once with fearful threat'nings
Fetters forged, now filled with dread,
Foe no more to his Redeemer,
By the hand is gently led:
Wolf of rapine,
p Now a lamb, his fury dead.
IV.

mf How, O Lord, are hearts of marble
Softened by Thy potent Grace!
He, who by Thy people's bloodshed,
Would Thy blessed Name essace,
cres. Soon shall blaze it,
By his life, from race to race.

f Praise the Father, Who all creatures
Moulded from His heavenly shrine:
Praise the Son, Who hath redeemed us
By His death, on high to shine;
p cres. Praise the Spirit,
Nursing us with Breath divine.

V.

O SION, OPE THY TEMPLE GATES.

No. 199. Purification. Templi sacratas pande.

I.

f O Sion, ope thy Temple gates; The Victim-Priest to enter waits: Let lifeless shadows fade away Before the truth's enlight'ning ray!

II.

No more shall flocks and herds be flain: p Mute Mother of the filent Word! Their blood no more shall steep the fane; To win for us the FATHER's grace, He by the altar takes His place.

III.

mf Full conscious of her Charge divine, The Virgin carries to the shrine The LORD she bore, and doves she brings, An off'ring to the King of kings.

IV.

See round Him holy ones appear, More holy now that God is near! They reap the long expected prize Of yearning faith, and gazing eyes.

From thee no living found is heard; Yet still by thee is God confessed, In fearching thoughts that fill thy breaft.

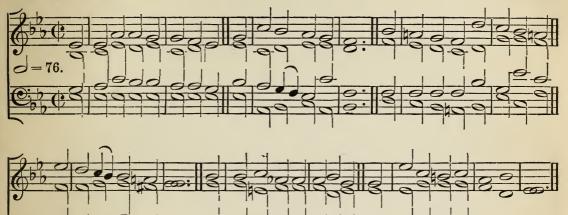
VI.

f O laud the FATHER, laud the Son, And laud the Spirit, Three in ONE: To Thee, bleft Trinity, we raife Devoted hearts with ceaseless praise.

WITHIN A CHAMBER, CALM AND STILL.

St. Matthias.

No. 200.



I.

The Lord's devoted band,
A dead Apostle's place to fill,
In mournful council stand:

cres. For he, amid his Saviour's woes,
For filver fold Him to His foes.

II.

Behold the Mother fad appears,
 Too fad to find relief;
 If they would feek to dry her tears,
 The fcene renews her grief:
 How black, how terrible the deed,
 Made them to mourn, and Christ to bleed!

III.

mf Lord! let no treason lurk within,
To quench Thy blessed Light;
But ere it rise arrest the sin,
That sinks the soul in night:

p So guide our hearts and tongues, we pray,
cres. That we may never Thee betray.

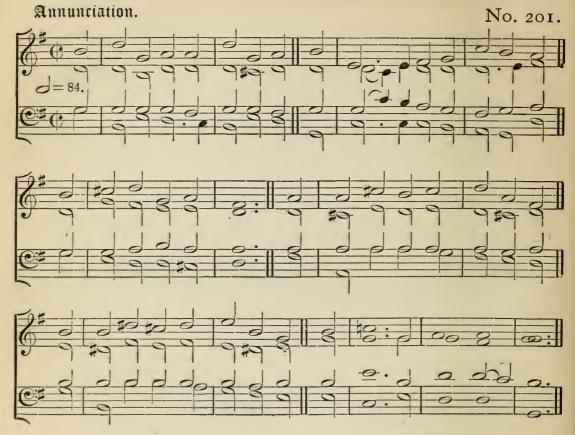
IV.

mf Thou canst supply a vacant place,
Repair the mourner's loss;
Close every void with gifts of grace,
And there set up the Cross:
O fill the wastes of sin and pain,
And bid the desert bloom again.

 \mathbf{v} .

mf So we, while battling here below,
With eyes firm fixed above,
To Thee, our Lord, will ever show
The truest, warmest love:
Within our hearts uprear Thy throne,
f And make them evermore Thine Own.

HAIL! HIGHLY FAVOURED, BLESSED MAID!



I.

p "Hail! highly favoured, blessèd Maid! On thee the richest grace is laid!" Hear Gabriel exclaim:

cres. "A Son from Heaven shalt thou bear, Great David's honours shall He wear, f Lo! Jesus is His Name."

Η.

mf As Mary stands with wistful eyes,
In calm but earnest hope she cries:

"His gracious will be done!"

(res. The shadow of the Highest soars.

cres. The shadow of the Highest soars,

The Holy Ghost Himself outpours,

f And God and Man are one!

III.

mf So, Lord, when Thou dost show Thy face,
And offer loving gifts of grace,
May quick the answer rise:
cres. "Behold the servant of the Lord!

Make good to us Thy precious word,

f And scal us for the prize."

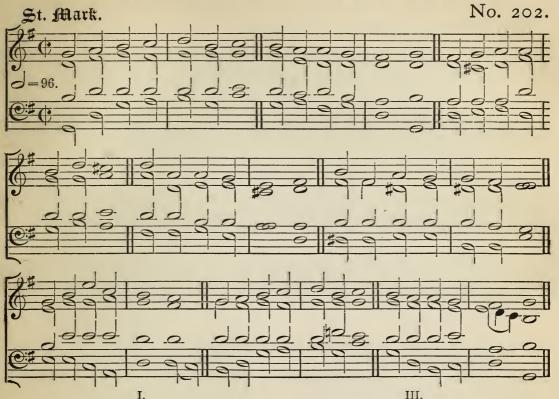
IV.

p Bleft Saviour, fix Thyfelf within;
O banish each usurping fin,
And wash away its stain;

cres. Make every heart a maiden shrine;
Then fill it with Thy light divine,

ff And there for ever reign!

THRONED ABOVE THE STARRY SPHERE.



f Throned above the starry sphere,
Robed in dazzling whiteness,
Lord of life, to us appear!
Rise, eternal Brightness!
Now Thy glorious beam display
O'er a world benighted!
Ne'er shall shine Thy gracious ray
Only to be slighted.

IF.

P One there was forfook the light,
Radiant still above him;
Heedless of the coming night,
Lost to those who love him.

cres. Yet his frailty they can bear,
While they mourn his weakness;
Sorrow with a brother share,
Win him back with meekness.

1.

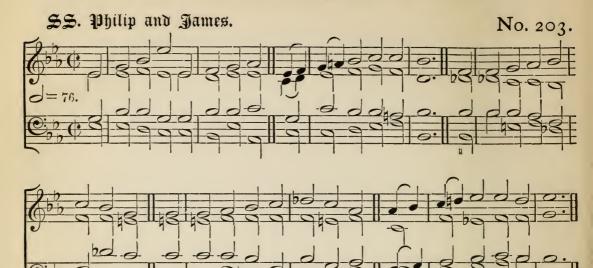
mf Waking up from faithles sleep,
Spurning guilty coldness,
Sped the Saint across the deep,
Armed with holy boldness.
f Loud he founds Thy saving Name:
Heathen hosts adore it!
High he lifts Thy Cross of shame:
Egypt bows before it!

IV.

mf Shine upon our darksome way,
Star of Grace amazing!
On Thy living, guiding ray
Keep us ever gazing!

cres. Kindle, Lord, the fire of love;
Then we ne'er shall grieve Thee:
ff Lighted, warmed from Heav'n above,
Who can ever leave Thee?

THE FATHER SHEW US, GRACIOUS LORD.



I.

f" The Father shew us, gracious Lord, And we contented rest!"

mf Too bold the prayer, too rash the word;
'Twas Philip's hasty voice was heard,
From his too ardent breast.

II.

p To gain that glimpse, tho' ne'er so faint,
To mortal were to die:
Oh! how could finner, how could faint,
Or how could angel, free from taint,
Endure that dazzling eye?

III.

mf Yet, LORD, we could the FATHER fee,
Could fee Him beaming bright,
If we would only look to Thee,
To fet the gloomy spirit free
From mists that cloud its sight.

IV.

Abandon not our finful race
To darkness here alone,
But grant us Thine enlight'ning grace,
That we may view the FATHER's face
Reflected in Thine Own.

V.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To us the FATHER give;
To Him conduct us thro' the strife,
To Him, Who stands, with mercy rife,
That we may see and live.

VI.

p So bring us all, released from care,
To tread the heavenly floor,
cres. With Thy Own martyred brother there,
And blessed Philip, sainted pair,
f To see Thee evermore.

O LOVING SAVIOUR, WHO ART TOUCHED.

 St. Barnabas.
 No. 204.

 0 - 76.
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p O LOVING SAVIOUR, Who art touched mf Lo! Barnabas in might appears,
With human cares and throes,
Unawed by death or shame,
cres. What brother stands so close as Thou, cres. And "Christians," at his stirring sounds,
To soothe a brother's woes?

First bear their Saviour's Name.

II.

I.

mf Though Thou didst frame this globe of earth
With vast creative power,

p Yet dearer is the task to Thee
To dry the tearful shower.

III.

f A "Son of Thunder," Thou canst raise,
And gifts of fire impart,

p A "Son of Confolation" fend To cheer the drooping heart. V.

IV.

p Yet pity moves his melting breast,
It trembles in his voice;

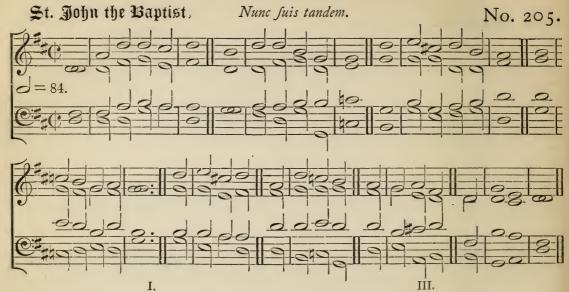
pp He loves to weep with them that weep,

cres. To joy when they rejoice.

VI.

p O! grant us, tender Lord, to learn, cres. If we would still be Thine, f That zeal is worthless, if unwarmed dim. By sympathy divine.

LO! FROM THE DESERT HOMES.



mf LO! from the defert homes,
Where he hath hid fo long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh,
From op'ning skies.

II.

f Your God e'en now doth stand
Within heav'n's op'ning door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His stoor;
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless stames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His ways plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

IV.

p Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears ftill found,
Left here we fleep in night,
cres. Till Judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burft the wrath,
And deathless doom.

v.

mf O Gop! with love's fweet might
Who dost anoint, and arm
Christ's soldiers for the fight,
With spells that shield from harm;
f Thrice blessed Three,
Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally!

IN WEAKNESS GREAT, AND STRONG IN HIDDEN MIGHT.

St. Peter.

No. 206.





I.

- f In weakness great, and strong in hidden might, Thy Peter, LORD, a star of living light,
- p cres. Though oft obscured, and once eclipsed, his rays Yet shine again with purer, brighter blaze.

IV.

f A trufty Shepherd for Thy sheep he stands, The keys of heav'nly pardon in his hands; p The cross of pain he crimsons o'er with blood, cres. Undying witness raising from the flood.

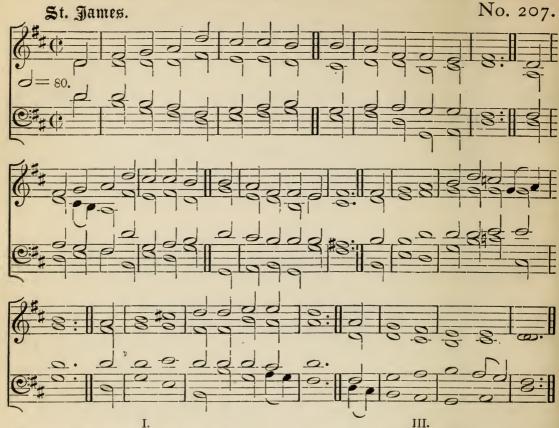
- mf To meet Thee, walking o'er the troubled waves, mf When round us threatening waves in wrath arise, In zeal he plunged, but lost the faith that faves; The stony depths would foon have been his tomb, Hadft Thou not plucked him from the watery doom.
 - Oh! may we fix on Thee unswerving eyes! On Thee may all our clinging hopes be flayed; Thy look be mercy, and Thine arm bring aid!

III.

p The Cock crew loud Thy warning in his cars; At Thy fad look he poured remorfeful tears; By Satan fifted, prostrate 'neath his blast, f On Thee, the Rock, he stood a rock at last.

- VI.
- p Grant we may love Thee with Thy Martyr's power, In forrow melted for each finning hour; With him, while guarded from his mournful fall, cres. Confess Thee Christ, and win Thee Lord of all.

AS JAMES THE GREAT, WITH GLOWING ZEAL.



mf AS James the Great, with glowing zeal,
Unheeding fmile or frown,
Relinquished all his earthly weal,
To win a brighter crown:
So, Lord, we haste, the world distained,
To follow Thee with faith unseigned,
p And draw Thy mercy down.

II

mf Should we for Thee to wrath be moved,
Disturbed by wild unrest,
Though thinking then Thou most wert loved,
That then we served Thee best;
p Oh! let Thy Spirit drop its balm,
To quell the storm, and shed a calm
On our unruly breast.

mf Thy cup in fervour James would drink,
And drain its forrows dry;
From Thy dark lot he scorned to shrink,
Though it were e'en to die;

cres. That he might rank on Thy right hand,
And there before the angels stand,

Thy favoured faint on high.

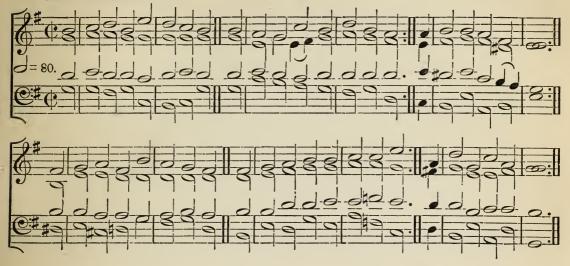
IV.

mf We from the Cross seek no retreat,
But, guided by Thy grace,
We crave to fit beneath Thy feet;
Right royal is the place!
f So we may ever be Thine Own,
Where'er we view Thee stands a throne;
p Our Heav'n is in Thy face.

BENEATH THE FIG-TREE'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

St. Bartholomew.

No. 208.



T.

mf Beneath the fig-tree's grateful shade
Behold the good Nathanael laid,
Concealed from distant eye:
But where is vision blind, or faint,
To Him who saw the resting Saint
From far, yet ever nigh?

II.

The Nazareth, which he distained,
And many a scornful tongue profaned,
Now beams a city bright;
cres. As Thou, O LORD, on him dost shine,
The Nazarene stands forth divine,
f A King before his sight!

III.

p The angels rife, the angels fall,
They circle round the LORD of all:
This glory shall he view;
For guileless there he meekly stands,
In child-like faith at Jesu's hands,
f Nathanael, trustful, true.

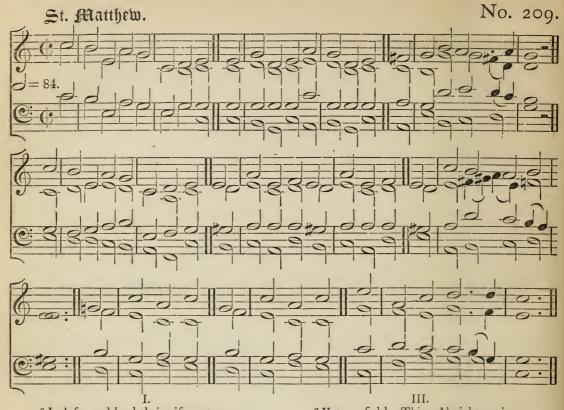
IV.

p Lord, grant to us to be fincere,
With fimple heart, and conscience clear,
With truth to shine around;
That we may win the heavenly meed,
f"Behold an Israelite indeed,
In whom no guile is found!"

V.

p cres. Then lead us to that vision bright,
Where stand the angel-hosts of light,
Fair stars in lustrous ring;
That, joining their immortal lays,
We ever may confess, and praise
f Our Saviour, God, and King.

LO! SEA AND LAND THEIR GIFTS OUTPOUR.



f Lo! fea and land their gifts outpour,
A tribute from their richest store,
To lie at Levi's feet;

A But Thou in passing gracious Lord

p But Thou, in passing, gracious Lord, Didst see his danger, speak Thy word; That word for him how meet! f "Come, follow Me!" mf To follow Thee

mf To follow Thee He quits his wealthy feat.

Π.

mf But we are still in fetters held,
By worldly charms and lucre spelled,
Our hearts all dead and cold;
Unyielding to the cries of grace,
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,
Fast bound in Satan's hold:
f "Come, follow Me!"
p Ah! how are we
'To burst the chains of gold?

f Yet, roused by Thine Almighty voice,
Good Lord, we rise, and we rejoice;
We sling the dross away;
No diamond sparkles in the light,
Nought ever shines so fair and bright,
As Thy celestial ray:
"Come, follow Me!"
We sly to Thee,
O living Star of day!

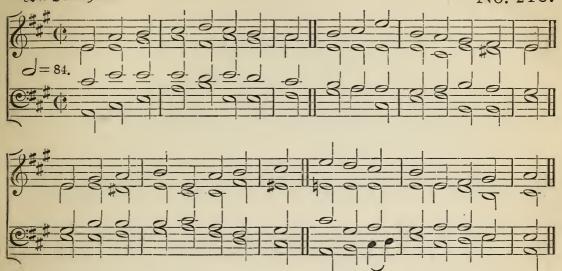
IV.

Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head,
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,
Sought Thee to be his Guest;
But we, O Lord, of Thee have need,
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,
And lean upon Thy breast:
peres. "Then, follow Me!"
We cling to Thee,
Our Riches, and our Rest!

THEY COME, GOD'S MESSENGERS OF LOVE.

St. Michael.

No. 210.



T.

IV.

mf They come, God's messengers of love, p Blest Jesu, Thou, Whose groans and tears They come from realms of peace above, From homes of never-fading light, From blissful mansions ever bright.

Have fanctified frail nature's fears, To earth in bitter forrow weighed, Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid.

II.

They come to watch around us here, To foothe our forrow, calm our fear; Ye heavenly guides, speed not away; God willeth you with us to stay.

V.

An angel-guard to us fupply, When on the bed of death we lie; And by Thine Own Almighty pow'r, O shield us in the last dread hour.

III.

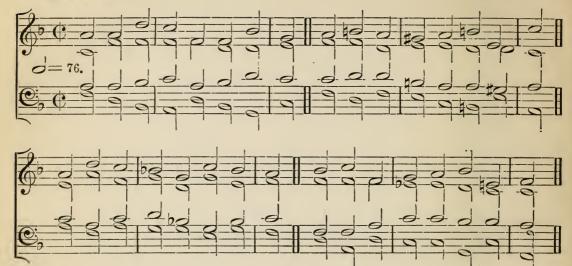
But chiefly at its journey's end, 'Tis your's the spirit to befriend, And whifper to the willing heart, "O Christian soul, in peace depart." VI.

f To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, From all above, and all below, Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

WITH ME IS LUKE, ALONE OF ALL.

St. Luke.

No. 211.



T.

p "WITH me is Luke, alone of all:"
cres. So fadly mourned the agèd Paul;
Frail Demas, his in Christian love,
dim. Is dead to him and things above.

IV.

mf Behold him constant, faithful stand, With healing lip, and healing hand, His suff'ring brother fain to tend, Evangelist, Physician, Friend.

II.

mf The world had shewn its specious face,
And lured him from the heavenly race;
cres. He loves it, and without a throe
dim. Can leave a martyr to his woe.

V.

p LORD, make us fleadfast as Thy Saint, That we may toil, and never faint, That we may stand, and never fall, Upheld by Thee, the Help of all.

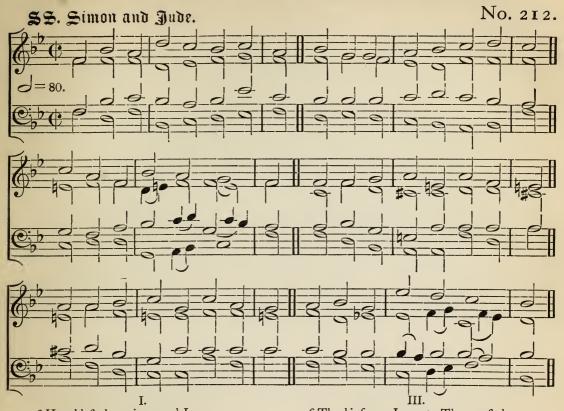
III.

- f But Luke his toils and travels shares, Companion dear of all his cares;
- p Love lighting up his tender brow, cres. He could not leave the captive now.

VI.

- mf Thy changeless love, we pray, impart; O nurse in us a loyal heart;
- cres. That we, fustained by grace from high, For Thee may live, in Thee may die.

HOW BLEST THE UNITY, GOOD LORD.



mf How blest the unity, good Lord,
Which beams throughout Thy holy Word,
f A ray from Thine Own Essence!
p cres. Oh! when shall all Thy Church be one?
That precious sign of heaven begun,
The foretaste of Thy Presence!

O Saviour, while for this we yearn,
Our love to Thee shall ever burn,
A love so deep and tender,
That we can never Truth betray,
And so arrest that glorious day,
When Thou shalt reign in splendor.

f Thy kinfmen, LORD, to Thee most dear,
Blest Jude and Simon, ever near,
Stood partners in Thy trial;
Saint Simon, glowing bright with zeal,
Saint Jude, with loving heart to feel
That faintness was denial.

mf If we should meet Thine open foes, When Satan hath with stealthy blows Of unbelief undone them,

p cres. O grant a fpirit, born above, To guard Thy cause in words of love, Till truth to Thee hath won them.

f Then, Lord, Thy grace to us impart,
Inspire the zeal, insuse the heart,
And warm the weak endeavour,
That high and low, that age and youth,
United in Thy saving truth,
ff May all be Thine for ever!

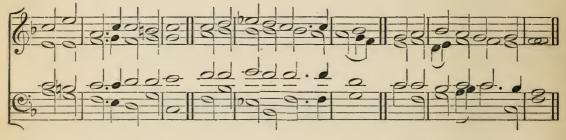
V.

WHO ARE THESE, LIKE STARS APPEARING?

All Saints, or General. Wer find die vor Gottes Throne,

No. 213.





I.

mf Wно are these, like stars appearing,
These, before Gop's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

II.

mf Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These, in Goo's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes, whose lustre ne'er shall sade,
Ne'er be touched by Time's rude hand?
f Whence come all this glorious band?

III.

mf These are they, who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
f These, who well the sight sustained,
Triumph through the LAMB have gained.

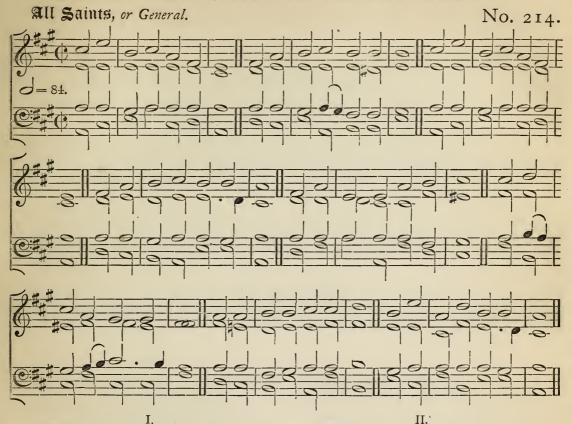
IV.

p These are they, whose hearts were riven, Sore with woe and anguish tried, Who in prayer full oft have striven With the God they gloristed: cres. Now their pain and conflict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.

V.

mf These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Off'ring up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now, in Goo's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His Face.

WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?



mf What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
f"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

p These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
cres. Through their dear REDEEMER's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

III.

mf Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
f Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Persect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
dim. God shall wipe away the tear.

O HAPPY SAINTS, WHO DWELL IN LIGHT.

All Saints, or General.

No. 215.



р О нарру faints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, clothed in white,

where pilgrims meet to part no more.

mf And now they range the heavenly plains,

And fing their hymns in melting strains; cres. And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

II.

IV.

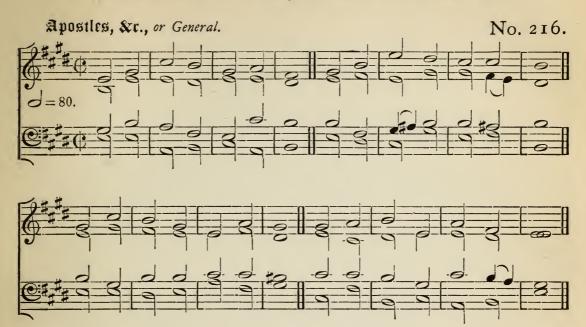
f Released from sin, and toil, and grief, Death was their gate to endless life; An opened cage, to let them sly, And build their happy nest on high.

f He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
cres. Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
dim. Sink down adoring at His feet.

V.

p Ah Lord! with tardy steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep; cres. Yet strip me of this house of clay, And I will sing as loud as they.

PALMS OF GLORY, RAIMENT BRIGHT.



I.

f Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the faints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.

II.

Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Vict'ry through His Cross alone.

III.

Kings for harps their crowns refign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
KING of kings, and LORD of lords!"

IV.

Round the Altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

V.

mf Who are these? on earth they dwelt; Sinners once, of Adam's race; Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt; But were saved by sovereign grace.

VI.

p They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
cres. May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.



III.

The lion's gory mane;

Who follows in their train?

They bowed their necks the death to feel:

Triumphant over pain,

cres. He follows in His train.

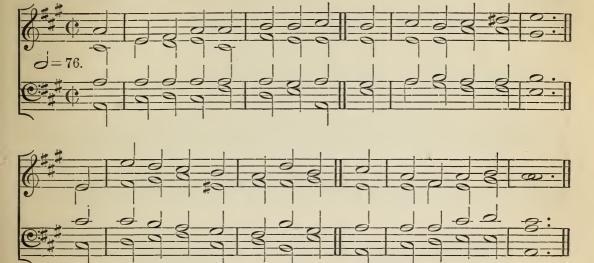
Who patient bears His Cross below,

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O Goo! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

HOW BRIGHT THESE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE!

Apostles, &c., or General.

No. 218.



1.

mf How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

II.

f Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes, which shine so bright.

III.

With palms triumphal now they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky. IV.

His prefence fills each heart with joy, Tunes every mouth to fing! By day, by night, the facred courts With glad hofannas ring.

V.

mf Thirst, hunger, now are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God shines their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

VI.

The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Impart His nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

VII.

p 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His slock, Where living streams appear;
cres. And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

DISPOSER SUPREME.



mf Disposer Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine,
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels,
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches,
Which aye shall endure.

II.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light;
They at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;

cres. Then brightly appeareth
The arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking
The lightnings have shone.

111.

mf Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And fwift as the winds
About the world go;
All full of Thy Presence,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erslow.

f Their found goeth forth,
CHRIST JESUS the LORD!
Then Satan doth fear;
His citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And on the ground lieth
The Canaanites' wall,

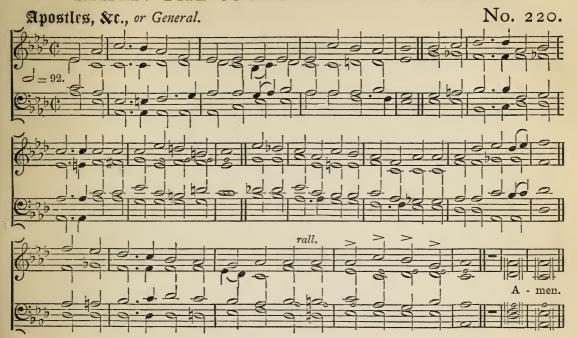
V.

ff O loud be Thy trump,
And stirring the found,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From sin's deadly sleep!
May lights, which Thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep!

VI.

p All glory to Thee,
Who, hidden from fight,
cres. Yet fillest with love
The vast Infinite;
mf And revealed to our aid
As One and yet Three,
cres. From far hath reclaimed us
f Thy glory to see.

HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.



I. f HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
p Hallelujah! f Hallelujah!
ff Hallelujah! LORD, to Thee!
f Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hand.

Melody by Basses alone.

II. Patriarch, and holy Prophet,

Who prepared the way of Christ,

Melody by Tenors.

King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,

Martyr, and Evangelist,

Melody by Trebles.

Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,

Widows, who have watched to prayer,

Full Joined in holy concert, singing

To the Lord of all, are there.

III. p They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
cres. Tried they were and firm they stood;
p Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cres. They have conquered Death and Satan,
f By the might of Christ the Lord.

Unison.

IV. f Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour, and their King;

dim. Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered; Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died; cres. And by death to life immortal,

They were born and glorified.

V. ff Now they reign in heav'nly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss, and infinite.

Harmony.

p Love and peace they taste for ever, cres. And all truth and knowledge see, f In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd TRINITY.

VI. f God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, joined together,
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
cres. That we may for evermore
ff God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore!

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.



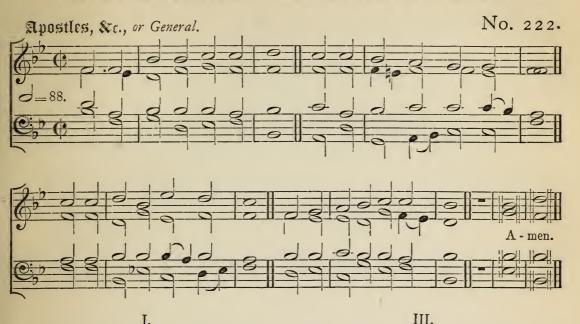
f Let our choir new anthems raife,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness;
p This, the day that won their crown,
cres. Open'd Heav'n's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
f And put on th' immortal.

mf Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's last endeavor;
f For by faith they saw the land,
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

III.

f Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and forrow!
Spurn the night of sear, and then,
Oh! the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
ff Warriors, up and win it!

WHAT ARE THESE ARRAYED IN WHITE.



mf What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest to th' eternal throne?

mf Therefore they are next the throne, Serve their Maker day and night; God resides among His Own;

God doth in His faints delight.

II.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb;
Blood that washes white as snow!

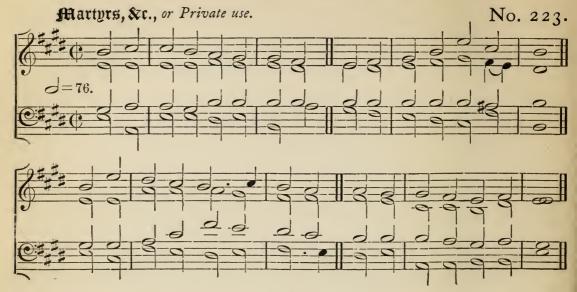
IV.

p Them the Lamb shall always feed,
He that on the throne doth reign,
To the living fountains lead,
With the tree of life sustain.

V.

cres. He shall all their forrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
f Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HAPPY SOUL, THY DAYS ARE ENDED.



I.

mf Happy foul, thy days are ended, All thy mourning days below; Go, by angel guards attended, To the fight of Jesus go!

II.

Waiting to receive thy spirit, Lo! the Saviour stands above; Claims the purchase of His merit, Reaches forth the crown of love.

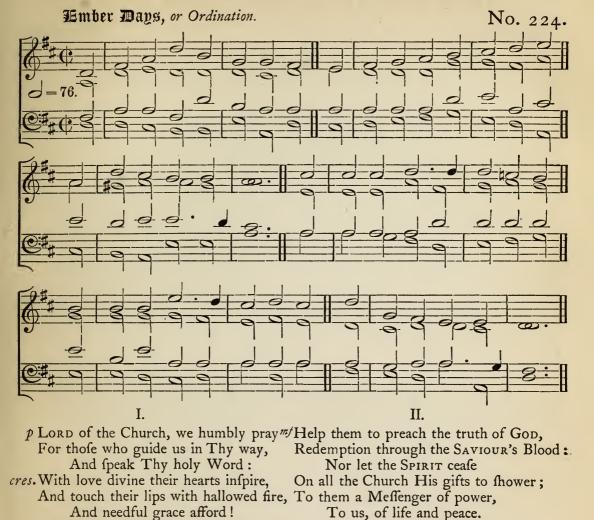
III.

p Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
cres. To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!

IV.

f For the joy He fets before thee Bear a momentary pain; Die! to live the life of glory! Suffer! with thy Lord to reign!

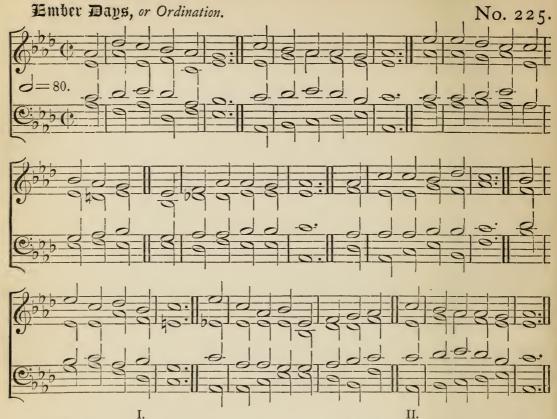
LORD OF THE CHURCH, WE HUMBLY PRAY.



III.

f So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above:
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.



mf How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
O Zion, see thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here!

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful found,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found!
How blefsed are our eyes,
That fee this heavenly light,
Which kings and prophets long defired,
But died without the fight.

III.

f The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare His Arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

POUR OUT THY SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH.

Ordination.

No. 226.

I.

mf Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;

Lord, Thine affembled fervants blefs;

Thy grace and gifts to each fupply,

And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

With zeal and wisdom, faith impart,
With firmness, meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost
love;

III.

II.

Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
O Lord, like stars in Thy right hand,
The Shepherds of the Churches be!

IV.

p To watch, and pray, and never faint, By day and night strict guard to keep, To warn the sinner, cheer the faint, To nurse Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

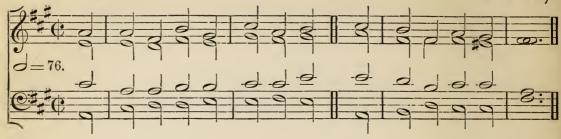
V.

mf Then, when their work is finished here,
And they in hope their charge resign,
When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
f May they, and we, and all be Thine!

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE FEET THAT BRING.

Ordination.

No. 227.





I.

mf How beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here!
What gracious messengers e'en now
To our blest eyes appear!

1.

They feek, but only Thou hast skill
To bring lost wand'rers home;
They call, but 'tis Thy love compels,
And then th' invited come.

III.

II.

p Thy fervants fpeak; Thou only canst
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but Thou alone
Dost bid the waters flow.

IV.

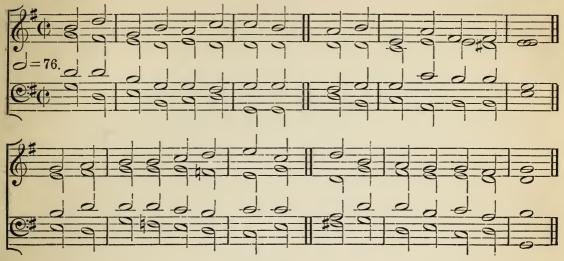
mf Lord, Thou art with them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray;
The twelve bright banners go before,
And shew us Canaan's way.

V.

f Bless we our God, Who grants us here
To fing in Sion's ways!
Oh! when, on heavenly Sion's hill,
When shall we fing Thy praise?

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Baptism. No. 228.



I.

P SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;

II.

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious Arm:

**res. There, we know, Thy word believing,
f Only there secure from harm!

III.

mf Never, from Thy pasture roving,

Let them be the lion's prey;

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,

Keep them all life's dang'rous way:

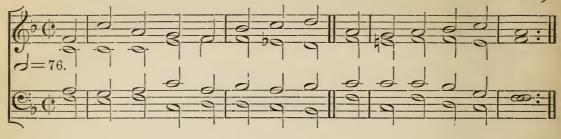
IV.

f Then, within Thy fold eternal, Let them find a resting-place, Feed in pastures ever vernal, Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.

Baptism.

No. 229.





I.

f In token that thou shalt not fear Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

II.

mf In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

III.

In token that thou shalt not slinch CHRIST'S quarrel to maintain, But 'neath His banner manfully Firm at thy post remain;

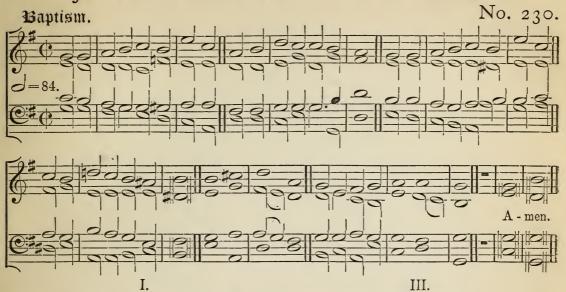
IV.

f In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

V.

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His Own;
And may the brow, that wears His Cross,
Hereafter share His crown!

JESU, NOW THY NEW-MADE SOLDIER.



p Jesu, now Thy new-made foldier
From the Font hath gone his way:
mf Now before him lies his trial
In the life-long, doubtful fray:
cres. Bleffed Saviour!
p Keep him through the weary day.

II.

mf May he bravely fight Thy battle,
And through Thee subdue the foe,
Shun his wiles, escape his malice,
And repel his cruel blow:
f Mighty Captain!
p Thy salvation may he know!

mf Bright and clear Thy Cross is shining
On his pure and stainless brow:
f Let it, ever there resplendent,
Witness to his faithful vow:

mf Dear REDEEMER!
p Keep it always bright as now.

IV.

p Oh, may all to whom pertaineth
This Thy fervant's early care,
Mindful of his heav'nly progress,
Word and work of shame forbear!
cres. Thou that hearest,
p Give them hearts and lips of prayer.

V

mf Full of hope his day is breaking:

May he never know the night!

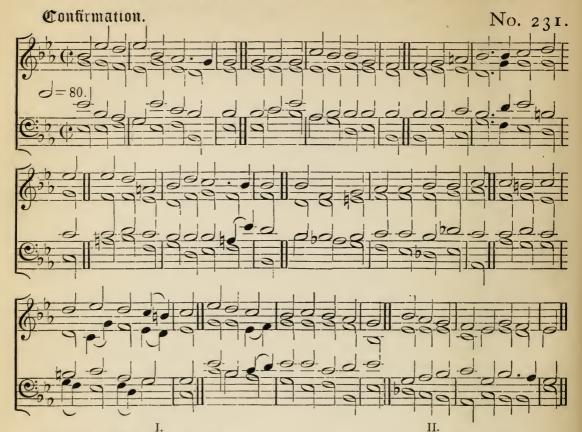
Thou, Who shin'st upon his morning,

Be at eventide his light:

f Sun of Glory!

p Lose him never from Thy sight.

O GOD, IN WHOSE ALL-SEARCHING EYE.



P O God, in Whose all-searching eye
Thy servants stand, to ratify
The vow baptismal by them made,
When first Thy hand was on them laid;

eres. Bless them, O holy FATHER, bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess;
May they, acknowledged as Thine Own,
Stand evermore before Thy throne!

f Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty LORD, With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle may they go, And boldly sight against the soe, With banner of the Cross unsured, And by it overcome the world; And so at last receive from Thee The palm and crown of victory.

III.

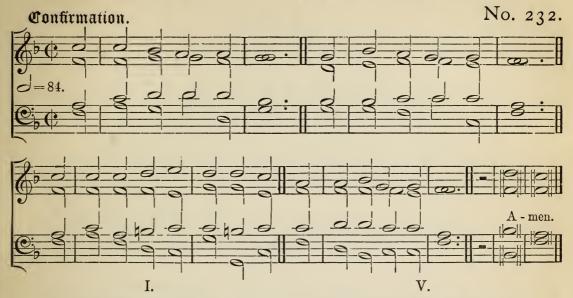
p Come, ever blefsèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy fervants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to Thee:

mf Enrich that temple's holy shrine

With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;

f With wisdom, light, and knowledge biess,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

THE CROSS IS ON OUR BROW.



p THE Cross is on our brow, Redemption's awful fign: cres. Descend, most Holy Spirit, now, To feal the work divine.

II.

p Thy fevenfold gifts impart, O Comforter most sweet, cres. Kindle to flame each lukewarm heart, And guide the trembling feet.

III.

mf With Pentecostal force Thy presence let us feel, cres. With strength, Who art Thyself its cres. O keep us steadfast, loving, pure, Inspire us as we kneel. [fource,

IV.

mf Confirm in us to-day The work that Thou hast wrought, cres. Illume the foul with love's pure ray, cres. Accept each vow, and hear each prayer, Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

mf The fiend, the flesh, the world, We swear to give them fight: cres. Our Monarch's banner floats unfurled: Who fails with that in fight?

VI.

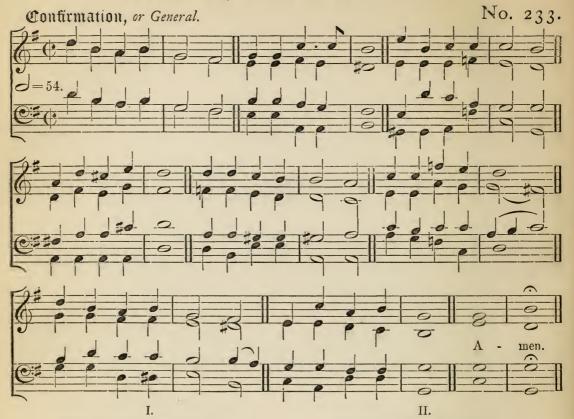
f Who fails with Jesus Christ For leader and for guide; For food, for treasure all unpriced, And Friend who ne'er denied!

p The pow'rs of ill allure, Our foes come thick and fast: And we shall win at last.

VIII.

mf No earth-forged arms we bear: Strength, weapons, all are Thine: Blest TRINITY Divine.

ONWARD, HOLY CHAMPION!



mf Onward, holy Champion!
Run the Christian race,
Leave the world behind thee,
Heav'nward set thy face:
p By the Spirit's unction,
Knit with strength divine,
cres. Nurtured with Thy Saviour's
Mystic bread and wine.

mf Onward, holy Champion!

Lay all weight afide,
All distracting pleasure,
All incumb'ring pride.
p Shun the subtle pitfalls,
Laid by Satan's hate;
cres. Let not pains afflict thee,
Let not joys elate.

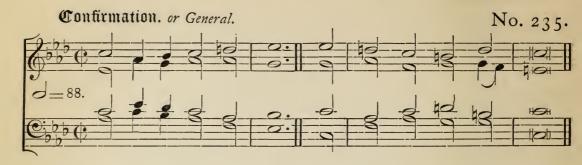
III.

f Onward, holy Champion!
Angels gazing down,
Praife thy bold endeavor,
Show thy future crown.
p Christ, thy dear Redeemer,
Guards His fervant's foul;
f And thy prize awaits thee,
At the heav'nly goal.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.



SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!





I.

f Soldiers of Christ, arise! And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies, But take, to arm you in the fight, Through His eternal Son.

II.

Strong in the LORD of hosts, And in His mighty power; Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror.

III.

Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endued; The panoply of God.

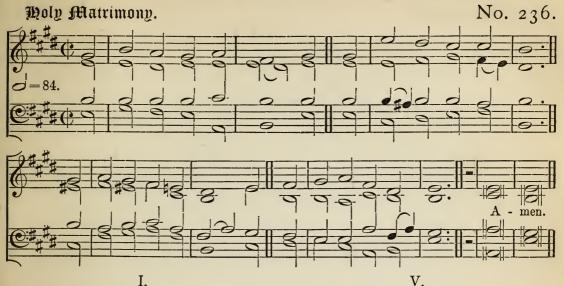
IV.

mf That having all things done, And all your conflicts passed, Ye may o'ercome, through CHRIST alone, And stand entire at last.

V.

f From strength to strength go on, And wrestle, fight, and pray! Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day!

THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN.



p THE Voice that breathed o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, The primal marriage bleffing, It hath not passed away.

II.

mf Still in the pure espousal Of Christian man and maid, The HOLY THREE are with us, The threefold grace is faid.

III.

For dow'r of blessed children, For love and faith's fweet fake, For high mysterious union, Which naught on earth may break;

IV.

p Be present, awful FATHER, To give away this bride, cres. As Eve Thou gav'ft to Adam, Out of his own pierced fide.

V.

p Be present, Son of Mary, To join their loving hands, cres. As Thou didst bind two natures In Thine eternal bands.

VI.

p Be present, Holiest Spirit, To bless them as they kneel, cres. As Thou, for CHRIST, the Bridegroom, The heav'nly Spouse dost feal.

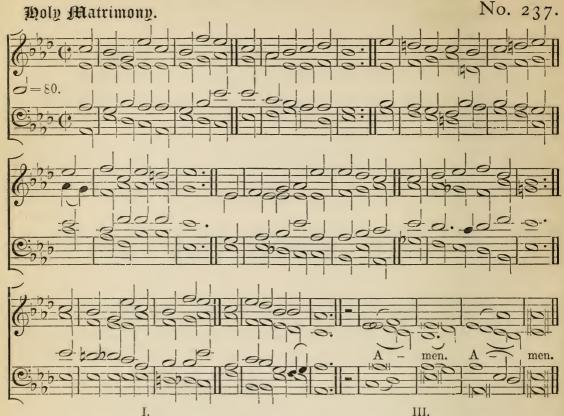
VII.

mf O spread Thy pure wing o'er them! Let no ill pow'r find place, When onward to Thine altar The hallowed path they trace,

VIII.

cres. To cast their crowns before Thee In perfect facrifice, f Till to the home of gladness With CHRIST'S Own Bride they rife.

WHEN FAIREST EVE IN EDEN ROSE.



p When fairest Eve in Eden rose From fleeping Adam's fide, cres. Thou led'ft her, LORD, Thy precious gift, To Adam for a bride.

mf So now Thy handmaid here bestow On this, Thy waiting fon; / Unite them both in holy bonds,

A loving race to run.

II.

mf Make Thou their home as Eden bright, Like Eden in her bloom; Let choicest flow'rs adorn their path, And round them shed perfume! p Thy Church Thou tenderly hast loved, And washed her pure and fair; cres. No stain, nor wrinkle wouldst Thou trace, But see all comely there.

mf Thus, fondly knitted, ne'er may they Discern the faulty spot, p cres. Or else, with gentle hand, let fall A veil to hide the blot. p High fanctity didst Thou impress Upon the marriage-rite; cres. When Cana faw the flowing streams

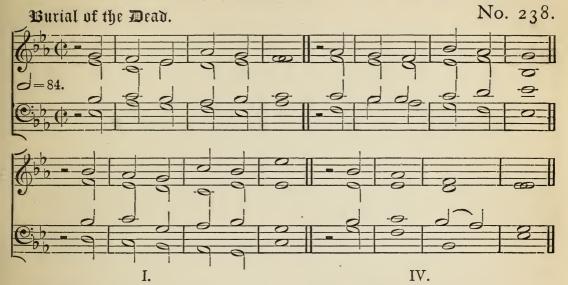
Shine crimfon in the light.

IV.

mf Yet, though that nuptial feast was graced With store of mystic wine, Thou still canst fill a spouseless heart, That knows no love but Thine. p cres. LORD, grant us all, or virgins purc,

Or blest with wedded love, f To view the heav'nly Bridegroom's face In Paradife above.

O DEATH, THOU ART NO MORE!



mf O DEATH, thou art no more!
Thou too, O Death, art dead!
Thy boasted glory o'er,
Thy power sled!

II.

O Death, thou art no more, For Christ, the lost to fave, Hath opened wide the door, And left the grave;

III.

In dying, thee hath slain,
In living, life hath given,
cres. And, rending Hell in twain,
f Hath opened Heaven.

p Then Christian, cease to weep, Shed now no hopeless tear; cres. A little while of sleep, And morn is near;

V

f The morn that knows no night,
In realms of cloudless day,
Where glorious faints in light
Their homage pay.

VI.

p cres. Weep not! the gate of life
Henceforth is dreaded death,
The end of life-long strife—
Our dying breath.

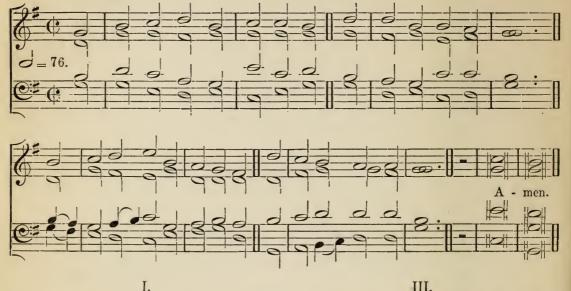
VII.

f Weep not! the Vict'ry's won!
Away with doubts and fears!
dim. Christ, when our work is done,
pp Will dry our tears.

WHY DO WE MOURN DEPARTING FRIENDS.

Burial of the Dead.

No. 239.



p Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at Death's alarms? cres. 'Tis but the voice that Jesus fends, To call them to His arms.

III.

p The graves of all His faints be bleffed, And foftened every bed! cres. Where should the dying members rest, But with their dying Head?

II.

p Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? cres. For there the flesh of Jesus lay And left a long perfume.

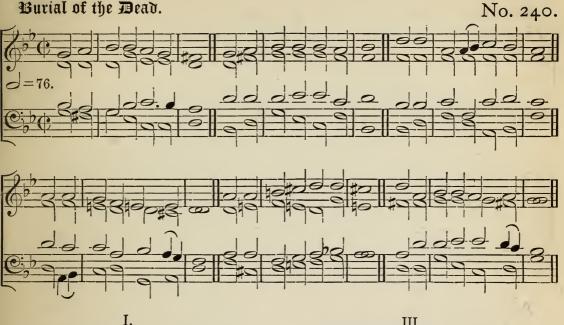
IV.

mf He thence arose, ascending high, And shewed our feet the way; f Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly, At our great rifing day.

V.

mf Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rife; f Awake! ye nations underground! Ye faints, ascend the skies!

EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST.



p "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:" LORD, we own the sentence just; Head and tongue, and hand and heart, All in guilt have borne their part:

cres. Righteous is the common doom; All must moulder in the tomb.

II.

mf Like the feed in spring-time sown, Like the leaves in autumn strown, Low these goodly frames must lie, All our pomp and glory die; Soon the spoiler seeks his prey, Soon he bears us all away.

III.

f Yet the feed, upraifed again, Clothes with green the fmiling plain; Onward as the feafons move, Leaves and bloffoms deck the grove: And shall we forgotten lie, Lost for ever when we die?

TV.

p Lord, from Nature's gloomy night, Turn we to the Gospel's light; Thou didst triumph o'er the grave, Thou wilt all Thy people fave:

cres. Ranfomed by Thy Blood, the just Rife immortal from the dust.

FROM OUT THE DEEP, O LORD, ON THEE.

For those at Sea.

No. 241.



I.

p From out the deep, O Lord, on Thee
The trembling feamen cry aloud:
cres. Thou fittest Sovereign of the sea,
And ridest high above the cloud.

II.

f The raging waters o'er them roll,
And leaden mists efface the sky;
The tempest awes their inmost soul:
p Yet storm is music, Thou but nigh.

III.

of Cord, appeare the angry wild;
Of smooth the billow's swelling crest;
As soft the cradle rocks the child,
So gently lull them all to rest.

IV.

p When we repose in tranquil sleep,
And winds are whistling high and drear,
cres. Oh! think of those who moan and weep,
And cry for help when none is near.

V.

mf The night is dark, and fierce the fray!

How dread the loneness' mid the wave!

p Be with them, though they fail to pray,

And save them from a watery grave.

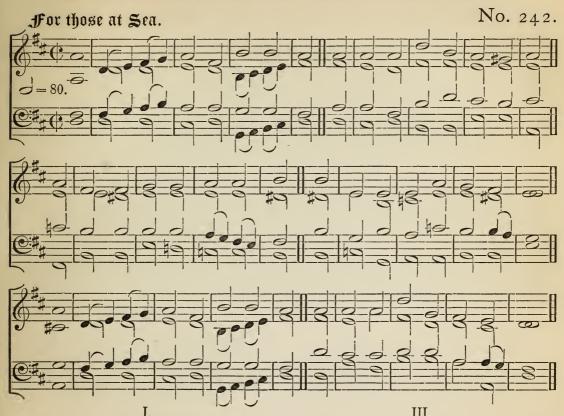
VI.

mf When calm shall glaze the ocean face,
Still teach them ever Thee to know;
Thy tender mercy still to trace,
Still Thine in weal as well as woe.

VII.

f Fanned ever by Thy wings of love, On land or fea, on ship or shore, dim. O guide us all to Thee above, Our peaceful Haven evermore.

O THOU WHO BID'ST THE OCEAN DEEP.



f O Thou, Who bid'st the ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Thou, Who dost bind the restless wave,
Eternal Father, strong to save,

p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee For all in peril on the sea!

II.

mf O Saviour! Whose Almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep;
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

p O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood Upon the Chaos dark and rude; Who bad'st its angry tumult cease, And light diffused, and life, and peace;

p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the fea!

IV.

f O Trinity of love and power, Our brethren shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest them defend; To safety's harbour them attend;

ff And ever let there rife to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
fea!

THE LORD ASCENDS THE SACRED HILL.



I.

THE LORD ascends the sacred hill;
His favored sew attend Him still:

pp Lo! there at dead of night,

mf He kneels to pray, (p) but, sunk in sleep,

mf They sail the holy watch to keep,

cres. ff Till bursts a blaze of light!

II.

mf His features like the lightning glow!
His raiment glistens white as snow!
f Full glorious does He shine!
The Son of Man, to sorrow doomed,
Though tortured, pierced, and dead, and tombed,
cres. Shall live the Word Divine.

III.

mf Lo! summoned from the spirit-land,
With Him Elias, Moses, stand,
p In union, Oh! how fair!

cres. They hold with their resplendent Lord
Sweet converse, tuned in rich accord!
A mystic Three is there!

IV.

p A cloud descends, a cloud of sear!
f"Behold My Son! Hear Him!" they hear:
pp The voice is from the Throne!
mf Shines forth the Son, the Light of day!
The Law, the Prophets sade away,
cres. The Christ remains alone.

V.

mf Though Law, and Prophets teach and warn,
They leave the finner still forlorn:

p The Gospel shines to save!

mf Thou only, Lord, canst help, forgive;
Through Thee alone the lost can live,

eres. Triumphant o'er the grave!

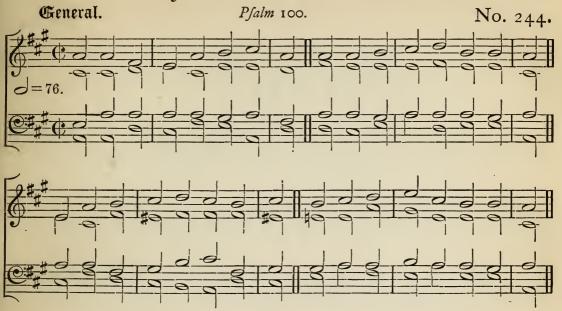
VI.

f May we attain that vision blest,
That mount of glory, seat of rest!

pp That there, from blemish free,
mf Our souls may shine all pure and bright,
Our bodies radiant as the light,

cres. ff Transsigured, Lord, by Thee.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.



p. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with facred joy; Know ye the Lord is God alone, He can create, and He destroy.

II.

mf His fovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

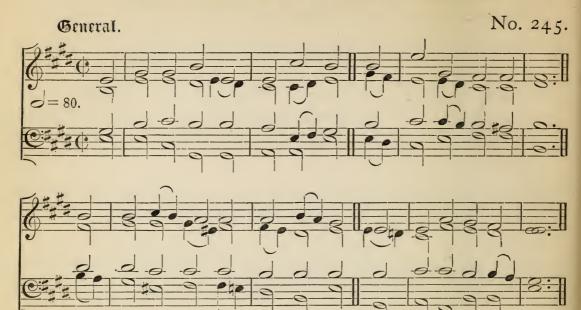
III.

f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful fongs, As high as heav'n our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

IV.

ff Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.



mf JERUSALEM, my happy home, Name ever dear to me! When shall my labours have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

II.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls, And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks, with falvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

III.

Nor fin, nor forrow know: Bleft feats! through rude and stormy fcenes, I onward press to you.

IV.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe, Or feel at death difmay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

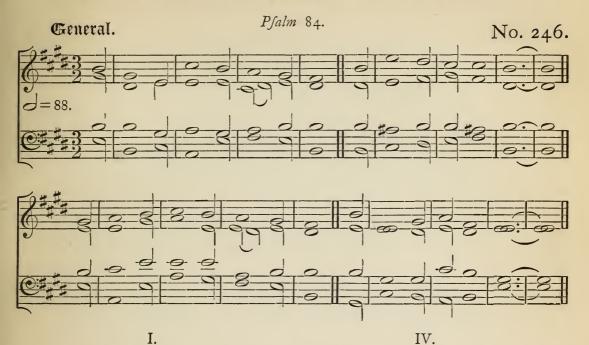
V.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there Around my Saviour stand: And soon my friends in CHRIST below Will join the glorious band.

VI.

There happier bow'rs than Eden bloom, f Jerusalem, my happy home! My foul still pants for thee: Then shall my labours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

O GOD OF HOSTS, THE MIGHTY LORD.



mf O God of Hosts, the mighty LORD, How lovely is the place, Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st The brightness of Thy face!

f For in Thy courts one fingle day 'Tis better to attend, Than, LORD, in any place besides A thousand days to spend.

II.

p My longing foul faints with defire To view Thy blest abode; My panting heart and flesh cry out For Thee, the living God.

V.

mf Much rather in God's house will I The meanest office take, Than in the wealthy tents of fin My pompous dwelling make.

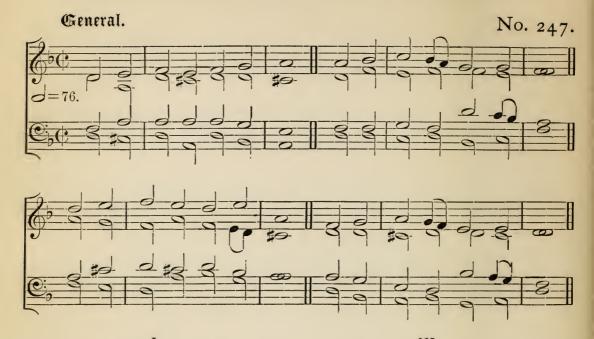
III.

mf O LORD of Hosts, my King and God, f For God, Who is our Sun and Shield, How highly bleft are they, Who in Thy temple always dwell, And there Thy praise display!

VI.

Will grace and glory give; And no good thing will He withhold From them that justly live.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, DOVE DIVINE.



p Gracious Spirit, Dove divine, Let Thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove; Fill me sull of heaven and love. III.

Life and peace to me impart; Seal falvation on my heart; Breathe Thyfelf within my breaft, Earnest of immortal rest.

II.

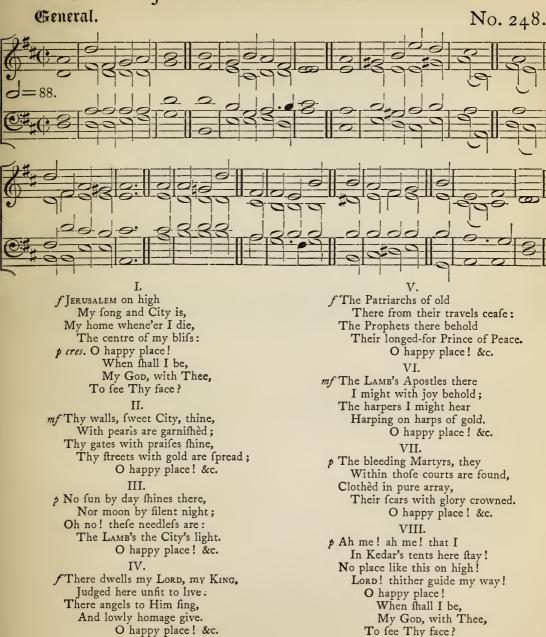
Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the burdened finner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His precious blood. IV.

cres. Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my foul with joy divine;
Keep me, LORD, for ever Thine.

V.

mf Guard me round on every fide;
Save me from felf-righteous pride;
Me with Jesu's mind inspire;
Melt me with celestial fire.

JERUSALEM ON HIGH.



AFFLICTION IS A STORMY DEEP.

General.

No. 249.





I.

III.

mf Affliction is a stormy deep, Where wave refounds to wave; Though o'er my head the billows roll, cres. I'll praise Him for ten thousand past, I know the LORD can fave.

p In gloomy watches of the night I'll count His mercies o'er; And humbly fue for more.

II.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns, He'll reinstate my peace; For He, Who bade the tempest roar, Can bid the tempest cease.

IV.

mf Then, O my foul, why thus depressed, And whence this anxious fear? Let former favours fix thy trust, And check the rifing tear.

V.

I here will rest, and build my hopes, Nor murmur at His rod; f He's more than all the world to me, My health, my life, my God.

AMID THE VARIOUS SCENES OF ILLS.



mf Amid the various scenes of ills, Each stroke some heavenly aim fulfils: And canst thou murmur at thy God, Whose sovereign love directs the rod?

mf Tho' tempests drive thee from the shore, And floods descend, and billows roar: Tho' death appear in threat'ning form, f With Him thou canst defy the storm.

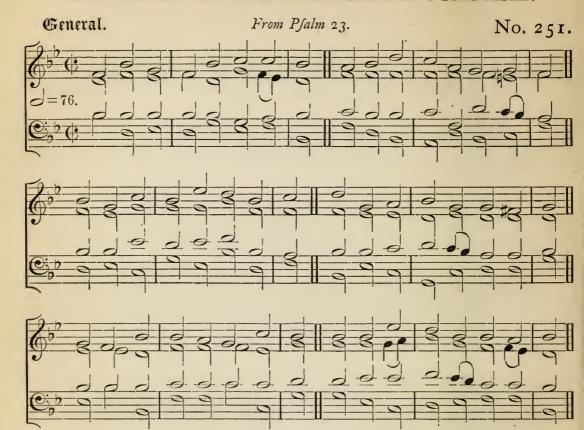
II.

p If Heaven afflicts, wilt thou repine? cres. Each heartfelt comfort may be thine; And journey with thee thro' the vale. IV.

p He near thee, in the darkest shade, Thou nevermore shalt be afraid: Comforts that shall o'er death prevail, cres. For where thy loving LORD is found, A Paradife is blooming round.

mf O Saviour, smooth our rugged way, And lead us to the realms of day, To fofter skies, and brighter plains, cres. Where everlasting funshine reigns.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE.



I.

mf The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; cres. My noon-day walks He shall attend,

And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

p When in the fultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
eres. To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, fost and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

f For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,

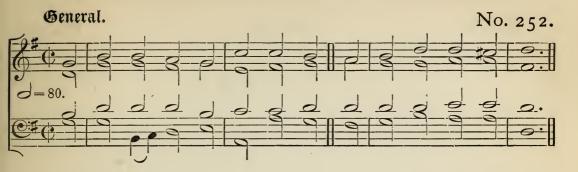
IV.

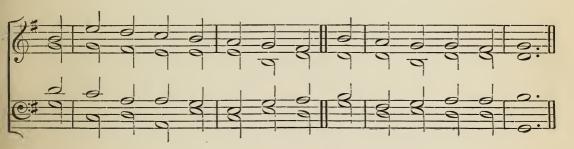
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

mf Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,

cres. With fudden greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all around.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.





I.

mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God, My rifing foul furveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

Thy Providence my life fustained, And all my wants redreft, When in the filent womb I lay, And hung upon the breast.

III.

p When worn with fickness, oft hast Thou f Through all eternity to Thee cres. With health renewed my face; And, when in fins and forrows funk, Revived my foul with grace.

IV.

f Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least, a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

V.

mf Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

VI.

A joyful fong I'll raise; But O! eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.

LET US, WITH A GLADSOME MIND.





I.

mf LET us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the LORD, for He is kind; f For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever fure.

II.

mf Let us blaze His Name abroad, For of gods He is the GoD: f For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever fure.

III.

mf He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made earth with light: f For His mercies aye endure,

Ever faithful, ever fure.

IV.

p His Own people He did bless, In the wasteful wilderness:

f For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever fure.

V.

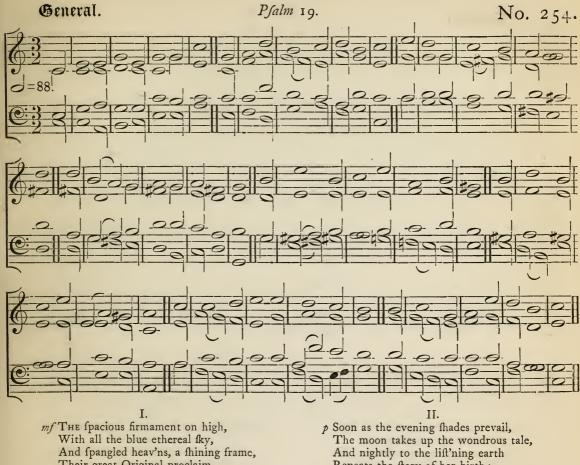
mf All things living He doth feed; His full hand supplies their need: f For His mercies ave endure, Ever faithful, ever fure.

VI.

p He hath, with a piteous eye, Looked upon our mifery:

ff For His mercies age endure, Ever faithful, ever fure.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.



Their great Original proclaim. Th' unwearied fun, from day to day, Does his CREATOR'S pow'r display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.

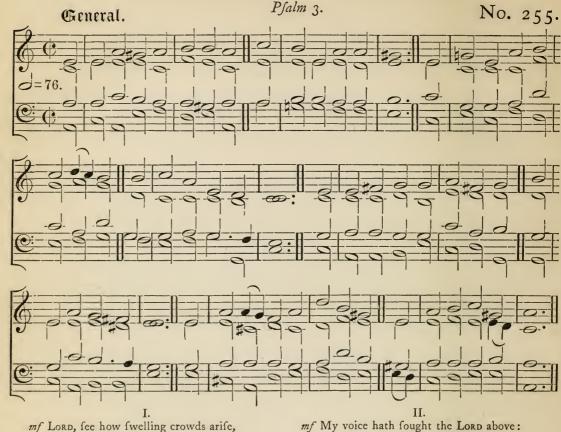
Repeats the story of her birth;

cres. Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets, in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, f And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

pp What, though in folemn filence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball; What, though no real voice or found Amidst their radiant orbs be found; cres. In Reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever finging as they shine: ff" The hand that made us is Divine."

HOW SWELLING CROWDS ARISE. LORD, SEE



mf Lord, fee how fwelling crowds arife, To wreck me thick arrayed!

Hear how the throng infulting cries: "His Gop denies him aid!"

f But, LORD, my castle Thou wilt stand, A shield before me spread;

My worship, Thou hast lent Thine hand, To raise my drooping head.

He heard me in the still,

And fent an answer, winged with love, From yonder holy hill.

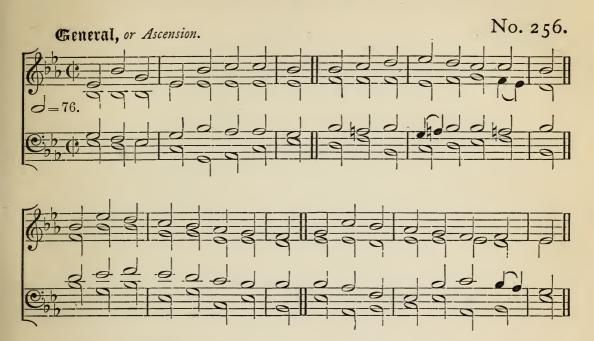
p I laid me down, and took my rest; I raised me up again:

Thou wert a pillow for my breaft, A cordial for my pain.

III.

f I will not fear ten thousand foes, That marshal haughty bands, And close me round in angered rows, To whelm me 'neath their hands. Up, LORD! my God, reveal Thy face, And smite the foemen down: Thine is the fafety, and Thy Grace Thy people's brightest crown.

HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE STANDS. WHERE



I.

f Where high the heavenly temple stands, p A Suff'rer once, He yet retains The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our nature wears, The Guardian of mankind appears.

II.

He, Who for men in mercy stood, And poured on earth His precious blood, Pursues in heaven His plan of Grace, And lives to aid the human race.

III.

mf Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye; Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame. IV.

A tender pity for our pains; And still remembers in the skies His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart, The Man of Sorrows had a part; He sympathises with our grief, And fends the fuff'rer sweet relief.

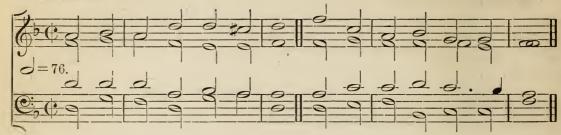
VI.

f With boldness, therefore, at the throne. Let us make all our forrows known, And ask the aids of heavenly power, To help us in the evil hour.

SHADOW OF A MIGHTY ROCK.

General.

No. 257.





I.

p Shadow of a mighty rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land
cres. Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in Thy shelter stand!

II.

mf When Thy Presence, O my God, Brighter is than eye can see, Shadow on the heavenward road, Let me find my shade in Thee. III.

When life's passions o'er me break, Like a storm against the wall, p Let me find, for mercy's sake, Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

IV.

mf Out of Thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

V.

f Till the race of life be run,

Till my foul in rest be laid,

God of gods, Thou art my Sun;

Son of God, be Thou my Shade!

MUCH IN SORROW, OFT IN WOE.





I.

mf Мисн in forrow, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go! Fight the fight, and, worn with strife, Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

II.

f Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain:
Dreary is the long campaign.

III.

mf Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your CAPTAIN's power?

IV.

Let your drooping hearts be glad; March, in heavenly armour clad; Fight, nor think the battle long; Vi&'ry foon shall tune your song.

V.

Let not forrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not woe your course impede; Great your strength, if great your need.

VI.

f Onward then to battle move!

More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;

Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian foldiers, onward go!

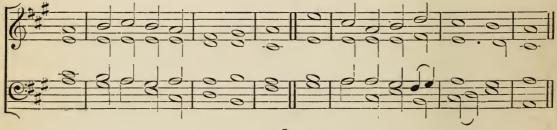
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

General.

Psalm. 100.

No. 259.





I.

f All people, that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

II.

p Know that the LORD is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

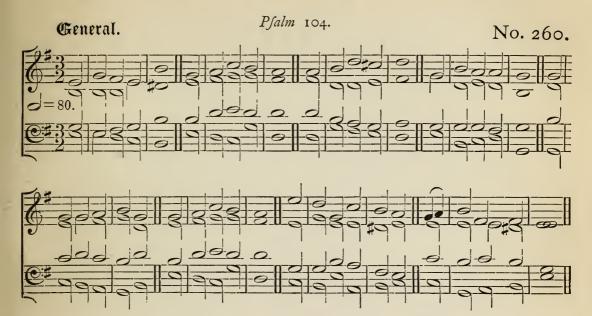
III.

f Oh! enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.

IV.

ff For why? the LORD our God is good,
His mercy is for ever fure;
His truth at all times firmly flood,
And shall from age to age endure.

O WORSHIP THE KING.



f O worship the King,
All glorious above:
O gratefully fing
His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

I.

II.

O tell of His might,
O fing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

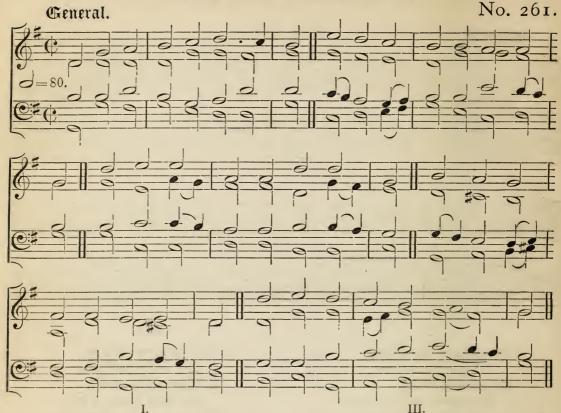
III.

p Frail children of dust,
And seeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender:
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Desender,
Redeemer and Friend!

IV.

f O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD.



f Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing,
ff Hosanna in the highest!

H.

f "Hosanna," LORD, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," LORD, Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

Hosanna in the highest!

p O Saviour, with protecting care Return to this Thy house of prayer, Assembled in Thy sacred Name, Where we Thy parting promise claim. f Hosanna in the highest!

IV.

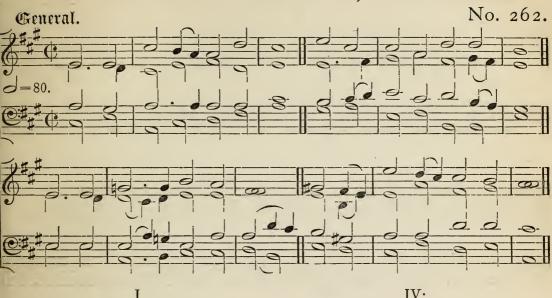
p But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast, Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest; And make our secret soul to be A Temple pure, and worthy Thee. f Hosanna in the highest!

V.

pp So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
cres. Thy slock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the found of praise again.

ff Hosanna in the highest!

DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE!



mf DEATHLESS principle, arise! Soar, thou native of the skies! Pearl of price, by Jesus bought, To His glorious likeness wrought!

f Lo, He beckons from on high! Fearless to His Presence fly! Thine the merit of His Blood; Thine the righteousness of God.

mf Angels, joyful to attend, Hovering round thy pillow, bend; Wait to catch the fignal given, And escort thee quick to Heaven.

p Is thy earthly house distrest, Willing to retain her guest? cres. 'Tis not thou, but she, must die: Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

f Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay, Sweetly breathe thyself away; Singing, to thy crown remove, Swift of wing, and fired with love.

p Saints, in glory perfect made, Wait thy passage through the shade: cres. Swiftly to their wish be given: f Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

THINE FOR EVER! GOD OF LOVE.

General.

No. 263.





I.

mf Thine for ever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above; Thine for ever may we be, Here, and in eternity!

II.

Thine for ever! LORD of life, Shield us through our earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day. III.

f Thine for ever! Oh, how bleft
They who find in Thee their reft!
SAVIOUR, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

IV.

p Thine for ever! Saviour, keep These, Thy frail and trembling sheep; Safe alone beneath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.

V.

f Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESU'S NAME!

General. No. 264. I.

f All hail the pow'r of Jesu's Name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem, ff To crown Him Lord of all!

mf Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre, And, as they tune it, fall Before His face, Who tunes their choir, ff And crown Him Lord of all!

III.

f Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball! Now, hail the strength of Israel's might, # And crown Him I ord of all!

IV.

mf Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God, Who from His altar call! Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod, ff And crown Him Lord of all!

mf Ye feed of Ifrael's chosen race, Ye ransomed of the fall, Hail Him Who faves you by His grace, # And crown Him Lord of all!

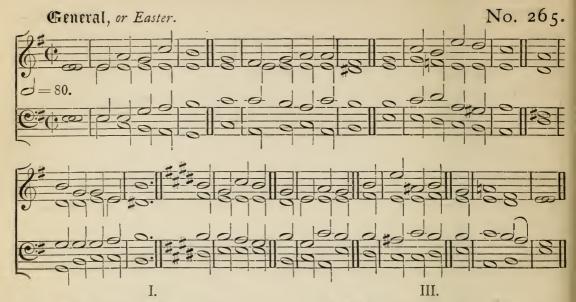
VI.

mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David LORD did call; The God incarnate, Man divine; # And crown Him Lord of all!

VII.

f Let every tribe and every tongue That bound creation's call, Now shout in universal song, ff The crowned Lord of all!

MY LIFE'S A SHADE, MY DAYS.



p My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
cres. My Lord is life, He'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine!
p cres. Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
f And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

II.

My peaceful grave shall keep My bones till that sweet day, I wake from my long sleep, And leave my bed of clay. Sweet truth, &c. mf My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

IV.

p I faid fometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die!
LORD, filence Thou these fears:
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth, &c.

V.

mf What means my trembling heart,
To be thus fhy of death;
My life and I ne'er part,
Though I refign my breath.
Sweet truth, &c.

YE BOUNDLESS REALMS OF JOY.





I.

f YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your MAKER's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

II.

p Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
f His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

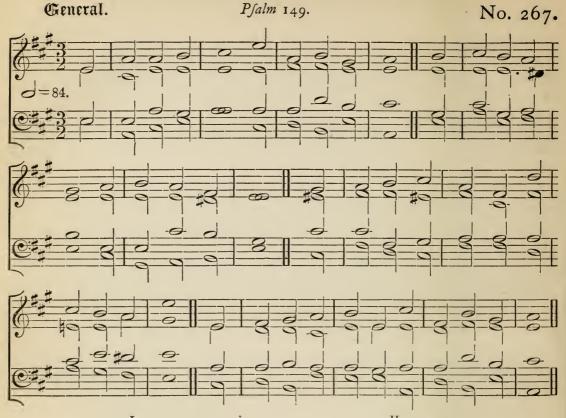
III.

mf United zeal be shewn
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

IV.

p His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
f O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The LORD to praise.

O PRAISE YE THE LORD.



I.

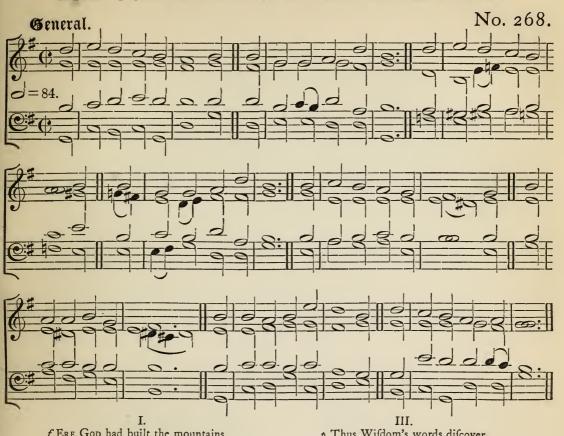
f O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praife in the great
Affembly to fing;
In our great Creator
Let Ifrael rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

II.
Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praifes express;
Who always takes pleafure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

III.

ff By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And faints upon earth,
All praife be addreft
To God in Three Perfons,
One God ever bleft;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

ERE GOD HAD BUILT THE MOUNTAINS.



f ERE God had built the mountains. Or raised the fruitful hills, Before He filled the fountains. That feed the running rills, Brought forth from everlasting, I, Wisdom, dwelt with Him, In joyance never wasting, And brightness never dim.

II.

When, like an archèd dwelling, He spread the skies abroad, And swathed about the swelling Of ocean's mighty flood; He wrought by weight and measure; And I was with Him then: Myself the Father's pleasure, And Mine the fons of men.

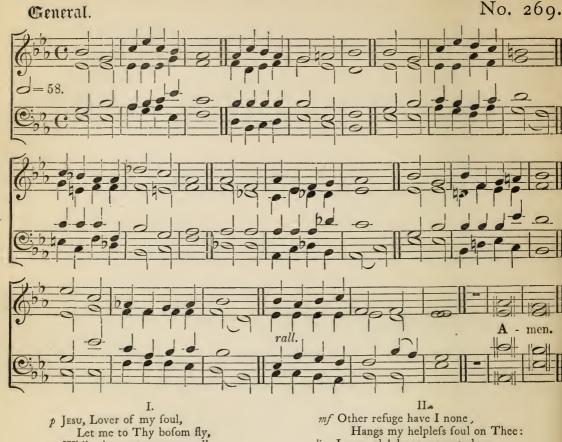
p Thus Wisdom's words discover Thy glory and Thy grace, Thou everlasting Lover Of our unworthy race! Thy gracious Eye furveyed us, Ere stars were hung above; In wisdom Thou hast made us, And died for us in love.

IV.

cres. And canst Thou be delighted

With creatures fuch as we, Who, when we faw Thee, flighted, And nailed Thee to a tree? f Unfathomable Wonder, And Mystery divine! The voice, that speaks in thunder, Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.



p Jesu, Lover of my foul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
eres. While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
p Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
eres. Till the storm of life is past,
f Sase into the haven guide;
dim. O receive my foul at last!

II.

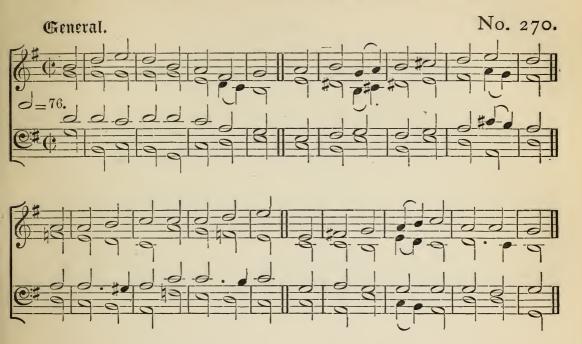
mf Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helples soul on Thee dim. Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
f All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my desenceles head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

III.

Inf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my fin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make, and keep me pure within!

Iteres. Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
If Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rife to all eternity!

O KING OF EARTH, AND AIR, AND SEA.



I.

mf O King of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee:
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

II.

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common FATHER, good to all!
Then grant Thy fervants, LORD, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

III.

The fishes may for food complain; The ravens spread their wings in vain; The roaring lions lack and pine; But, God, Thou carest still for Thine! IV.

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless The bleak and lonely wilderness; And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray For daily bread from day to day.

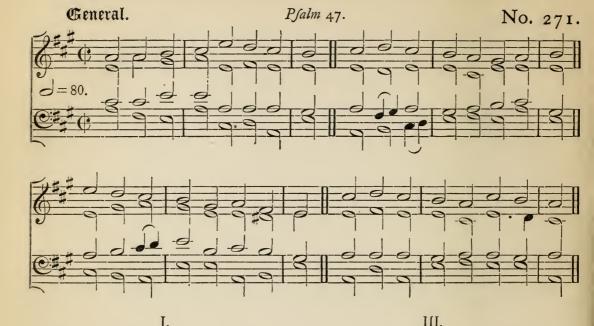
V.

p And oh! when through the wilds we roam, That part us from our heavenly home; When lost in danger, want, and woe, Our faithless tears begin to flow,

VI.

By which alone the foul may live;
And grant Thy fervants, LORD, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

O ALL YE PEOPLE, CLAP YOUR HANDS.



f O ALL ye people, clap your hands, And fing aloud with lufty voice; God reigns on high above the lands; Then tremble, while ye still rejoice. f God is gone up with merry found;
The trumpet leads with stately ring;
Sing praises, praises shout around;

Sing praises to the heavenly King!

II.

mf Our bitter foemen He shall bruise,
And lay them low beneath our feet;
A heritage for us shall choose;
Great Jacob's shrine, His favoured seat.

IV.

mf God reigns supreme, the Lord of all;
With servent heart repeat the cry!
Before His ark the heathen fall,
The throne of Majesty on high.

V.

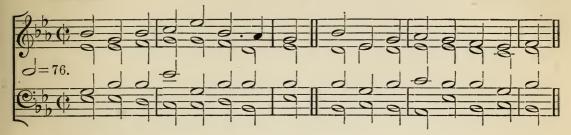
f The princes haste to Zion's rock,
The princes of our honoured race;
cres. Above His universal flock
God spreads the buckler of His grace.

[ESU, HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT OF THEE!

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

General.

No. 272.





I.

IV.

p Jesu, how sweet the thought of Thee! cres. No tongue of mortal can disclose,
With true delight it fills the breast;
But sweeter still it is to see
Thy Own dear Presence, ever blest.

How blest is he that loves Thy Name.

II.

mf No voice a chant more lovely fings,
Nor founds a more melodious cry:
Naught sweeter in the bosom springs,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

V.

p Rest with us, gracious LORD, this day; Let heavenly radiance o'er us fall; Chase darkness from the soul away, And with Thy sweetness fill us all.

III.

VI.

PO Hope of mourners, worn and weak, mf Our joy, O Jesu, deign to be!
To those that ask of Thee, how kind!
Thou soon shalt prove our richest prize;
How merciful to those that seek! cres.O may our glory be in Thee,
But what art Thou to those that find!
Till age o'er age shall cease to rise!

LORD, AS TO THY DEAR CROSS WE FLEE.

General, or Passion-tide.

No. 273.





Ī.

p Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be forgiven, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our fouls for heaven.

II.

Help us, through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear, Like Thee, to do our Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share. III.

mf Let grace our felfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

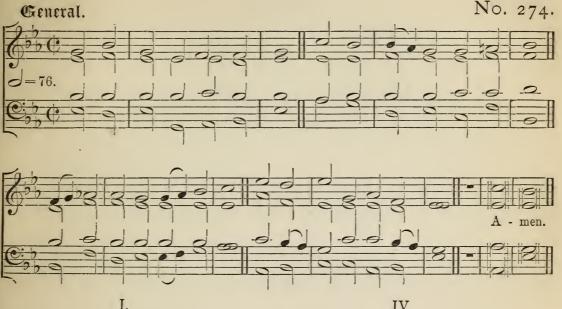
IV.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

V.

p Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cres. O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.



mf HARK, my foul! it is the LORD, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word: Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee: p "Say, poor finner, lov'st thou Me?"

II.

"I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound, Sought thee wandering, fet thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.

III.

Can a woman's tender care Cease to guard the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be; Yet will I remember thee.

IV.

mf Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

V.

f Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; p Say, poor finner, lov'st thou Me?"

VI.

mf LORD, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; cres. Yet I love Thee and adore! Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

NO CHANGE OF TIMES SHALL EVER SHOCK.



TO 1 C.:

f NO change of times shall ever shock My firm affection, Lord, to Thee, For Thou hast always been my rock,

I.

A fortress and defence to me.

III.

mf To Thee I will address my prayer,

To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,

Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

II.

Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God, My trust is in Thy mighty power; Thou art my shield from foes abroad, At home my safeguard and my tower. IV.

p By floods of wicked men distressed,
 With seas of forrow compassed round;
 With dire infernal pangs oppressed,
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

V.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer, To God addressed my humble moan, cres. Who graciously inclined His ear, f And heard me from His losty throne.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.





I.

mf God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

II.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

III.

f Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

IV.

mf Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

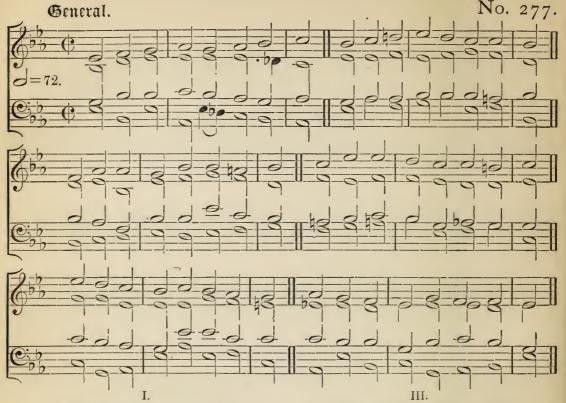
V.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

VI.

f Blind unbelief is fure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His Own Interpreter, And He will make it plain.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.



p When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark and friends are few,

cres. On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:

f He fees my wants, allays my fears,

And counts and treasures up my tears.

11.

mf If aught should tempt my foul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way; To sly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do;

f Still He, Who felt temptation's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour. p If wounded love my bosom swell, Deceived by those I prized too well;

cres. He shall His pitying aid bestow, Who selt on earth severer woe;

dim. At once betrayed, denied, or fled, By those who shared His daily bread.

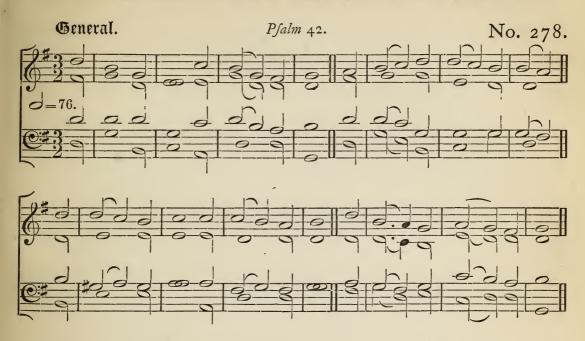
IV.

p If vexing thoughts within me rife, And, fore dismayed, my spirit dies;

cres. Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear An anguish bord'ring on despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

p And O! when I have fafely past
Through every conslict but the last;
cres. Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
mf Then point to realms of cloudless day,
p And wipe the latest tear away!

AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS.



I.

p AS pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase; cres. So longs my foul, O God, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace.

II.

mf For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

III

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul? cres. Trust God, Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

IV.

p My heart is pierced, as with a fword, Whilst thus my foes upbraid; Vain boaster! where is now Thy God? And where His promised aid?

V.

mf God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' fcorn?

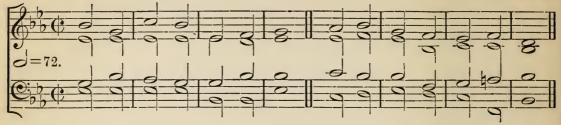
VI.

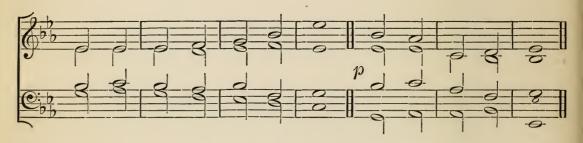
p Why restless, why cast down, my soul? cres. Hope still, and thou shalt sing.
The praise of Him, Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT!

General.

No. 279.





I.

mf LORD of mercy and of might! Of mankind the Life and Light! cres. Maker, Teacher Infinite!

p Jesus! hear and fave!

II.

mf Who, when fin's tremendous doom Gave creation to the tomb, Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb, p Jesus! hear and fave!

III.

mf Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild! dim. Humbled to a mortal Child, Captive, beaten, bound, reviled, p Jesus! hear and fave!

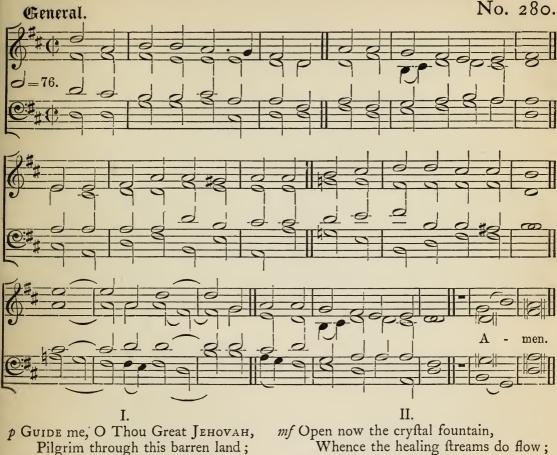
IV.

f Throned above celestial things, Borne aloft on Angels' wings, LORD of lords, and KING of kings, p Jesus! hear and fave!

V.

f Who shalt yet return from high, Robed in might and majesty, Hear us! help us when we cry, p Jesus! hear and fave!

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.



Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: cres. Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

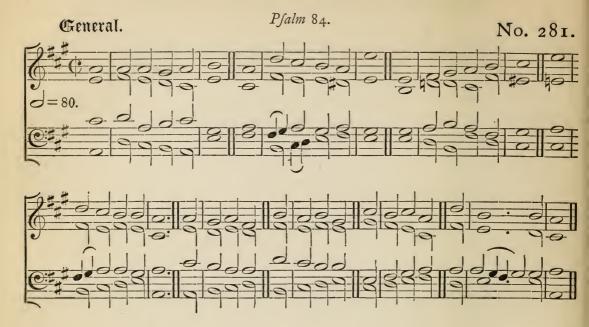
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;

mf Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do slow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

III.

p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
cres. Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
J will ever give to Thee.

LORD OF THE WORLDS ABOVE.



I.

mf Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
p cres. To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm defires
f To see my God.

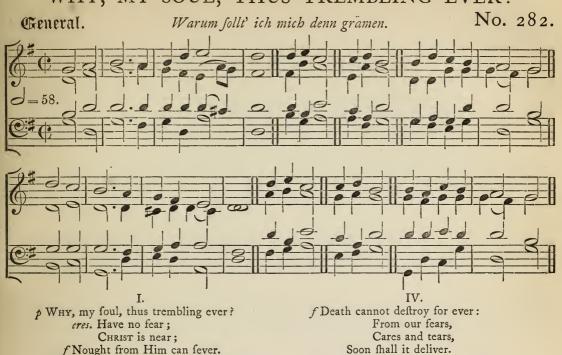
II.

mf O happy fouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
p cres. They praise Thee still;
And happy they,
That love the way
f To Sion's hill.

III.

mf They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length;
Till each in heaven appears:
p cres. O glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
f Our willing seet!

WHY, MY SOUL, THUS TREMBLING EVER?



Heav'n is thine, and CHRIST shall own thee:

p cres. Faithful be Until He

Shall with triumph crown thee.

p Painful cross if He should send me, Shall I faint

With complaint,

Left the grief should end me?

cres. He hath borne the Cross before me:

Soon no pain Shall remain,

Only peace be o'er me.

III.

mf Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted,

Everywhere They appear,

Who in CHRIST are planted:

Death itself cannot appal them:

They rejoice

When the voice

Of their LORD doth call them.

Soon shall it deliver.

Doors of grief and gloom it closes,

While the foul,

Free and whole, With the faints repofes.

p Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee!

cres. I am Thine,

Thou art mine.

Even ere I knew Thee.

I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me:

p Lost I stood, cres. But Thy blood

Free falvation brought me.

f'Thou art mine, and, for my guiding,

Be Thy bright

Shining light

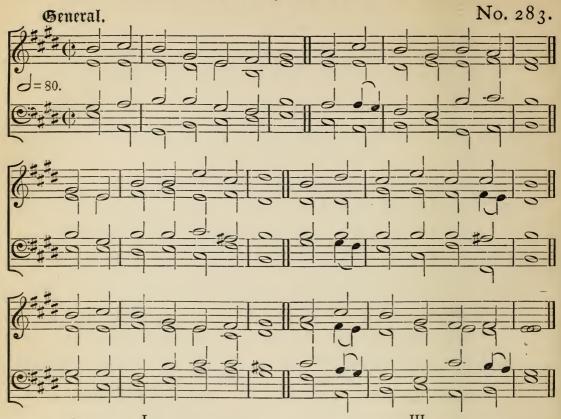
In my heart abiding!

p Saviour dear! let me, attaining cres. To Thy fide,

There abide,

With Thee ever reigning!

LORD OF POWER, LORD OF MIGHT.



p Lord of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call!
f Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

II.

mf Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great CREATOR of all good;
Fill our fouls with light divine:
Give us with our daily food,
Bleffings from Thy heavenly store,
Bleffings rich for evermore.

Cres. Graft within our heart of hearts

Love undying for Thy Name;

Bid us, ere the day departs,

Spread afar our Maker's fame;

Young and old together bless,

Clothe our fouls with righteousness.

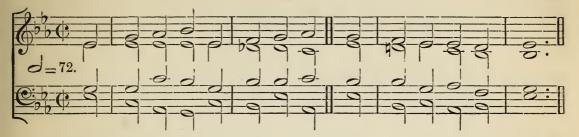
IV.

p Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be bleft!
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
cres. Fountain of eternal Love,
dim. Call us to our home above!

O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS.

General.

No. 284.





I.

I lift my heart to Thee; In all my forrows, conflicts, woes,

p Dear LORD, remember me!

II.

p When groaning, on my burdened heart My fins lie heavily,

cres. My pardon speak, new peace impart; In love remember me!

III.

mf Temptations fore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee;

Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good remember me!

IV.

mf O Thou from Whom all goodness flows, p Distressed with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body fee!

> Grant patience, rest, and kind relief: Good LORD, remember me!

> > V.

If on my face for Thy dear Name, Reproach and shame there be, All hail reproach, and welcome shame, If Thou remember me!

VI.

p The hour is near; configned to death, I own the just decree:

O Saviour, with my parting breath, I'll cry, "Remember me!"

PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM!



I.

f Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, Angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him!
Praife Him, all ye stars and light!

II.

Praise the LORD, for He hath spoken! Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.

III.

Praise the LORD! for He is glorious; Never shall His promise fail; God hath made His saints victorious: Sin and death shall not prevail.

IV.

ff Praise the God of our salvation!

Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim!

Heaven, and earth, and all creation,

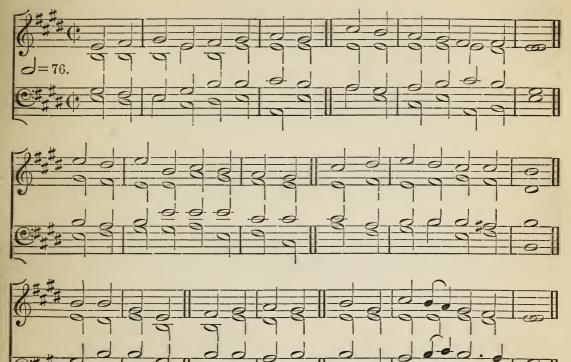
Laud and magnify His Name!

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN.

General.

Psalm 103.

No. 286.



mf Praise, my foul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ranfomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
f Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

II

mf Praise Him for His grace and savour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
f Praise Him, praise Him!
Glorious in His saithfulness!

III.

p Father-like He tends and spares us; Well our seeble frame He knows; In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our soes. f Praise Him, praise Him! Widely as His mercy flows.

IV

mf Angels, help us to adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
cres. Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
ff Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise with us the Gop of Grace!

TO BLESS THY CHOSEN RACE.





I.

p TO bless Thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.

II.

mf That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

IV.

f O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

V.

mf Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

VI.

f Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.



I.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing Our great REDEEMER's praise!
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

III.

p Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our forrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

II.

mf Our gracious Master and our God,
Assist us to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

IV.

cres. He fpeaks, and, list'ning to His voice,

New life the dead receive;

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,

The humble poor believe.

V.

f Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy!

WHEN WE OUR WEARIED LIMBS TO REST.





I.

P When we our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest, And Sion was our mournful theme. IV.

p How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skilful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God, our King, Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

II.

Our harps, that when with joy we fung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With filent strings neglected hung On willow-trees that withered there. V.

O Salem! our once happy feat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

III.

VI.

mf Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired mf If I to mention thee forbear,

To triumph in our flavish wrongs,

Sweet music in our grief required: dim. Or if I sing one cheerful air,

Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.

Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

NAME OF OUR TRIUMPHANT SAVIOUR.



f Name of our triumphant Saviour,
Loud we hail its glory bright!
Which in God the Father's bosom
Lay for ages hid from fight;
Now His holy Church proclaims it,
Graced with gifts of heav'nly light.

II.

p Name of sweetness, Name of joyance, Name that passeth tongue to tell: JESUS is the blessed title! This the Name that pleaseth well! Guilt and punishment it cancels: Name of love, that saves from hell!

III

mf Name it is for lowly homage;
Glorious Name, on high confest;
Name for ceaseless meditation
In this vale of dark unrest;
Worthy Name for deep devotion
Through the mansions of the blest.

IV.

When this Name aloud is preached, Music falls upon the ears; When it humbly is entreated, Sweet as honey it appears; Joy attends its contemplation; Darkness from the soul it clears.

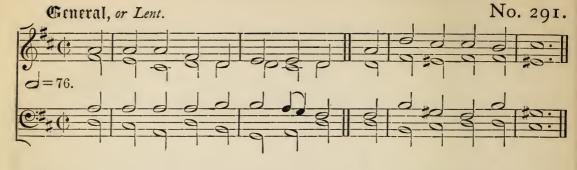
v.

f This great Name, to Heav'n exalted,
Rules by right supreme on high;
Wondrous Name, that fills with terror
Pow'rs of evil, forced to fly!
Name vouchsafed for our Salvation,
Brought by God's sweet mercy nigh.

VI.

p Jesu, this Thy Name, so sacred,
On our knees will we adore;
cres. Plant it in our inmost bosom,
Firmly root it, we implore;
ff So that, joined with hosts of Heaven,
We may praise Thee evermore.

FAR FROM THE WORLD, O LORD, I FLEE.





I.

p Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes, where Satan wages still His most successful war.

II.

The calm retreat, the filent shade, With prayer and praise agree, And seem by Thy sweet bounty made For those who follow Thee.

III.

mf There, if Thy Spirit touch the foul,
And grace her mean abode,
With what delight, and peace, and love,
She communes with her Goo!

IV.

p There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays:
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

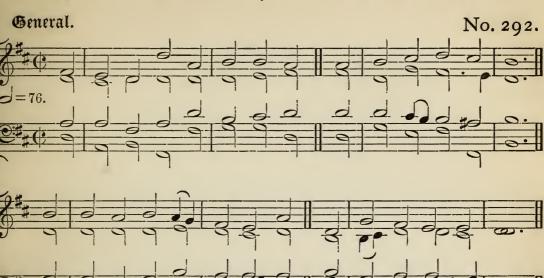
V

mf Great Author, Guardian of my life, Sweet Source of light Divine, And, all harmonious names in one, My Saviour, Thou art mine.

VI.

f What thanks I owe Thee, and what love, A boundless, endless store, Shall echo through the realms above, When time shall be no more.

THERE IS A RIVER, DEEP AND BROAD.



I.

mf THERE is a River, deep and broad, Its course no mortal knows; It fills with joy the Church of God, And widens as it flows.

II.

f More clear than crystal is the stream, And bright with endless day; The waves with every bleffing teem, And life and health convey.

III.

p Where'er they flow contentions cease, And love and meekness reign; The LORD Himself commands the peace, cres. Flow on, till all the Saviour know, And foes conspire in vain.

IV.

mf Along the shores, th' angelic bands Watch every moving wave; With holy joy their breast expands, When men the waters crave.

V.

To them distressed souls repair; The LORD invites them nigh; They leave their cares and forrows there; They drink, and never die.

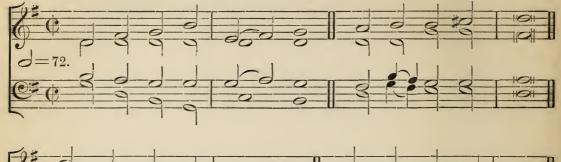
VI.

f Flow on, fweet Stream, more largely flow, The earth with glory fill; And all obey His will.

JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE.

General.

No. 293.





I.

p Jesu, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, cres. Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children's cry.

II.

p Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
mf Break down every idol,
Which our soul detains.

III.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
p Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

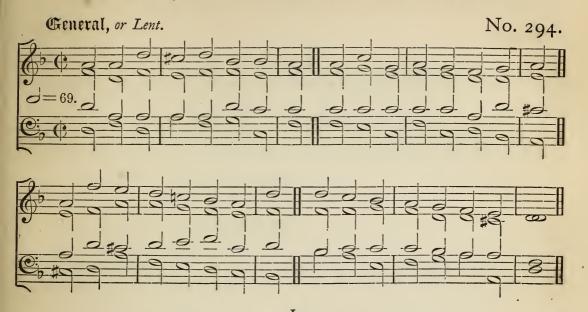
IV.

mf Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyfelf the Way,
cres. Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

V.

p Jesu, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, cres. Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children's cry.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, TO THEE I CALL.



mf My God, my Life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When rifing water-floods prevail,

II.

P Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint? Where but with Thee, Whose open door Invites the helpless and the poor?

Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

III.

Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fixed remain, That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

IV.

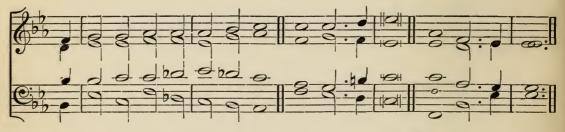
mf Though poor I am, despised, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not: f And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

MY GOD AND FATHER, WHILE I STRAY.

General. No. 295.



Verses 3, 4, 5, 6.



I.

mf My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p "Thy will be done."

Π.

mf Though dark my path, and fad my lot, Let me be still, and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, p "Thy will be done."

III.

p What though in lonely grief I figh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
cres. Submissive still would I reply,
p "Thy will be done."

IV.

mf Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
p "Thy will be done."

V.

p Should grief, or fickness, waste away
My life in premature decay,
cres. My Father, still I strive to say,
p "Thy will be done."

VI.

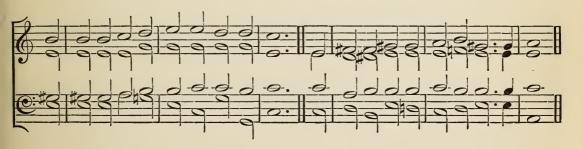
mf Let but my fainting heart be bleft
With Thy fweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done."

VII.

P Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to fay, cres. "Thy will be done."

WHY STORM THE HEATHEN?





I.

mf Why storm the heathen? Wherefore do they ring The frantic cry, to disposses my King? Their monarchs rise, their rulers madly say:

f" Quick! burst His setters, cast His cords away!"

III.

"My Son art Thou, this day hath feen Thy birth; Ask Me, and straight Thou reignest Lord of earth; Sore welts of iron Thou shalt sharply deal, And shatter them, like shards from potter's wheel.

IV.

II.

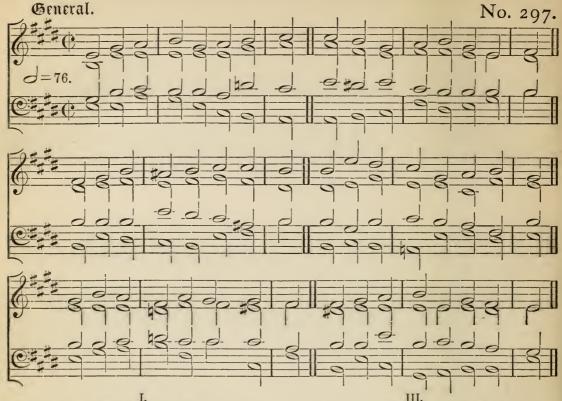
p But He that fits the heav'ns discains the scorn;
Derifive laughter sounds upon the morn;
Then mirth gives way, and now is wrath expressed:
f "My King is firm enthroned on Zion's crest.

mf "Be wife, then, O ye monarchs of the globe;
Assume, ye judges, wisdom's honoured robe;
Stoop down before the Lord in lowly dread,
And joy before Him with submissive head.

V.

"Kiss ye the Son, lest He should rise in wrath, And so ye perish from the rightful path: cres. For should His anger kindle but a gleam: f Thrice blest are they, who trust this King supreme!"

GREAT GOD, WHOSE SCEPTRE RULES THE EARTH.



mf Great God, Whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear within my heart,
That being wrapt with holy mirth,

I may proclaim how good Thou art:

f Ope wide my lips, that I may fing
Full praises to my Gop, my King.

II.

p Great God, Thy garden is defaced;
The weeds thrive there, the flowers decay;
O call to mind Thy promife past,
Restore Thou them, cut these away:
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve, or stint the poorest slower.

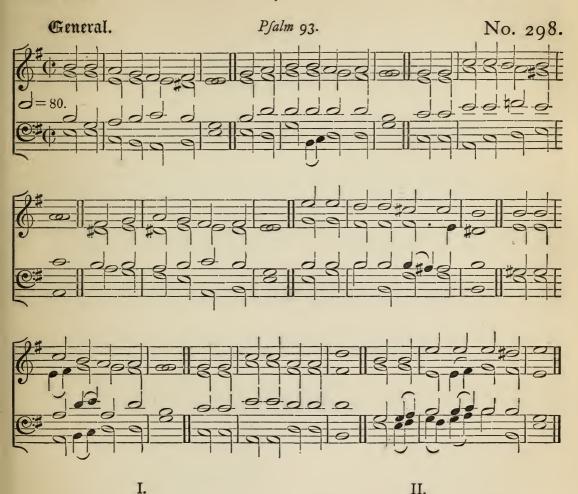
mf In all extremes, LORD, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do slee;
O make my foul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee;
LORD, let Thy gracious trials shew
That I am just, or make me so.

IV.

p O Fount of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
cres. Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

O Thou, that fitt'st in heaven, and see'st My deeds without, my thoughts within, Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest, Command my soul, and cure my sin: How bitter my afflictions be, I care not, so I rise to Thee.

CLOTHED WITH STATE, AND GIRT WITH MIGHT.

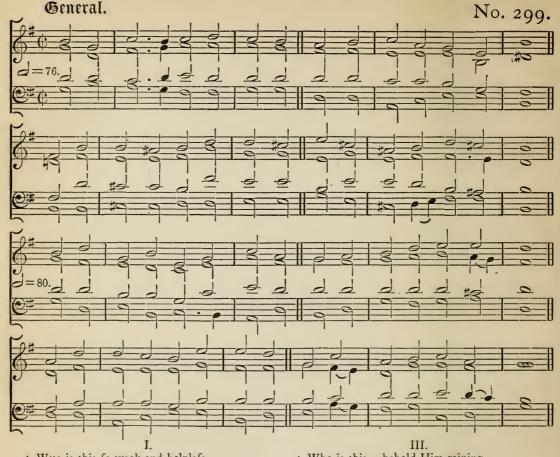


f Сьотнер with state, and girt with might, Monarch-like Јеноvан reigns, He Who earth's foundation pight, Pight at first, and yet sustains;

He Whose stable throne disdains Motion's shock, and age's slight:

He Who, endless, One remains, One, the same in changeless plight. mf Rivers, yea, though rivers roar,
Roaring though fea-billows rife,
Vex the deep, and break the shore,
cres. Stronger art Thou, Lord of skies:
f Firm and true Thy promise lies,
Now and still, as heretosore;
Holy worship never dies
In Thy house where we adore.

WHO IS THIS SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?



P Wно is this fo weak and helplefs,
 Child of lowly Hebrew Maid,
 Rudely in a flable sheltered,
 Coldly in a manger laid?
 f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,

Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

II

Who is this,—a Man of forrows, Walking fadly life's hard way, Homeles, weary, fighing, weeping Over sin and Satan's sway?

f' 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour, Ris'n above the starry sky, To prepare the many mansions, Where no tear can dim the eye. p Who is this,—behold Him raining Drops of blood upon the ground? Who is this,—despised, rejected, Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

mf 'Tis our Gop, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

IV.

pp Who is this, that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either fide;
Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced His fide?

f. 'Tis the Gon Who ever liveth

f 'Tis the God, Who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious, golden city,
Reigning everlastingly.

THOU EARTH, O'ER WHICH THE CURSE OF SIN.

No. 300. General.





I.

IV.

mf Thou earth, o'er which the curse of sin Has flung the shroud of night,

cres. On thee the dayspring hath appeared, cres. Smile through thy tears, the day is nigh f For CHRIST shall give thee light.

p Has forrow, mourner, bowed thine heart In fad and dreary night?

f When CHRIST shall give thee light.

II.

p O Christian! does thy pathway seem All dark to feeble fight?

cres. Direct thine eyes to CHRIST on high, cres. He is thy Judge, but He is love, f For He shall give thee light.

p Thou trembling one, who must appear Before Him in His might!

And He shall give thee light.

III.

mf O Soldier! does the shadowy foe Shroud o'er the field of fight?

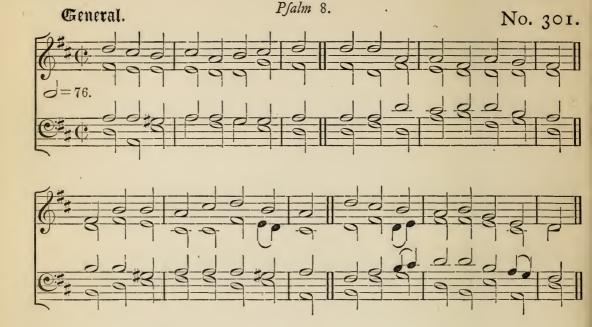
cres. Dauntless hold up the shield of faith, f For Christ shall give thee light.

VI.

mf Blest heir of glory! hast thou reached Thy home fo pure and bright?

cres. Thy heritage is fure, for CHRIST f For ever gives thee light.

O LORD, HOW EXCELLENT THY NAME!



f O Lord, how excellent Thy Name!
It founds aloud from pole to pole!
Thy glory foars above this frame;
The heavens beneath it humbly roll.

I.

p When I behold Thy heavens above,
The moon and stars with beaming face,

LORD, what is man, to meet Thy love? The fon of man, to win Thy grace?

II.

Lo! lisping babes a voice betray,
A voice that speaks with pow'r divine!

It stills the foeman in the fray;
Th' avenger yields to Thee and Thine!

IV.

III.

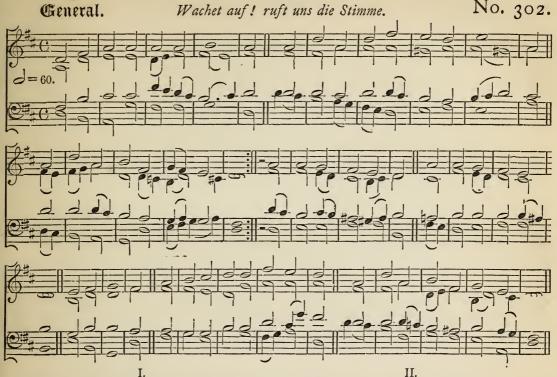
mf To him a station Thou dost deign,
Than Angel hosts but lower down,
That he at last on high may reign,
And wear a never-fading crown.

V.

f The world doth him its lord proclaim,
Bird, beast and fish, on sea and shore:

ff Then, LORD, how excellent Thy Name!
We laud and love It evermore!

WAKE! THE WATCHMENS' VOICE IS SOUNDING.



I.

f Wake! the watchmen's voice is founding!

It comes from towered heights rebounding!

Wake up! Jerufalem, arise!

Hours of midnight, o'er thee falling,

With trumpet-tone are loudly calling:

Where flay thy virgins, watchful, wife?

The Bridegroom comes! awake!

Stand up! your lanterns take!

ff Hallelujah!

Make ready for the nuptial rite,

For ye must meet Him, decked with light.

mf Sion hears the watchmen finging;
Her heart with deep delight is fpringing;
She starts from slumber, sweet and soft:
Comes her Lord from heaven in splendor,
All strong in truth, with mercy tender:
Her star in radiance mounts alost!
cres. Descend, Thou deathless Crown!
Great Son of God, come down!
f Hark! Hosannas!
We follow towards the halls of joy,
To sup in bliss without alloy.

III.

f Hear Thy praises, Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and angels, blending
With harp and cymbal's thrilling tone!
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
Which peals from hosts around Thy throne!

p No eye hath traced those bounds!
No ear hath caught those founds!
Joys unuttered!

f Yet we the listening heavens will rend
With hallelujahs, ne'er to end!

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.



I.

p Brief life is here our portion,
Brief forrow, short-lived care;
cres. The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

II.

f O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

III.

mf And now we fight the battle;
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.

IV.

p And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

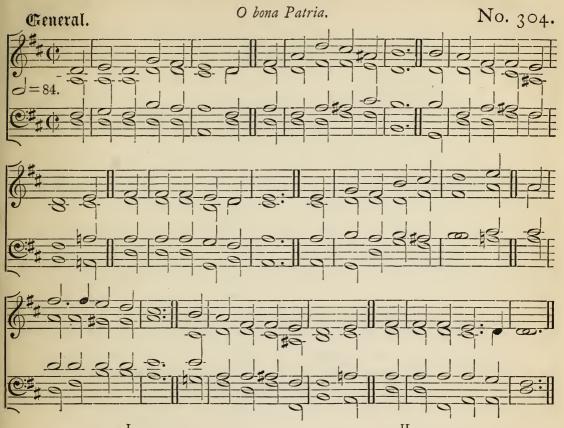
V.

f But He, Whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known, And they, who know and see Him, Shall have Him for their own.

VI.

cres. Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the land of Beauty,
All things in beauty meet.

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.



For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

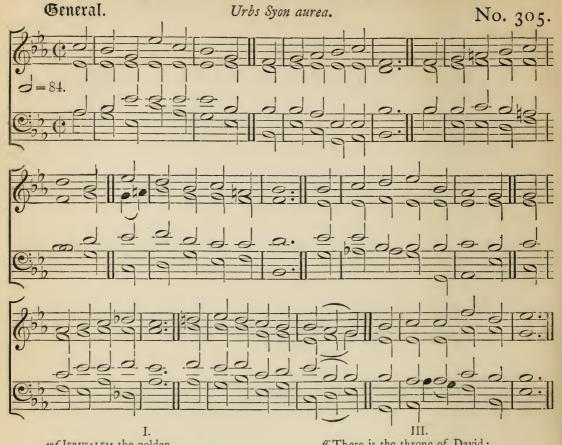
cres. The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breaft,
And medicine in fickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

mf O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
f With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

III.

mf Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy faints build up its fabric,
cres. The corner stone is Christ.
f The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.



mf Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, Oh! I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

П.

f They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

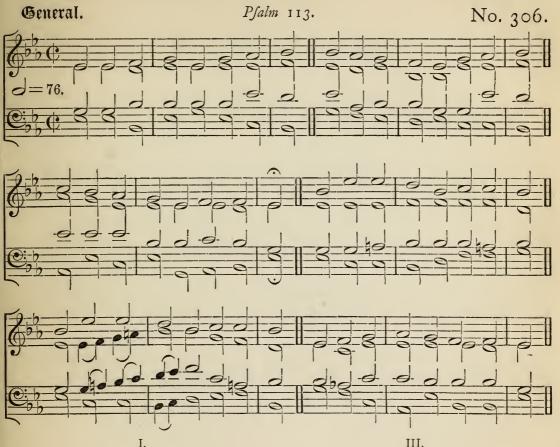
ff There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

IV.

p O sweet and blessed country!
Am I to see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Am I to win that grace?

cres. Yea, Lord! Thy light and succour
Shall guide me to its shore,
ff Where I will sing Thy praises
In bliss for evermore!

YE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF THE LORD.



f YE faints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rifing beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address!

II.

God through the world extends His sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are;
With Him, Whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven, in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

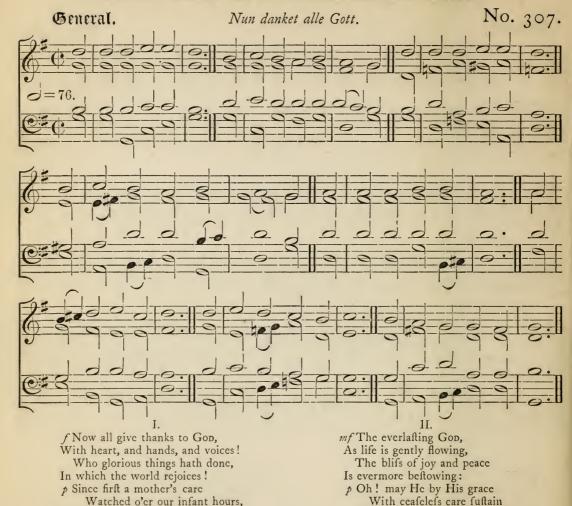
, , , ,

mf Though 'tis beneath His state to view,
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

IV.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant hoft,
And fuff'ring faints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When Time itself shall be no more.

NOW ALL GIVE THANKS TO GOD.



III.

ff Praise God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever Holy!
To Heav'n's immortal throne
Uplist your praise, ye lowly!
The great Three-One adore!
Exalt His mighty Name!
Who was, is now, shall be
Eternally the same!

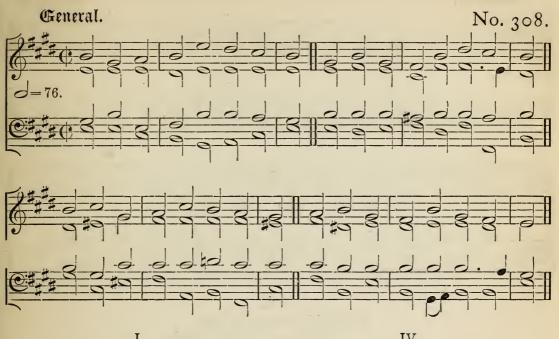
All, whom He hath redeemed

From want, and woe, and pain.

cres. His matchless love on us

Unwearied bleffing show'rs.

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE.



mf ETERNAL beam of Light divine, Thou Fount of unexhausted love, In Whom the FATHER's glories shine Through earth beneath and Heaven above;

IV.

cres. Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! Each murm'ring thought shall then be gone,

f And grief, and fear, and care shall fly, As clouds before the mid-day fun.

II.

p O Jesu! weary wanderers' rest! Give me Thy eafy yoke to bear; With spotless love, and lowly fear. V.

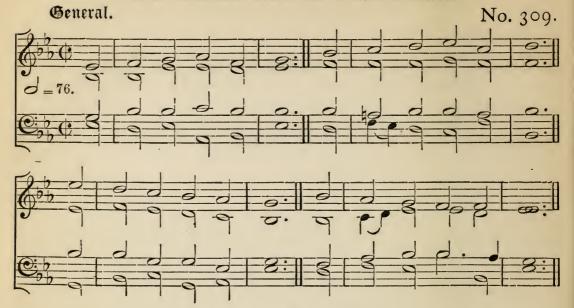
mf Oh! speak my warring passions peace, And bid my trembling heart "Be still!" With steadfast patience arm my breast, cres. Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is, For all things ferve Thy fovereign will.

III.

I thankful take the cup from Thee, Prepared and mingled by Thy skill: Though bitter to the taste it be, 'Tis strong the wounded foul to heal. VI.

f O Death, where is thy sting? Where now Thy boasted victory, O Grave? Who dares contend with God, or who Can hurt whom God delights to fave?

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE.



I.

p My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

II.

cres. Of fo Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
p Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

III.

In vain I look around;

p In all that I can fee

No rest is to be found.

IV.

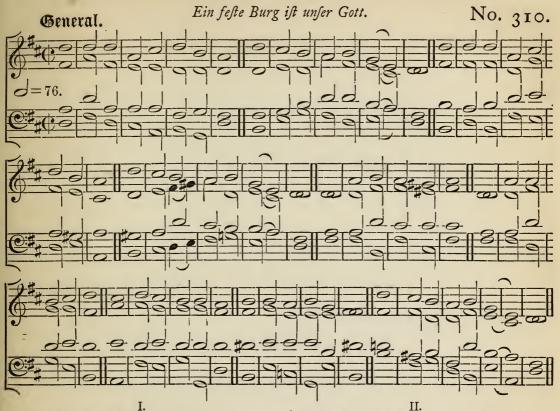
mf No rest is to be found

But in Thy blessed love;

cres. Oh! let my wish be crowned,

And send it from above.

OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.



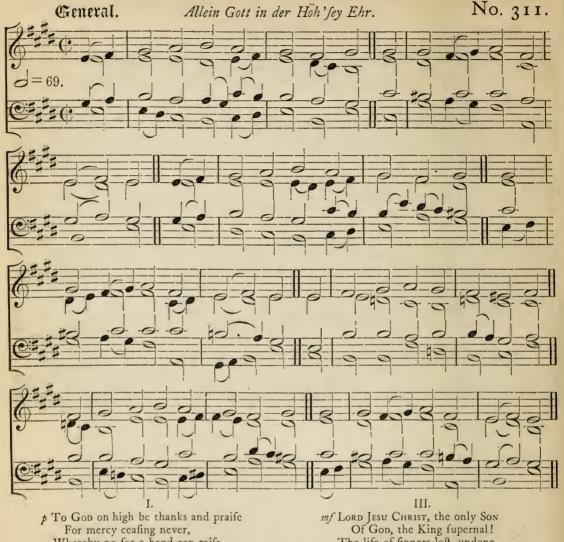
f Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
A shield when danger presses;
A ready help in every hour,
When doubt or pain distresses!
For our malignant Foe
Unswerving aims his blow;
His fearful arms the while,
Dark pow'r and darker guile:
His hidden craft is matchless.

mf Our strength is weakness in the fight;
Our courage soon desection:
cres. But comes a Warrior, clad in might,
A Prince of Gon's election!
Who is this wondrous Chief,
That brings this glad relief?
ff The field of battle boass
Christ Jesus, Lord of Hoss,
Still cong'ring and to conquer!

III.

f Then, Lord, arife! lift up Thine arm!
With mighty fuccour stay us!
Oh! turn aside the deadly harm,
When Satan would betray us;
cres. That rescued by Thy hand,
In triumph we may stand,
And round Thy sootstool crowd,
In joy to sing aloud
ff High praise to our Redeemer!

TO GOD ON HIGH BE THANKS AND PRAISE.



Whereby no foe a hand can raife,
Nor harm can reach us ever!

cres. With joy to Him our hearts afcend,
The Source of peace, that knows no end,
p A peace that none can fever!

II.

mf The honours, paid Thy holy Name,
To hear Thou ever deignest!
Thou, God the Father, still the same,
Unshaken ever reignest!
Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might!
Thy thoughts, Thy deeds outstrip the light!
Dur heaven Thou, Lord, remainest!

mf Lord Jesu Christ, the only Son
Of God, the King supernal!
The life of sinners lost, undone,
The death of strifes infernal!
Immortal Lamb, of heavenly race,
Our need supply, outpour Thy grace
On all, in love eternal!
IV.

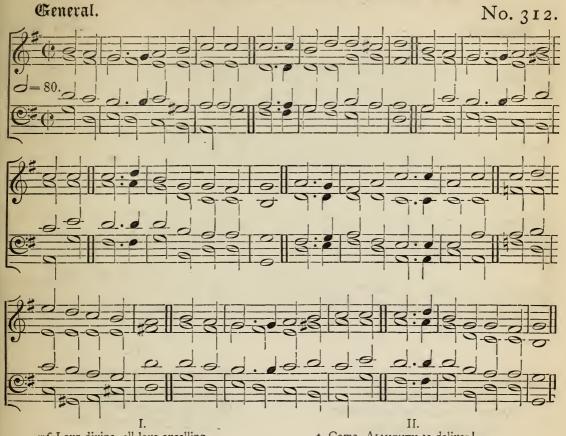
p O Holy Spirit, Gift supreme!
Sweet Comforter, all-curing!
Those, whom their Saviour doth redeem
From death, and Hell's alluring,

cres. Delivered through His mortal throes.

Save Thou from all their wasting woes,

f Thine Own in trust enduring!

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.



mf Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
p Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
cres. Visit us with Thy falvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

p Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cres. Thee we would be always bleffing,
Serve Thee as Thy hofts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy persect love.

III.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
f Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
f Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY.

Beneral.

No. 313.





I.

mf My foul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars;

II.

Cres. And there 'bove noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles;
And ONE, born in a manger,
Commands the beauteous files.

III.

P He thee hath ever friended,
 And, Oh! my foul, awake!
 He hath in love descended,
 To die here for thy sake.

IV.

mf If thou canst get but thither,

There grows the flower of peace,

The rose that cannot wither,

Thy fortress and thy ease.

V.

f Leave, then, thy foolish ranges!

For none can thee secure,

But One, Who never changes,

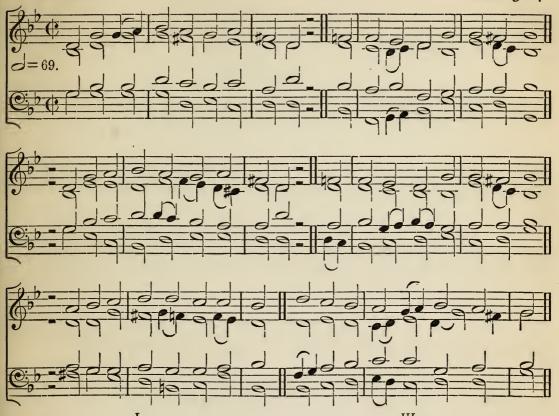
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

TO THEE, O LORD, I YIELD MY SPIRIT.

General.

Dir hab 'ich mich ergeben.

No. 314.



To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Thine Own through life, in weal or woe;
If joy or trouble I inherit,

The joy from Thee doth ever flow; cres. In trouble still Thy praise shall found, Till life shall reach its closing bound.

II.

mf'Twas Thou, Who long had waited for me,
Ere thought or being sprang to life;
My loving Guide did not abhor me,
But towards me yearned with mercy rife;
Thou ever didst delight prepare,
Where I could draw but pain or care.

p When all forlorn, despairing, weeping,
What doth my anxious heart desire?
cres. It ever would be pleasure reaping,
By this, its torment, set afire:
The sin, O help me to suppress,
To love Thee more, sin ever less!

IV.

"Thy will be done!" be my petition,
When I my wants to Thee confide!
O! grant me, with a meek submission,
Still wholly Thine, whate'er betide,
dim. In quiet trust to draw each breath,
Till these mine eyes shall sleep in death!

SAVIOUR, WHOM I FAIN WOULD LOVE.



p Saviour, Whom I fain would love,
Jesus, crucified for me,
Fix my roving heart above,
Draw me nearer unto Thee.

Cres. Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Make the joy of saints below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Make the bliss of saints above.

mf Lord, it is not life to live,

If Thy presence Thou deny;

Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,

'Tis no longer death to die.

f Source and Giver of repose, Only from Thy love it flows; Peace and happiness are Thine, Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

O THOU THE TRUE AND ONLY LIGHT.



p O Thou, the true and only Light, Direct the fouls that walk in night, And bring them 'neath Thy shelt'ring care, To find them bleft redemption there.

II.

mf Enlighten with Thy beams of grace The fouls that wander in their race; When marked for foft deceit a prey, Still keep them fafe within Thy way.

III.

If haply they should lapse to sin, Then let Thy voice be heard within! Each wounded conscience help and heal, cres. Shall here, and there, for ever raise That heavenly joys it yet may feel!

IV.

p Upon the deaf let hearing come; Grant holy utt'rance to the dumb; Such boldness on the frail bestow, That they may speak the truth they know.

V.

Pour down upon the blind Thy ray; Bring hither all, from us who stray; Lead home the feet that rove abroad, And bid the doubter rest in Gop.

VI.

mf So they with us, in bonds of love, On earth, and in the realms above, For this Thy mercy ceaseless praise.

BLEST ARE THE PURE IN HEART.



I.

mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is their's;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

II.

The LORD, Who left the sky, Our life and peace to bring, And dwelt in lowliness with men, Their Pattern and their King; III.

Still to the lowly foul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling, and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

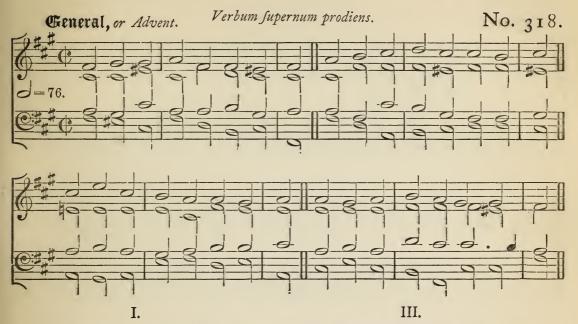
IV.

Dur's may this bleffing be;
Ogive the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

V.

f To God the Father, Son, And Spirit glory be; As 'twas, and is, and shall be so, To all eternity.

O WORD CELESTIAL, WHO THY REST.



p O Word celestial, Who Thy rest Hast quitted in the FATHER's breast, Who, after lapfe of ages born, Hast come to aid a world forlorn;

p That when the Judge shall, in His ire, Confign the guilty to the fire, And mercy's voice, with loving cry, Shall claim the righteous for the fky;

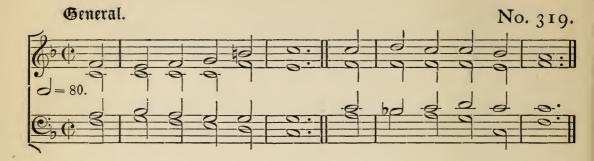
II.

IV. We, faved by Thee from death and shame, mf Now light our bosoms from above, The gnawing worm, the quenchless flame, And fire them with Thy warmest love, That heavenly joys may fill the heart, cres. May view the face of God above, Where joys, that fade, no blis impart; And ever share Thy endless love.

V.

f To God the Father, God the Son, And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE, As ever giv'n, so give we still, All praise, eternity to fill.

FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME.





I.

mf Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breaft,
I fainting cry, bleft Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!

II.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

III.

To thee, to thee I press;
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass this wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

IV.

p My God, my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

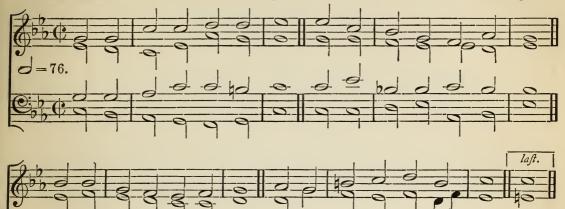
V.

f To God the Father, Son, And Spirit, glory be; As 'twas, and is, and shall be so To all eternity.

WHEN THE DARK WAVES ROUND US ROLL.

General.

No. 320.



I.

P WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, LORD, to the trembling foul,
P cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

II.

mf When we dimly trace Thy form,
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

III.

When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

IV.

p When we weep beside the bier, Where some well-loved form is laid, Oh! may then the mourner hear, cres. "It is I, be not asraid!"

V.

mf When with wearing, hopeless pain,
Sinks the spirit, fore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"

VI.

p When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cres. May the voice be strong and clear,
f "It is I, be not afraid!"

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN.

General, or Passion-tide.

No. 321.





I.

mf My fong is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shewn,
That they might lovely be:
Oh! who am I,
That, for my sake,
My Lord should take
Frail slesh and die?

II.

mf Why, what hath my LORD done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight:
cres. Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise!

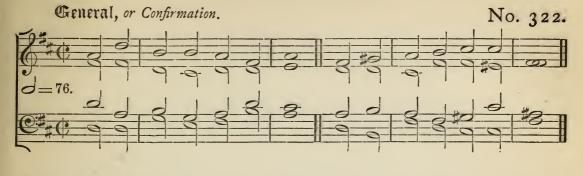
III.

p In life no house, no home,
My Lord on earth might have:
In death no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave;
cres. What may I say?
Heav'n was His home,
But mine the tomb,
Wherein He lay.

IV.

mf Here might I stay and sing;
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine!
f This is my Friend,
In Whose sweet praise,
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

CHRISTIAN! SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.





I.

mf Christian, seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of soes; p Therefore watch and pray.

II.

f Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil One;
p Therefore watch and pray.

III.

mf Listen to thy forrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
It is He, Who speaks the word,
p Therefore watch and pray.

IV.

mf 'Twas by watching, and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear;
p Therefore watch and pray.

V.

p Watch, for thou thy guard must keep:Pray, for God must speed thy way:Narrow is the road and steep:f Therefore watch and pray.

JESU, LORD, TO ME IMPART.

General, or Passion-tide.

Dignare me, O Jesu! rogo Te.

No. 323.

I.

p Jesu, Lord, to me impart Shelter in Thy wounded heart;

cres. Let me ever here abide,

dim. Resting in Thy stricken side.

II.

mp If the Evil One with wiles,
If the world with wealth beguiles,

cres. In Thy heart retreat is fure, In Thy fide I rest secure.

Ш.

mf When the flesh, more wily, waits, Haunting me with tempting baits,

cres. Fearless I may safe abide, All my refuge this Thy side.

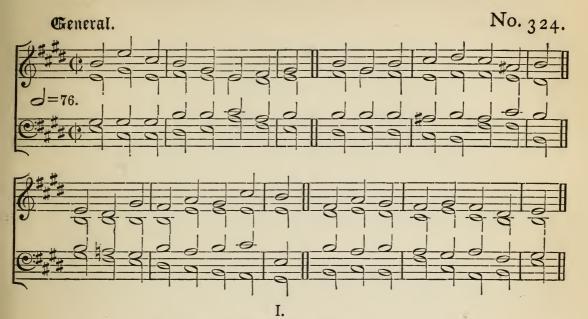
IV.

p When shall come my closing day, Jesu, cast me not away!

cres. Grant me, Saviour, when I die,

dim. Buried in Thy fide to lie.

BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR!



mf Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

II.

p O lovely Visitor! He stands, With melting heart and bleeding hands! cres. O matchless kindness, for He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!

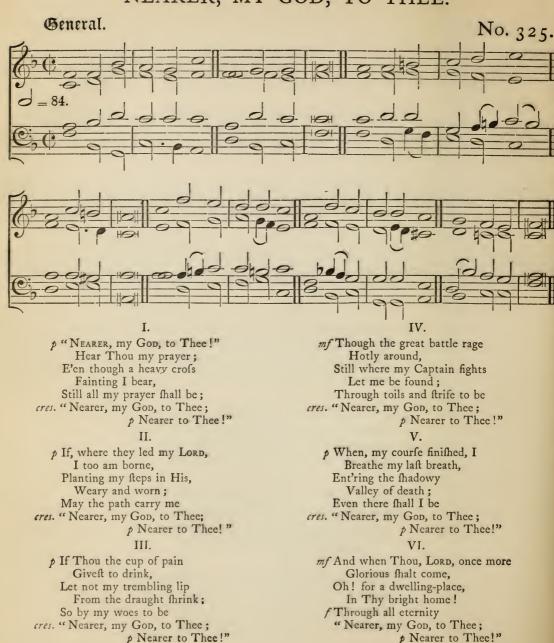
III.

He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of finners! yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

IV

f Rife! touched with gratitude divine! Turn out His enemy and thine, That foul-destroying monster Sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.



ALMIGHTY GOD, THY PIERCING EYE.

General.

No. 326.





I.

mf Almighty God, Thy piercing Eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

II.

There's not a fin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we fay,
But in Thy dreadful Book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

III.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

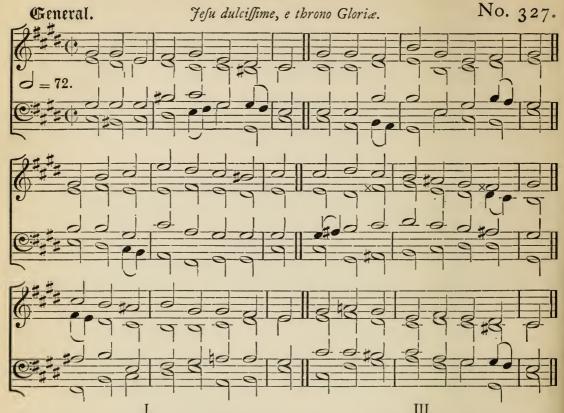
IV.

p LORD! at Thy feet ashamed I lie, I upward dare not look; Forgive my sins before I die, And blot them from Thy Book!

V.

Remember all the dying pains,
That my Redeemer felt,
cres. And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, FROM THY THRONE.



p O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, from Thy throne mf O mourners' Comfort! fouls' Delight! Of starry splendor Thou hast flown, Thy lost and ruined sheep to seek, A Shepherd ever faithful, meek!

cres. To Thy dear Self O draw Thou me, That I may ever follow Thee!

II.

p Alas! how fadly fall'n am I! A wand'rer from Thy fold I cry!

cres. O! fave me from eternal pains, And in Thy blood blot out my stains;

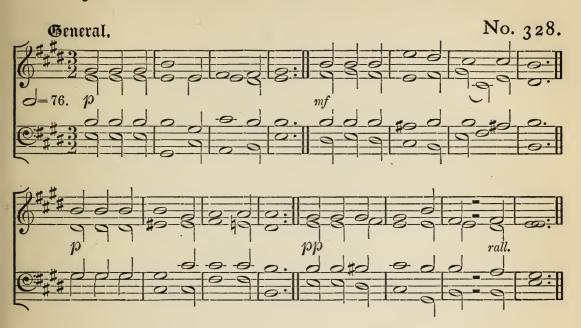
f That, washed by Thee as white as snow, My heart with love may ever glow.

Thou loving Fount of mercy bright! Indulgent Saviour, nigh me stand, To screen me from the foeman's hand! Thou faithful Shepherd of the sheep, Redeem me when in death I fleep.

IV.

f O Bridegroom, decked in rich array! Outshining far the orb of day, Still sweeter than the honied store, Thy favour grant me I implore; Forgiveness that I e'er have strayed, And joy in dying, ne'er to fade!

JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.



I.

IV.

p Just as I am, without one plea,

mf But that Thy blood was shed for me,

p And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,

p Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,

pp O Lamb of God, I come!

p Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,

mf Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

p Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,

pp O Lamb of God, I come!

II.

V.

p Just as I am, and waiting not p Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
mf To cleanse my soul of one dark blot, mf Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
p To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each p Because Thy promise I believe:
spot, pp O Lamb of God, I come!

III.

p Just as I am, though tossed about mf With many a conflict, many a doubt, p Fightings and fears within, without, pp O Lamb of God, I come!

VI.

p Just as I am: Thy love unknown
 mf Has broken every barrier down:
 p Thine now to be, yea, Thine alone,
 pp O Lamb of God, I come!

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

General. No. 329.





I.

mf "My fon, give Me thine heart!"

p Lord, what have I to give?

cres. A marble off'ring, cold as fnow,

pp And dead while it should live.

II.

p Once knit to Thee in love,
Alas! I went aftray;
cres. I wandered on, I fadly fell,
pp And funk in gloom I lay.

III.

mf To meet Thy gracious call,
Good LORD, I am not free;
Ensnared, and held in Satan's grasp,
p How can I turn to Thee?

IV.

p Yet o'er the waste of sin
Still comes that tender cry:
cres. Oh! how I pine for blest release!
p LORD, help me, or I die!

V.

p Sweet hope attend the found!

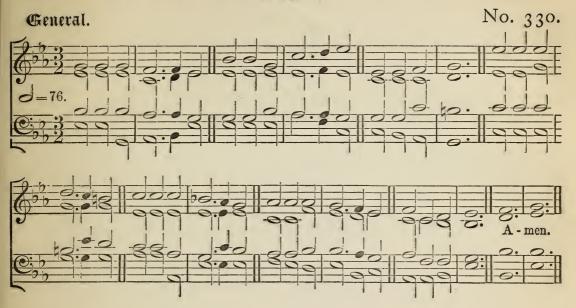
cres. O marble foften, melt thou fnow!

Life, stir the barren ground!

VI.

f "Son, fon, give Me thine heart; Thy heart of right is Mine:" p Lord, touch it with a living coal, cres. f It then shall all be Thine!

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.



I.

Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
cres. Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

mf May Thy rich grace impart

p My faith looks up to Thee,

II.

Strength to my fainting heart,

My zeal inspire!

cres. As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

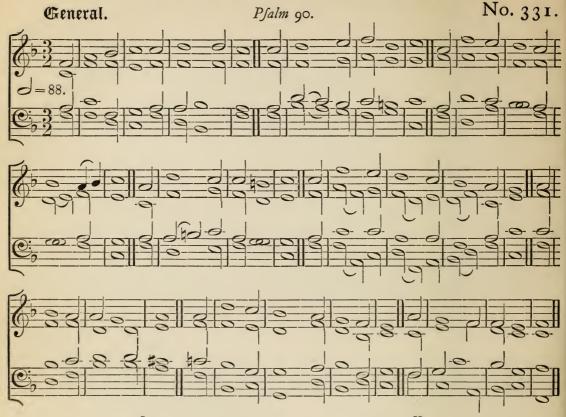
III.

p When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
cres. Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe forrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

IV.

p When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold fullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
cres. Blest Saviour! then in love
Distrust and fear remove;
O bear me safe above,
f A ransomed soul!

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.



I. mf O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home:

cres. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy faints have dwelt fecure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone. And our defence is fure.

II.

mf Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

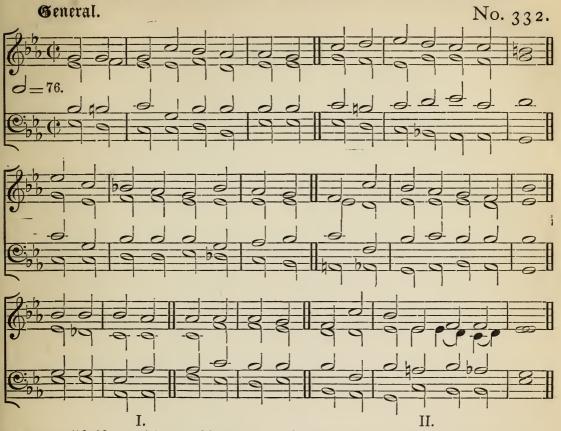
cres. A thousand ages in Thy fight Are like an evening gone; As short the watch that ends the night Before the rifing fun.

III.

p Time, like an overflowing stream, Bears all its fons away: They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day. f Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while troubles last,

And our eternal home.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.



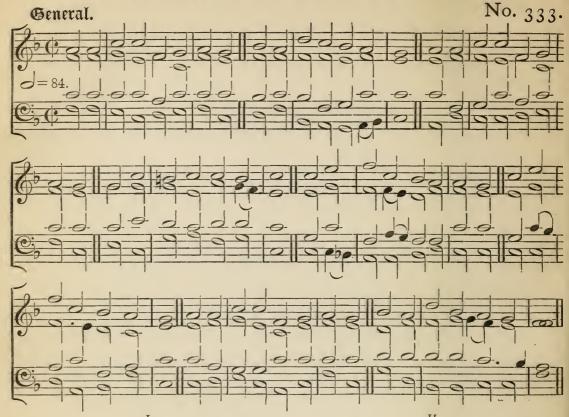
p Lord, dismiss us with Thy bleffing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh! refresh us,
Trav'lling through this wilderness!

f Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful found:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

III.

P So, whene'er the fignal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wing to heaven,
Glad the fummons to obey,
cres. May we ever
ff Reign with Christ in endless day!

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.



f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our Goo!
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His Own abode;
On the Rock of Ages sounded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy soes.

p See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

cres. Who can faint while such a river
Ever slows their thirst t'assuage;
Grace, which, like the LORD, the GIVER,
Never fails from age to age?

mf Saviour! we of Zion's city

Members through Thy grace became;
Though the world deride or pity,

We will glory in Thy Name!
Fading is the worldling's pleafure,

All his boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure,

III.

None but Zion's children know.

HOLY FATHER, GREAT CREATOR.



Every tongue and race combine!

Form our hearts, and make them Thine.

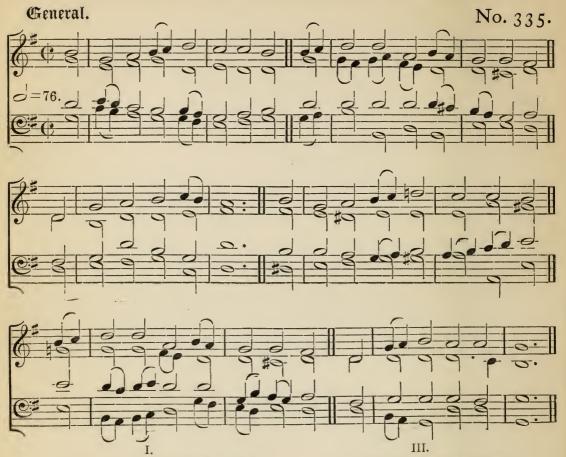
p cres. Great JEHOVAH!

Meet and worship in Thy Name,

In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

p cres. Dear REDEEMER,

O LOVE DIVINE, HOW SWEET THOU ART.



PO Love divine, how fweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?

cres. I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

II.

mf Still stronger e'en than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
cres. Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

of God only knows the love of God:
Oh! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!

cres. For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part!

IV.

P Oh! that I could for ever fit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!

cres. My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

OH! WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND.





I.

mf On! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

II.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

III.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

IV.

p There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death"!

V

mf Lord God of truth and grace,

Teach us that death to shun;

Lest we be banished from Thy face,

For evermore undone.

VI.

Here would we end our quest: cres. Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality!

OH! 'TWAS A JOYFUL SOUND TO HEAR.



I.

f Oн! 'twas a joyful found to hear Our tribes devoutly fay: Up, Ifrael, to the temple hafte, And keep your festal day.

II.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united tow'rs.

III.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

IV.

p O pray we then for Salem's peace!
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy City of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

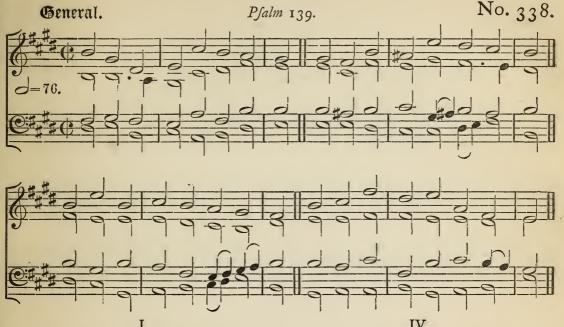
V.

May peace within thy facred walls
A conflant guest be found!
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned!

VI.

cres. But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

THOU, LORD, BY STRICTEST SEARCH HAST KNOWN.



mf Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast

My rifing up and lying down, My fecret thoughts are known to Thee, Known long before conceived by me.

II.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand; On every fide I find Thy hand; O skill, for human reach too high! Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

III.

If up to heaven I take my flight, 'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthroned in light; If mischief lurks in any part; Or dive to hell's infernal plains, 'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

If I the morning's wings could gain, And fly beyond the western main, Thy fwister hand would first arrive, And there arrest Thy fugitive.

V.

Or should I try to shun Thy fight Beneath the fable wings of night; One glance from Thee, one piercing ray, Would kindle darkness into day.

VI.

p Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, Correct me where I go aftray, And guide me in Thy perfect way.

O JESUS, EVER PRESENT.

General.

No. 339.



I.

mf O Jesus, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

II.

cres. It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

III.

p How oft to fure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way!

IV.

How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded fore by fin,
Thy Hand has gently raised me,
And healing balms poured in!

V.

mf O Shepherd good! I follow Wherever Thou wilt lead: No matter where the pasture, With Thee at hand to feed.

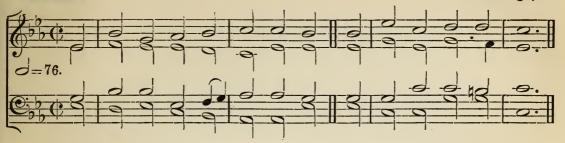
VI.

cres. Thy Voice, in life fo mighty,
In death shall make me bold:
p O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal sold!

THOU ART THE WAY: TO THEE ALONE.

General.

No. 340.





I.

mf Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From fin and death we flee;
And he, who would the FATHER feek,
Must feek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Η.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone Sound wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.

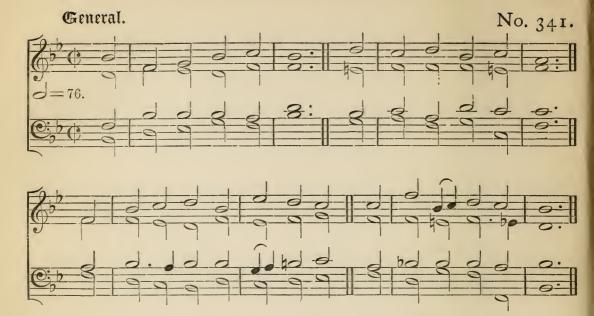
III.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm; And those, who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.

IV.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know, That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys eternal flow.

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD.



I.

mf YE fervants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

II.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His fight,
For awful is His name.

III.

P Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we fpeak He's near:
Mark the first fignal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

IV.

In fuch a posture found!

He shall His Lord with rapture see,

And be with honour crowned.

V.

f The banquet Christ shall spread With His Own royal hand, And raise that faithful servant's head Amidst th' angelic band.

FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST O'ER THE DEEP.



f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep, dim. Watch did Thine anxious servants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, pp Calm and still.

II.

mf "Save, LORD, we perish!" was their cry:
dim. "Oh! fave us in our agony!"
f Thy word above the storm rose high:
pp "Peace! be still!"

III. cres.

p The wild winds hushed, the angry deep pp Sank like a little child to sleep,
The fullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

IV.

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us on the shore,
dim. Say, lest we fink to rise no more,
pp "Peace! be still!"

TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOUR SAID.



p "TAKE up thy cross," the SAVIOUR said, p Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame, "If thou would'st My disciple be; Nor let thy soolish pride rebel: cres. Deny thyself, the world forsake, And humbly follow after Me."

To save thy soul from death and hell.

IJ.

p Take up thy cross, nor let its weight Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:

cres. His strength shall bear thy courage up, cres. Twill guide thee to a better home,

And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

And provided the strength of the provided and provided arm.

And give thee victive o'er the grave.

V.

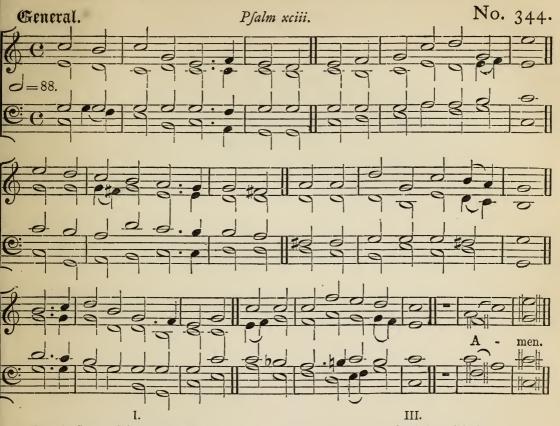
p Take up thy cros, and follow Him,

Nor think till death to lay it down,

cres. For only he, who bears the cross,

f May hope to wear the glorious crown.

GOD THE LORD A KING REMAINETH.



f God the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His Own glorious light!
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might!
f Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height!

II.

mf In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
ff Hallelujah!
LORD, Thou art for evermore!

mf Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar!
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.

ff Hallelujah!
For the ocean's founding store!

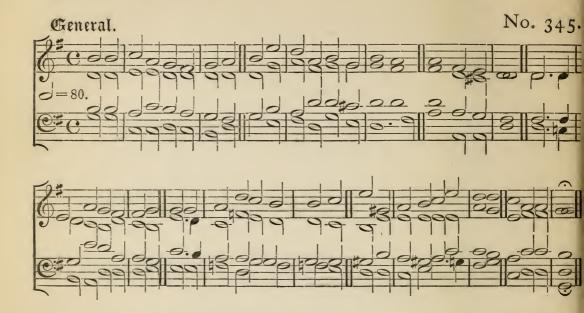
IV.

mf With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep!
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
Gop Who reigns on Heav'n's high steep!
ff Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

V.

Dorp, the words Thy lips are telling, Are the perfect verity; Of Thine high eternal dwelling Holiness shall inmate be! ff Hallelujah! Pure is all that lives with Thee!

ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.



I.

mf ONE there is above all others; His is love beyond a brother's: p His Name is Love! cres. Earthly friends may fail, or leave us, One day foothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us: p His Name is Love!

III.

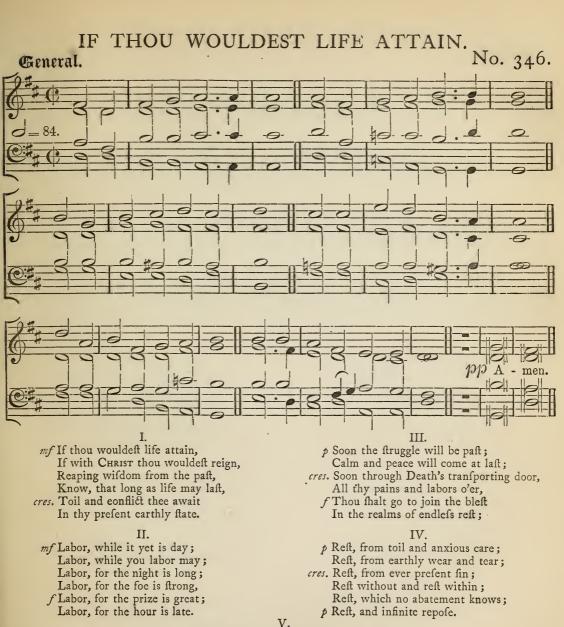
mf We have found a friend in Jesus, 'Tis His great delight to bless us: p His Name is Love! cres. How our hearts rejoice to hear Him Bid us dwell in fafety near Him! Why should we distrust or fear Him? p His Name is Love!

II.

mf 'Tis eternal life to know Him, Think, O think, how much we owe Him, p His Name is Love! cres. With His precious Blood He bought us, cres. Best of blessings He'll provide us, In the wilderness He sought us, To His fold He safely brought us: p His Name is Love!

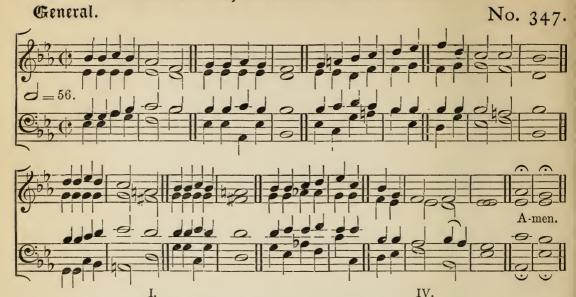
IV.

mf Through His Name we are forgiven, Backward shall our fins be driven: p His Name is Love! Naught but good shall e'er betide us, Safe to glory He will guide us: p His Name is Love!



p Jesu, Who for me didst die
On the Cross of Calvary,
cres. Not in aught that is my own,
But in Thy true Blood alone,
f Do I put my trembling trust:
pp Spare, O spare, a worm of dust!

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.



p Saviour, bleffèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing!
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

cres. All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

II.

p Nearer, ever nearer,
CHRIST, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
pp Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
cres. Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

III.

mf Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain or forrow,
Toil or care, is known;
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

p Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wint'ry past,
cres. Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that slies,
f Tells of love unfading,
Love that never dies.

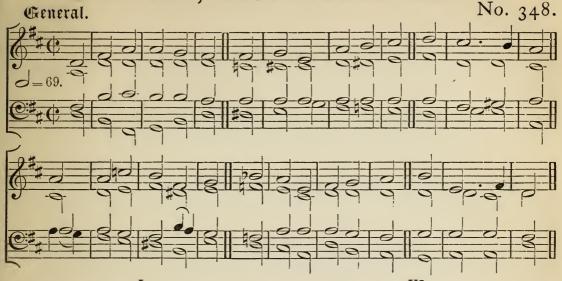
V.

mf Clearer fiill and clearer,
Dawns the light from Heaven,
In our fadness bringing
News of fins forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within,
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of fin.

VI.

f Brighter still and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
dim. Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past:
p May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

O THOU, BLEST LAMB OF GOD.



p O Thou, blest Lamb of God,
Who once in pity trod
This world below,
cres. To heal the dying soul,
To make the wounded whole,
And soothe our woe;

II.

mf O teach my foul to rife,
cres. And foar beyond the skies,
f To Thee above!

dim. I would my Saviour greet,
And bathe His precious feet
p With tears of love.

III.

p Good Jesu, Thou didst give
Thyself that I might live,
Didst die for me:
cres. O help my heart that I
To all the world may die,
My Lord, for Thee.

IV.

mf My warm affections burn,
To make some great return
For love divine;
p But what have I to give,
cres. Who all from Thee receive?
f All, all is Thine!

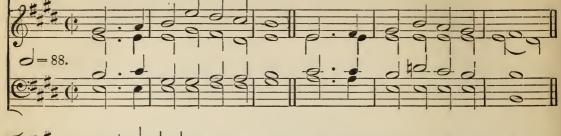
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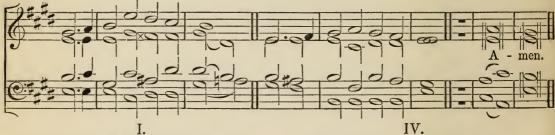
mf By Thee my pow'rs were made,
And when from Thee they strayed,
Thou didst redeem:
cres. Thus I am doubly Thine,
And Thou, my Lord, art mine,
f My joy, my theme!

CHILDREN OF THE HEAV'NLY KING.

General, or Processional.

No. 349.





As ye journey fweetly fing: cres. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

II.

p We are trav'lling home to God In the way the Fathers trod; cres. They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

III.

mf O ye banished seed, be glad!

CHRIST our Advocate is made;

Us to save, our flesh assumes;

Brother to our flesh becomes.

f Shout, ye little flock and bleft! You on Jesus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.

V

Lift your eyes, ye fons of light! Zion's city is in fight; There our endless home shall be, There our LORD we foon shall see.

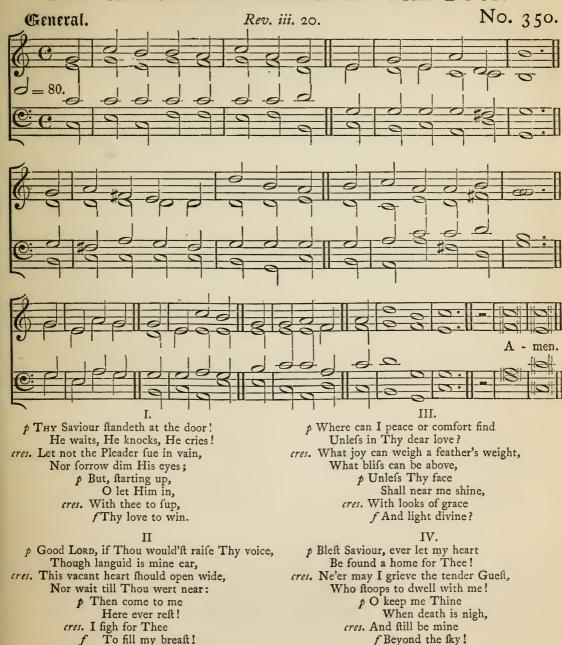
VI.

ff Fear not, brethren! joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undiffnayed go on.

VII.

p Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
f Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

THY SAVIOUR STANDETH AT THE DOOR.



JESU, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL.



I.

p Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call!

cres. Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
p Jesu, my Lord, we Thee adore,

cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

II.

p Jesu, too late I Thee have fought,
How can I love Thee as I ought,
cres. And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
p Jesu, my Lord, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

III.

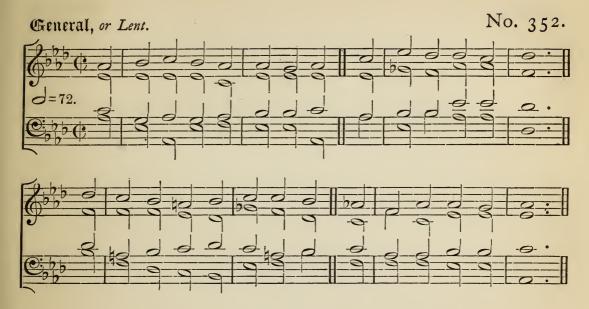
p Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?

cres. How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh! far exceeding hope or thought!
p Jesu, my Lord, we Thee adore,
cres. O make us love Thee more and more.

IV.

p Jesu, of Thee shall be my fong;
To Thee my heart and foul belong;
eres. All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
p Jesu, my Lord, we Thee adore,
eres. O make us love Thee more and more.

APPROACH, MY SOUL, THE MERCY-SEAT.



I.

p Approach, my foul, the mercy-feat, Where Jesus answers prayer: There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there. III.

p Bowed down beneath a load of fin,
By Satan forely preffed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

II.

mf Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

IV.

cres. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce Accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

V.

mf Oh! wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

WHEN WOUNDED SORE THE STRICKEN SOUL.

General, or Lent.

No. 353.





I.

p WHEN wounded fore the stricken foul Lies bleeding and unbound,

cres. One only hand, a piercèd Hand, Can falve the finner's wound.

III.

p When penitence has wept in vain Over some foul, dark spot, cres. One only stream, a stream of Blood, Can wash away the blot.

II

p When forrow swells the laden breast, And tears of anguish flow, cres. One only heart, a broken Heart, Can feel the finner's woe.

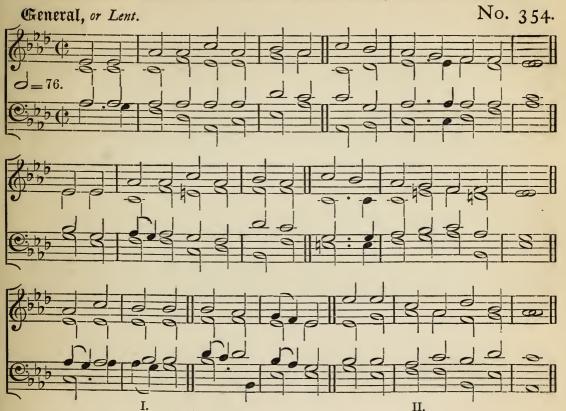
IV.

mf'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white, His Hand that brings relief; His Heart that's touched with all our joys, And feeleth for our grief.

V.

p Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O LORD! cres. Unfeal that cleanfing tide! f We have no shelter from our sin pp But in Thy wounded Side.

LEAD US, HEAV'NLY FATHER, LEAD US.



p Lead us, Heav'nly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempessuous sea:
cres. Guard us, guide us, keep us, seed us,
For we have no help but Thee!
mf Yet possessing,
Every blessing,
f If our God our Father be.

p Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
eres. Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

III.

mf Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
p Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
cres. Nothing can our peace destroy.

LET US ALL IN CHORUS SING, HALLELUJAH!



1.

mf LET us all in chorus fing, (f) Hallelujah! Through the world the echo ring, Praise to Heav'n's eternal King! (f) Hallelujah! VII.

mf Deep of joyous ocean cry (f) Hallelnjah! Tracks of boundless earth reply! Onward let the anthem fly, (f) Hallelujah!

II.

mf Chant, immortal choirs on high, (f) Hallelujah! Harping through the vaulted sky! Paradife, return the cry! (f) Hallelujah!

VIII.

mf Sons of men in every clime, (f) Hallelujah! Praise your LORD in lays sublime! Sing through every age of time (f) Hallelujah!

III.

mf Shout, ye sparkling stars of light, (f) Hallelujah! mf This the hymn that never dies, (f) Hallelujah! Clouds and winds in sweeping flight, Din of thunder, flashes bright, (f) Hallelujah!

IX.

Piercing through the starry skies, God looks down with gracious eyes! (f) Hallelujah!

IV.

mf Flood and billow, rain and hail, (f) Hallelujah! Raging tempest, balmy gale, Heat, and frost, and wooded dale, (f) Hallelujah! X.

mf This the fong of heav'nly birth, (f) Hallelujah! Sung by all the tribes of earth; Jesus loves the holy mirth! (f) Hallelujah!

V.

mf Sing, ye birds on pinion bold, (f) Hallelujah! Answer, beasts in field and fold! Loud your Maker's praise be told! (f) Hallelujah! XI.

mf Christians, lift the thankful strain, (f) Hallelujah! Answer, all ye youthful train! Ever fing, and fing again, (f) Hallelujah!

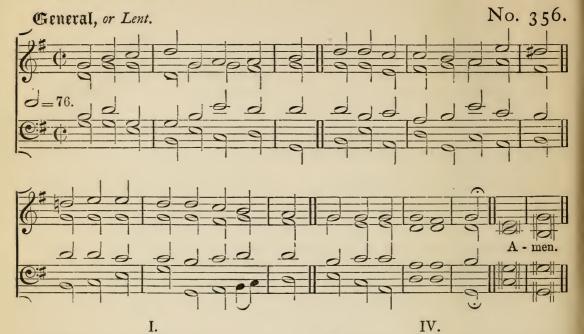
VI.

mf Lofty mountain heights resound (f) Hallelujah! Valleys, from your flopes profound, Ever lot the peal rebound, (f) Hallelujah!

XII.

mf Now to Thee be honor done, (f) Hallelujah! Thee the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON, Everlasting THREE IN ONE! (f) Hallelujah! Amen.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNER'S FRIEND.



p O Thou the contrite finner's Friend, Who loving lov'st them to the end, cres. On this alone my hopes depend, That Thou wilt plead for me.

p When Satan, by my fins made bold, Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,

Then with Thy pitying arms enfold, cres. And plead, O plead for me!

p When, weary in the Christian race, Far off appears my resting-place, And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace, cres. Then, SAVIOUR, plead for me.

pp And when my dying hour draws near, All dark with anguish, guilt, and fear, cres. Then to my fainting fight appear, Pleading in Heav'n for me.

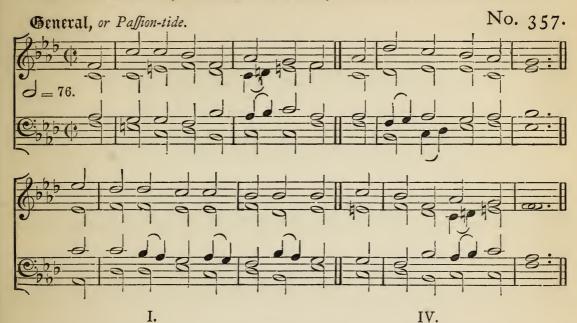
III.

p When I have erred and gone aftray, Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way, cres. Still, Saviour, plead for me.

VI.

p When the full light of heav'nly day Reveals my fins in dread array, And fee no glimm'ring, guiding ray, cres. Say, Thou hast washed them all away! f O fay, Thou plead'st for me!

CANST THOU, GOOD LORD, FORGIVE SO SOON?



p Canst Thou, good Lord, forgive so soon mf It is no virtue of mine own, A foul hath finned fo long? Canst Thou submit Thyself to one, That loads Thee still with wrong?

But Blood of Him that died, Our elder Brother, and Thy Son, Whom my fins crucified.

II.

Could I with all the faints compare, Yet I were black to Thee; But, more defiled than lepers are, Whence comes this love to me?

V.

Strange way, by fuch a guiltless wave To wash away our crimes, Whose least drop was enough to save The world a thousand times?

III.

Canst Thou be just and deal reward To those undone by sin? The gate of Heav'n shall angels guard, And shall I enter in?

VI.

p For every crimfon tear that He Thus shed to make me live, cres. Oh! wherefore, wherefore have not I A thousand fouls to give?

O FOUNT OF MERCY, GOD OF LOVE!



I.

f O FOUNT of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling feafons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

II.

f When 'neath the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

III.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine; The plants in beauty grew; Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine, And mild refreshing dew. IV.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

V.

p Seed-time and harvest, LORD, alone Thou dost on man bestow; Then let him not forget to own From Whom his blessings flow!

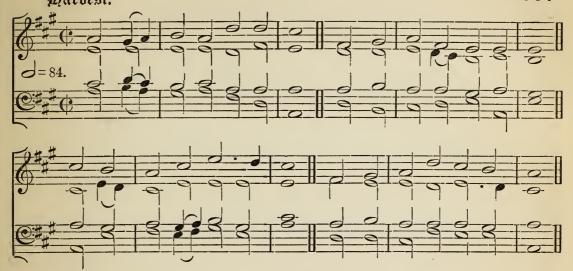
VI.

f O Fount of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join,
In sweet harmonious praise!

PRAISE TO GOD! IMMORTAL PRAISE!

Harbest.

No. 359.



I.

f Praise to God! immortal praise!
Praise the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

II.

mf For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits with melting juice,
Grateful gifts for mortal use;

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain; Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews; Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

IV.

All that Spring with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that lib'ral Autumn pours, Rich in her o'erflowing stores:

V.

f These to Thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow; And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

p Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear From the stem the ripening ear; Though the sick'ning slocks should fall, Dying herds desert the stall;

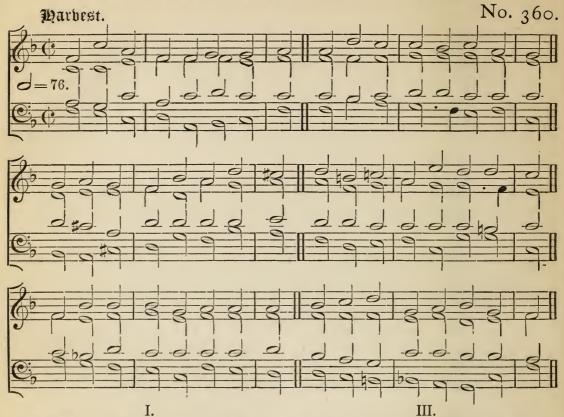
VII.

Should Thine altered Hand restrain Th' early and the latter rain; Blast each opening bud of joy; Yea, the rising year destroy;

VIII.

f Yet to Thee my foul should raise Grateful vows and solemn praise; Then, when every blessing's slown, Love Thee for Thyself alone!

O LORD OF HARVEST! ONCE AGAIN.



mf O Lord of harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;

p cres. For all sweet holy thoughts supplied p cres. The sport of sun and storm no more, By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

Be gathered to their Father's store.

II.

f The bare dead grain, in autumn fown, Its robe of vernal green puts on; Glad from its wintry grave it springs, Fresh garnished by the King of kings:

p cres. So, LORD, to those, who sleep in Thee, cres. O Bread of Life! from day to day, Shall new and glorious bodies be. Be Thou their Comfort, Food,

mf Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
eres. The sport of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

IV.

P O Lord, our prayers be daily faid, As Thou hast taught, for daily bread; But not alone our bodies feed, Supply our fainting spirits' need! es. O Bread of Life! from day to day, Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME!



f Come, ye thankful people, come!
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come!
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

II.

mf. All the world is Goo's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

P For the LORD our God shall come, And shall take His Harvest home; From His field shall in that day All offences purge away; Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

cres. But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.

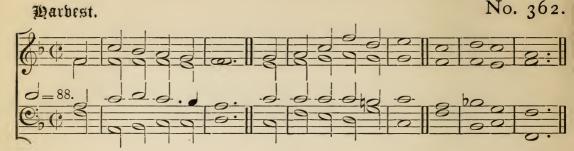
IV.

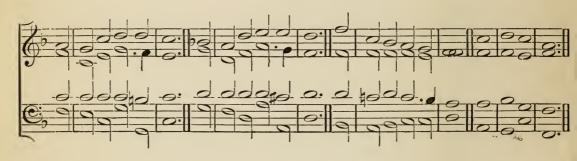
mf Even fo, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home;
Gather Thou the people in,
Free from forrow, free from fin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,

Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE.

THE GOD OF HARVEST TRAISE.





I.

f The God of harvest praise!
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys smile and sing,
The woods and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

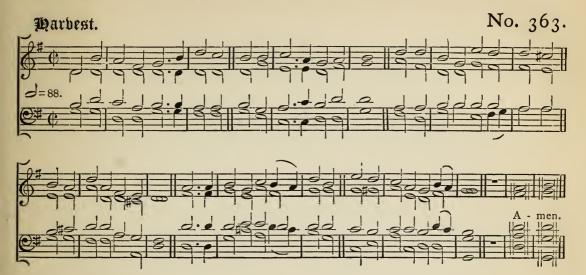
II.

mf Yea, bless His holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim,
Through all the earth!
To glory in your lot
Is comely, but be not
His benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

III.

f The God of harvest praise!
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord!
From field together throng,
And bring your sheaves along,
Then in your harvest song,
ff Bless ye the Lord!

GOD THE FATHER, WHOSE CREATION.



I.

mf God the Father! Whose creation
Gives to flow'rs and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation,
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
f Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August gold of earth.

II.

mf God the Word! the fun, maturing,
With his bleffed ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O everlasting Morn,

cres. Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee, that liftest up our horn!

III.

mf God the Holy Ghost! the showers
That have fattened out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
cres. Shadowed out the grace that dowers
All the faithful of Thy train.

IV.

p When the harvest of each nation Severs righteousness from sin, And Archangel proclamation Bids to put the sickle in, And each age and generation Sink to woe, or glory win;

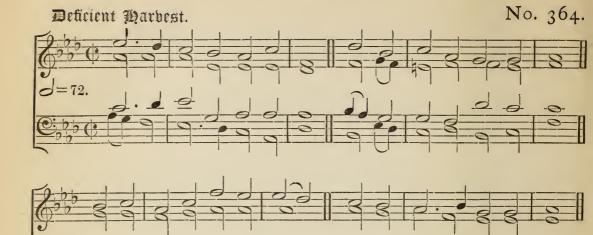
V.

cres. Grant that we, or young or hoary,
Lengthened be our span or brief,
Whatsoe'er the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory
As Thine Own elected sheaf.

VI.

fLaud to Him to Whom supernal
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him, from Whom insernal
Pow'rs and Dominations slee;
Laud to Him, the Co-eternal
Paraclete, for ever be! Amen.

THOU THAT SENDEST SUN AND RAIN.



I.

mf Thou that fendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
cres. May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Ne'er, whate'er our lot may be.

II.

mf Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
cres. May we still this lesson learn,
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

III.

p Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our flore may be,
cres. Still we feem to hear Thy words;
f "Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me!"

IV.

mf All we have we know is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
cres. Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.

V.

mf Thus, as changeful feasons bring,
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
cres. Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
f Simply trusting all to Thee.

THIS STONE TO THEE IN FAITH WE LAY.

Laying the Foundation of a Church.

No. 365.





I.

III.

This stone to Thee in faith we lay, when here Thy messengers proclaim We build the temple, Lord, to Thee; The blessed Gospel of Thy Son, Thine eye be open night and day, cres. Still, by the pow'r of His great Name, To guard this house and sanctuary.

Be mighty signs and wond rs done!

II.

p When here Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
cres. Hear Thou in Heav'n, Thy dwellingplace,
place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, for-

IV.

p But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
To tarry here, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

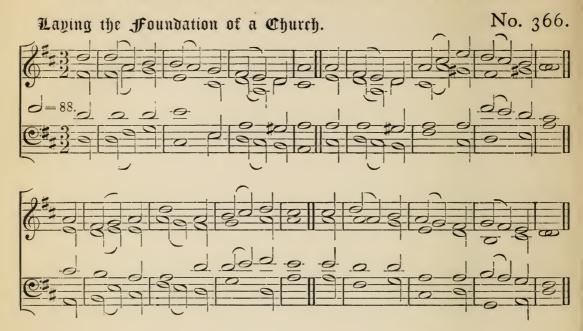
V.

Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;

f Thy kingdom come to every heart;

In every bosom fix Thy throne!

O LORD OF HOSTS, WHOSE GLORY FILLS.



I.

f O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills The bounds of the eternal hills, And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands.

II.

O grant that we, who here to-day, Rejoicing, this foundation lay, May be in very deed Thine Own, Built on the precious Corner-stone.

III.

mf Endue the creatures with Thy grace, That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place; The beauty of the oak and pine, The gold and silver, make them Thine. IV.

To Thee they all pertain, to Thee The treasures of the earth and sea; And when we bring them to Thy throne, We but present Thee with Thine Own.

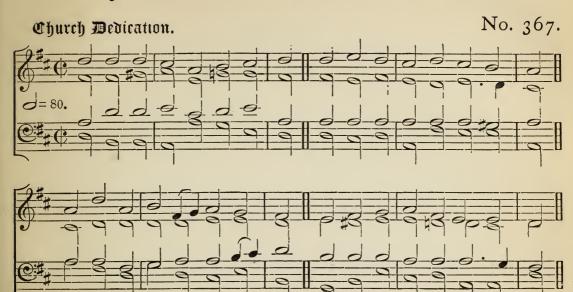
V.

The heads that guide endue with skill; The hands that work preserve from ill; That we, who these foundations lay, May raise the topstone in its day.

VI.

f Both now and ever, Lord, protect The temple of Thine Own elect; Be Thou in them, and they in Thee, O ever blessed Trinity!

O JESU, WHERE THY PEOPLE MEET.



I.

mfO Jesu, where Thy people meet,
They there behold Thy mercy-feat;
Where'er they feek Thee Thou art found,
And where Thou art is hallowed ground.

II.

For Thou, within no walls confined, Inhabitest the humble mind; Such ever bring Thee where they come, And, parting, take Thee to their home. IV.

p Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here renew, And still to wayward hearts proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

V.

Here may we prove the might of prayer, To strengthen faith, and sweeten care; To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes.

III.

VI.

To raise for Thee an earthly throne;

And where Thy Name Thou dost record,

There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:

And where Thy Name Thou dost record,

There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

And make our cleansed hearts Thine Own!

LORD OF HOSTS, TO THEE WE RAISE.

Church Dedication.

No. 368.

I.

mf Lord of hosts! to Thee we raise

Here a house of prayer and praise;

Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,

Here to meet for praise and prayer.

II.

f Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;
Here, in hope of glory bleft,
May the dead be laid to rest!

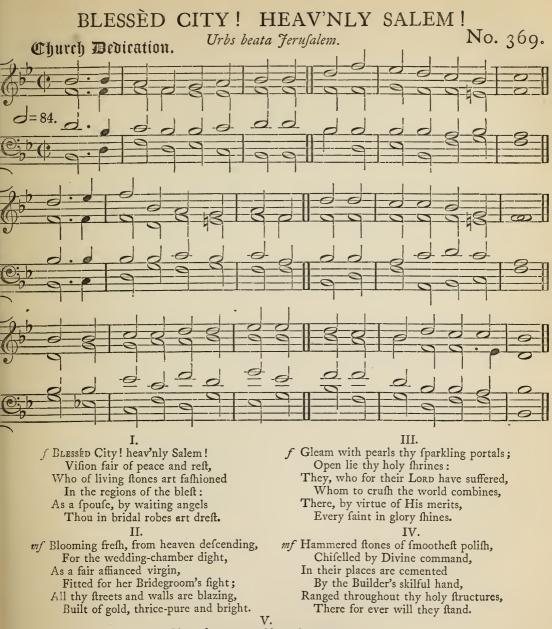
III.

mf Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

IV.

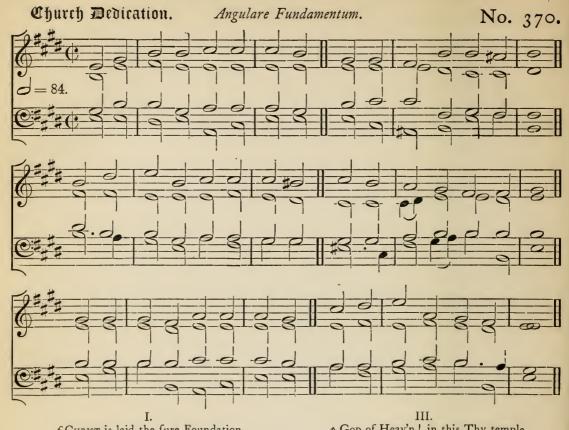
f Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful found reply!

ff Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.



ff Glory, honour, praife, and power,
Give the FATHER and the SON;
Join the SPIRIT in the worship,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
Offer still the adoration,
While uncounted ages run!

CHRIST IS LAID THE SURE FOUNDATION.



f Christ is laid the fure Foundation,
Corner-stone from heavenly hands;
Firm the coupled walls uniting,
Both He links with facred bands:
p cres. Holy Sion, thus supported,
Resting on Him ever stands.

TT.

f Loved of God, to God devoted,
High the City doth upraife
Loudest songs of exultation,
Bursting strains of measured praise;
f Three in One her God proclaiming,
Sounding forth triumphant lays.

p God of Heav'n! in this Thy temple,
When implored O be Thou nigh;
With Thy tenderest compassion,
Hearken to our prayerful cry;
cres. Send us down Thy richest blessing
Evermore, as here we lie.

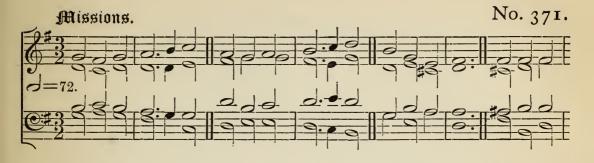
117

mf Here bestow on all Thy servants
What they crave in meek request;
Ever holding fast Thy mercies,
Joined for ever with the blest;
p cres. Then Thy Paradise to enter,
There translated to Thy rest.

V.

f Glory, worship, praise, and power,
Give the Father and the Son;
Shew the Spirit equal honour;
One in Three, and Three in One;
f Offer holy adoration,
While uncounted ages run.

THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.





I.

f Thou, Whose Almighty Word Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cres. And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light!

II.

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
p cres. Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
ff Let there be light!

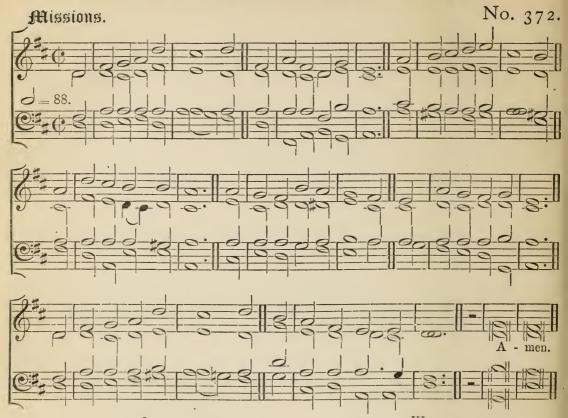
III.

mf Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
p cres. Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

IV.

p Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
cres. Through the earth far and wide,
ff Let there be light!

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.



mf From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny sountains
Roll down their golden fand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

II.

mf What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

III.

p Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

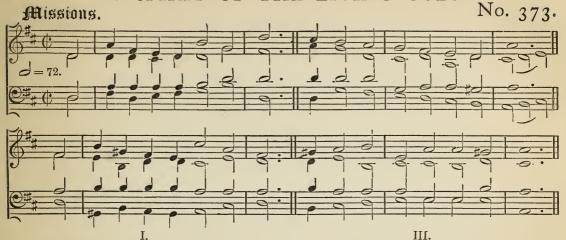
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful found proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

IV.

mf Waft, waft, ye winds, His flory,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a fea of glory,
It fpreads from pole to pole;

eres. Till o'er our ranfomed nature,
The LAMB for finners flain,
f REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,
ff In blifs returns to reign.





p O Spirit of the living God, In all Thy plenitude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race.

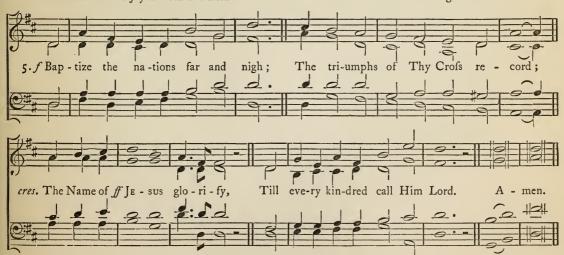
II.

cres. Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word:
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful found is heard.

f Be darkness, at Thy coming, light; Confusion, order in Thy path; Souls lacking strength inspire with might; Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

IV.

p O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
cres. Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.



SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.



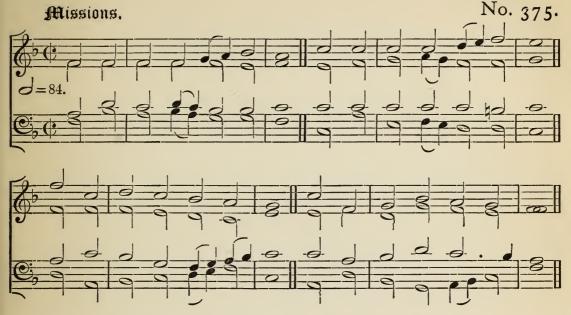
mf Saviour, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breaft;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, the God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

III.

cres. Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the fight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure slame and wisdom's light:
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!



I.

f Soldiers of the Crofs, arife!
Gird you with your armour bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

II.

O'er a faithless, fallen world, Raise your banner in the sky; Let it float there, wide unsurled; Bear it onward, lift it high.

III.

mf'Mid the homes of want and woe, Strangers to the living Word, Let the Saviour's herald go, Let the voice of hope be heard. IV.

Where the shadows deepest lie, Carry Truth's unfullied ray; Where are crimes of blackest dye, There the saving Sign display.

V.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where forrows cease;
To the outcast, and forlorn,
Speak of mercy and of peace.

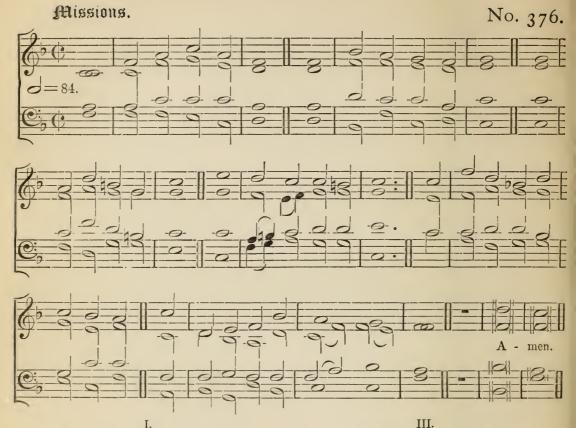
VI.

Guard the helpless, feek the strayed, Comfort troubles, banish grief; With the Spirit's sword arrayed, Scatter sin and unbelief.

VII.

f Be the banner still unfurled;
Bear it bravely still abroad;
Till the kingdoms of the world
ff Are the kingdoms of the LORD.

ARISE, O LORD, AND SHINE!



mf Arise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy faving might, And prosper each design To spread Thy glorious light; cres. Let healing streams of mercy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know.

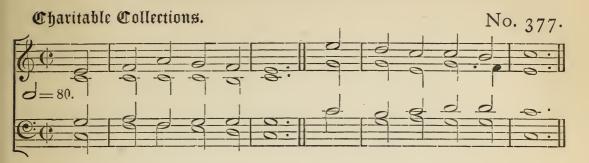
II.

f Bring distant nations near To fing Thy glorious praise; Let every people hear, And learn Thy holy ways! ff Reign, mighty Goo! affert Thy cause, And govern by Thy righteous laws! III.

mf Put forth Thy glorious power, That Gentiles all may fee, And earth present her store, In converts born to Thee: f God, our own God, His Church shall bless, And fill the earth with righteousness.

f To God, the only wife, The one immortal King, Let hallelujahs rife From every living thing! If Let all that breathe, on every coast, Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN.





I.

mf WE give Thee but Thine Own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, for Thee.

II.

f May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

III.

p Oh! hearts are bruifed and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

IV.

cres. To comfort and to blefs,

To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherlefs,

Is angels' work below.

V.

The captive to release,

To God the lost to bring,

To teach the way of life and peace,

It is a Christ-like thing.

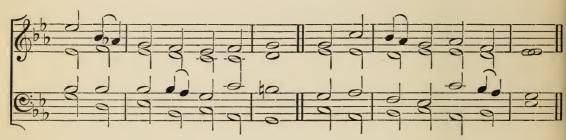
VI.

f And we believe Thy word,

Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,
We do it unto Thee.

GOD OF MERCY, THRONED ON HIGH.





I.

mf God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our humble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering seet.

II.

Young and erring travellers, we All our dangers do not know; Scarcely fear the stormy fea, Hardly feel the tempest blow. III.

p Jesu, lover of the young, Cleanse us with Thy blood divine; Ere the tide of sin grow strong, Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

IV.

Let us ever hear Thy voice;
Ask Thy counsel day by day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.

V.

mf Saviour, give us faith, and pour Hope and love on every foul: cres. Hope, till time shall be no more; Love, while endless ages roll!

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

For the Young.
No. 379.



I.

p Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to Thee.

II.

Fain would I to Thee be brought, Gracious God, forbid it not; Give me, dearest Lord, a place In the kingdom of Thy grace.

III.

mf Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
p Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

IV.

mf Keep me from the great offence; Guard me still with innocence; Hide me from all evil, hide Self, and stubbornness and pride.

V.

p Thou didst live to God alone; Thou didst never seek Thine Own; Thou Thyself didst never please; God was all Thy happiness.

VI.

f Hold me fast in Thine embrace; Let me see Thy smiling Face; Give me, LORD, Thy blessing give, Pray for me, and I shall live.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

For the Young.

No. 380.





· I.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill, How fweet the lily grows! How fweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

II.

mf Lo! fuch the child, whose early feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

III.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, cres. In childhood, manhood, age, and death, Must shortly fade away.

IV.

And foon, too foon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age Will shake the foul with forrow's power, And stormy passion's rage.

V.

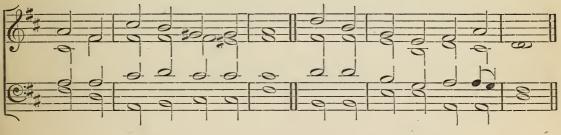
mf O Thou, Whose infant feet were found Within Thy FATHER's shrine; Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned. Were all alike divine;

VI.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath, We feek Thy grace alone, To keep us still Thine Own.

LORD, THIS DAY THY CHILDREN MEET.





I.

mf Lord, this day Thy children meet In Thy courts with willing feet; Unto Thee this day they raife Grateful hearts in hymns of praife.

II.

Not alone the Day of rest With Thy worship shall be blest: In our pleasure and our glee, LORD, we would remember Thee. III.

p Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy Presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

IV.

mf All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly blis!

V.

Make, O LORD, our childhood shine With all lowly grace, like Thine: f Then through all eternity We shall live in Heaven with Thee. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.



I.

p Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
cres. Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
p Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
cres. To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

II.

p Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
cres. How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
p Even when He chideth
Tender is its tone:
cres. None but He shall guide us:
We are His alone.

III.

p Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
cres. Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed:
p Then on each He setteth
His Own secret sign:
cres. "They that have My Spirit,
These," saith He, "are Mine."

IV.

p Jesus is our Shepherd:

Guarded by His arm,
cres. Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm.
p When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
cres. We will fear no evil,
f Victors o'er the tomb.

HEAV'NLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.



On Thy children gathered here; May they all, Thy Name confessing, Be to Thee for ever dear!

p Heav'nly Father, fend Thy bleffing pp Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary, In Thine arms, and at Thy breast; Through life's defert, dry and dreary, Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.

II.

cres. May they be, like Joseph, loving, Dutiful, and chaste, and pure; And their faith, like David, proving, Steadfast unto death endure.

V.

p Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them, Holy Spirit, heavinly Dove; Guide them, lead them, go before them; Give them peace, and joy, and love.

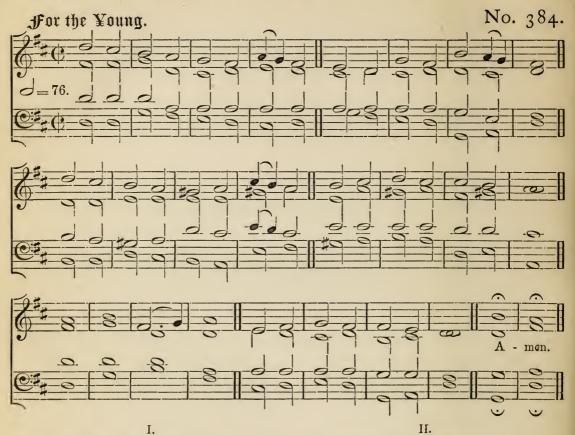
III.

p Holy Saviour, Who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a Child to be, Guide their steps, and help their weakness, Bless, and make them like to Thee.

VI.

cres. Temples of the HOLY SPIRIT, May they with Thy glory shine, And immortal bliss inherit, f And for evermore be Thine!

THOU, WHO THRONED ABOVE ALL GLORY.



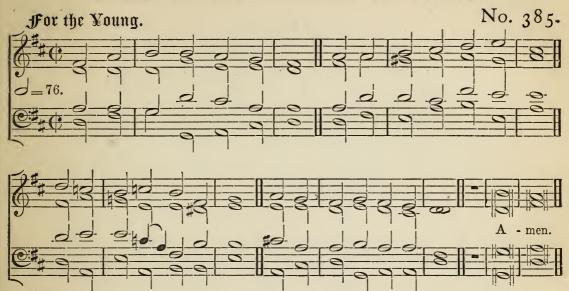
P Thou, Who, throned above all glory,
Yet didft not diffain to dwell,
Infant of a Jewish mother,
As a child in Ifrael,
f Lord and Saviour,
P Give us grace to know Thee well.

mf Ransomed by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thine, and Thine alone are we;
p From this world of fin and forrow,
Keep, O LORD, Thy children free;
f LORD and SAVIOUR,
p Give us grace to follow Thee.

III.

p Still through every earthly trial
May we hold Thy promife fast;
cres. And when this short life is over,
And the pains of death are past,
f Lord and Saviour.
p Bring us to Thy home at last.

LAMB OF GOD! I LOOK TO THEE.



I.

p Lamb of God! I look to Thee; Thou shalt my example be; Thou art gentle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a little Child.

II.

cres. Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me an obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

III.

Meek and lowly may I be!
Thou art all humility!
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

IV.

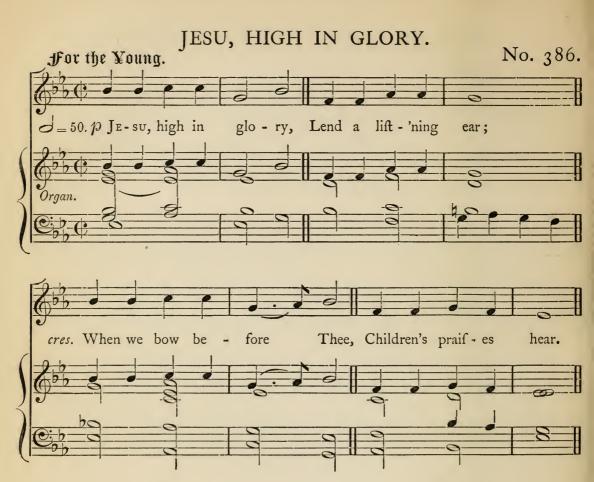
mf Let me above all fulfil
GOD my heav'nly FATHER's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.

V.

p Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

VI.

f I shall then shew forth Thy praise; Serve Thee all my happy days; Then the world shall always see Christ, the Holy Child, in me.



II.

p Though Thou art so holy, Heav'n's Almighty King, cres. Thou wilt stoop to listen When Thy praise we sing.

III.

p We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
cres. Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

IV.

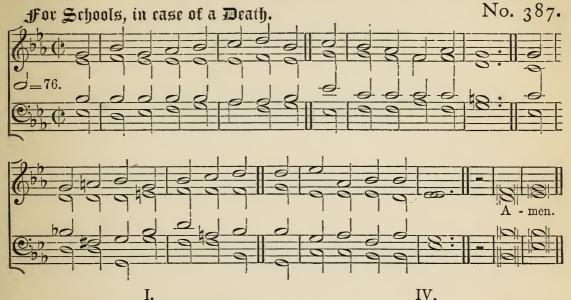
p Save us, LORD, from finning; Watch us day by day: cres. Help us now to love Thee; Take our fins away.

V.

p Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heav'nly home,
cres. We would gladly answer:
f "Saviour, Lord, we come!"

REMEMBER THY CREATOR NOW.

Ecclesiastes xii.



mf REMEMBER thy Creator now,
While youth is fresh and bright,
Ere earth shall close upon thy form,
And hide thee out of sight.

II.

p The fun shall set, the stars shall sink,
The moon shall fade away,
The sound of music shall be hushed,
In that distressful day.

III.

The mourners then shall pace the streets,
The knell shall fadly toll;
For Death has loosed the silver cord,
And broke the golden bowl.

mf Then think of thy Creator now,

Lest evil days arise,

To steel thy heart against His love,

And shut thee from the skies.

V.

p Good LORD, my giddy thoughts re-My heart to Thee incline; [strain, cres. So keep me in my youth, that I In age may still be Thine.

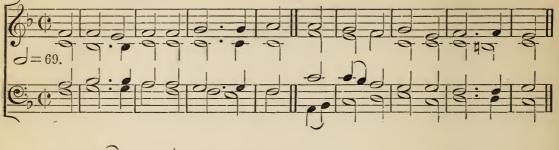
VI.

mf Then, when my dust to Him returns,
Who gave it living breath,
cres. On Thee reposing, may my soul
f Not fear, but welcome death!

IT IS THE LORD! BEHOLD HIS HAND.

During a Pestilence.

No. 388.





I.

p IT is the LORD! behold His hand, Outstretched with an afflictive rod; And hark! a voice goes through the land, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

II.

Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades, our darker fears?
For who His coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when He appears?

III.

mf No! let us throng around His feat,
And let us meet Him face to face;
Our spirits prostrate at His feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

IV.

Who knows but GoD will hear our cries, Turn swift destruction from our path, Restrain His judgments, or chassise In tender mercy, not in wrath?

V.

f He will, He will, for Jesus pleads; Let heaven and earth His love record; For us, for us, He intercedes; Our help is nigh; it is the LORD!

VI.

p Into His hands then let us fall, Come health or fickness, life or death, Whether He sends us balm for gall, Or immortality for breath.

WALKING ON THE WINGED WIND.

After a Pestilence.

No. 389.





I.

mf WALKING on the wingèd wind, Fear before Him, Death behind, When the LORD came down in wrath, Clouds and darkness girt His path!

II.

Thence abroad His arrows flew,
Thick and fast they smote and slew!
We in dust and ashes lay:
None could help, but all could pray.

III.

cres. Prayer prevailed amidst despair; God delights to answer prayer; Judgment laid its terrors by; Mercy beamed o'er earth and sky.

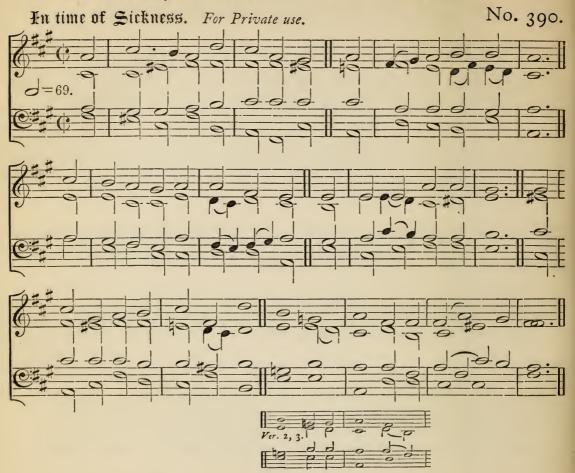
IV.

mf Now be forrow turned to fong; Let the bruisèd reed grow strong; Smoking slax break forth and blaze; Prayer transform itself to praise!

V.

f Let the living now record All the goodness of the LORD! Him let His redeemed adore, Go in peace, and sin no more.

LORD, IN MINE AGONY OF PAIN.



p Lord, in mine agony of pain I turn mine eyes to Thee,

cres. In humble trust, that as my day My promised strength will be:

p Teach me to pray with Thy dear Son, "FATHER, Thy will, not mine be done."

p Sleepless I pass the weary night, And long for dawn of day; The dawning day no respite brings, Again for night I pray:

cres. Thou, LORD, canst aid, and Thou alone! Help me to fay, "Thy will be done."

p 'Tis Thine, my sharpest pains to soothe, And dry each falling tear;

cres. 'Tis Thine, by precious promises, My fainting heart to cheer:

p In patience then my race I'll run, Still meekly pray, "Thy will be done."

p A moment's light affliction here On earth, bears no compare cres. To that eternal weight of bliss,

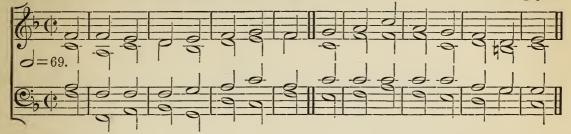
With Jesus I shall share:

f The cross on earth, in heaven the crown: "Father, Thy will, not mine be done."

MY HEALTH WAS FIRM, MY DAY WAS BRIGHT.

On Recovery from Sickness. For Private use.

No. 391.





T.

mf My health was firm, my day was bright,
And I prefumed 'twould ne'er be night;
I fondly faid within my heart,
My joy and peace shall ne'er depart.

IV.

O hear me, God of grace," I faid,
"And bring me from among the dead:"

mf Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

II.

P But I forgot Thine arm was strong, cres Which made my mountain stand so long; When once Thy face began to hide, My health was gone, my comforts died. V.

cres. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

III.

I cried aloud to Thee, my God: "What canst Thou profit by my blood? Laid deep in dust, can I declare Thy truth, or sing Thy goodness there?

VI.

f My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be filent of Thy Name;
Thy praise shall found through earth
and heaven,
For folkers healed and fire foreigner.

For fickness healed, and fins forgiven.

LIFT NOT THOU THE WAILING VOICE.



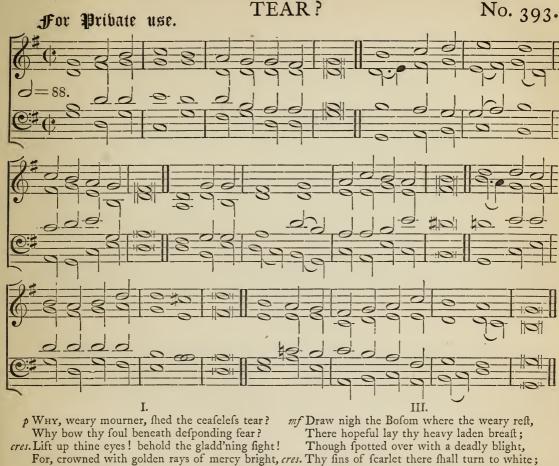
p Freed from earth and earthly failing, Lift for him no voice of wailing; cres. High in heaven's own light he dwelleth; f Full the fong of triumph fwelleth.

p Humbly here in faith relying, Peacefully in Jesus dying, cres. Heavenly joy his face is flushing: Why should thine with tears be gushing?

III.

p They, who die in Christ, are bleft: Our's then be no thought of grieving; Sweetly with their Goo they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving; cres. So be our's the faith that faveth, Hope, that every trial braveth, Love, that to the end endureth, f And, through Christ, the crown (ccureth.

WHY, WEARY MOURNER, SHED THE CEASELESS



f Lo! CHRIST appears thine everlasting light.

p Thou oft hast fallen, oft the Spirit grieved, By fin enchained, of peace and joy bereaved: Though circled round by foes of fearful might, cres. Yet feek the Cross, however dark the night;

f For thee it beams with everlasting light.

f Thy darkness merge in everlasting light.

mf With watchful care purfue thy lowly way; Thy ftrength shall now be as thy shining day: With faith thy shield the foeman boldly smite, With triumph fure maintain the mortal fight: f Look up to Christ thine everlasting light.

p Though tearful forrow dimmed thy Saviour's eyes, cres. Yet, forrow past, He rose above the skies: Then stanch thy weeping, speed thy heavenward slight; Thou foon shalt reach, beyond the starry height, f Thy deathless crown of everlasting light.

WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES WE MEET.



mf What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-feat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

While Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when through weariness they failed, That moment Amalek prevailed.

II.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob faw; Gives exercife to faith and love; Brings every bleffing from above. V.

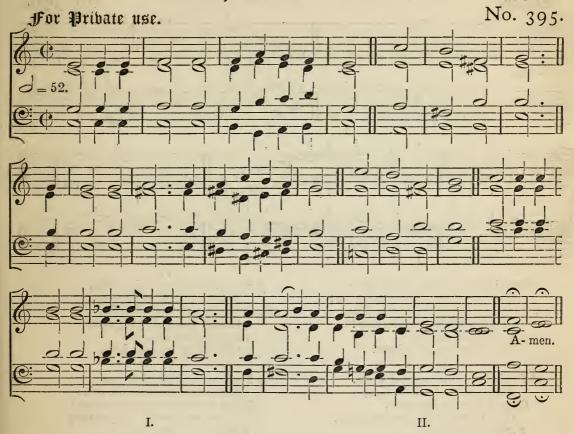
Have you no words? Ah! think again! Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the fad tale of all your care.

III.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright; And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest faint upon his knees. VI.

Were half the breath, thus vainly spent, To Heav'n in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would oftener be: f" Hear what the LORD has done for me."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.



p LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, cres. Lead Thou me on!

p The night is dark, and I am far from home; cres. Lead Thou me on!

mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to fee The distant scene: one step enough for me. p I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on;

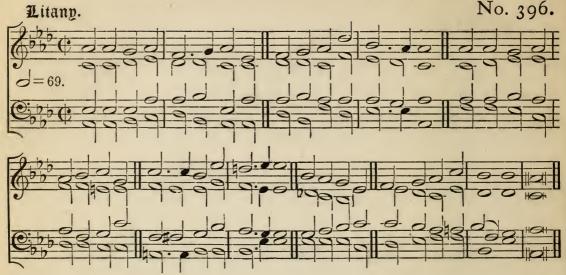
I loved to choose and see my path; but now cres. Lead Thou me on!

mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

III.

p So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
cres. Will lead me on
mf O'er moor and sen, o'er crag and torrent, till
dim. The night is gone,
mf And with the morn those angel saces smile,
dim. Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JESUS, LORD, WE KNEEL BEFORE THEE.



p Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee;
Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear!
cres. While our waiting fouls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless finners, hear!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

II.

mf Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly, we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

III.

p From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

IV

p When temptation forely preffes,
In the day of Satan's pow'r,
eres. In our times of deep diftreffes,
In each dark and trying hour,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord.

V.

p In the weary night of fickness,
In the throes of grief and pain;
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

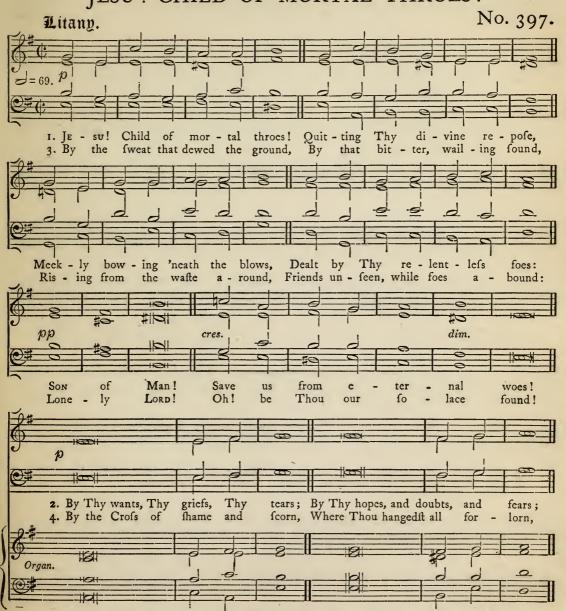
VI.

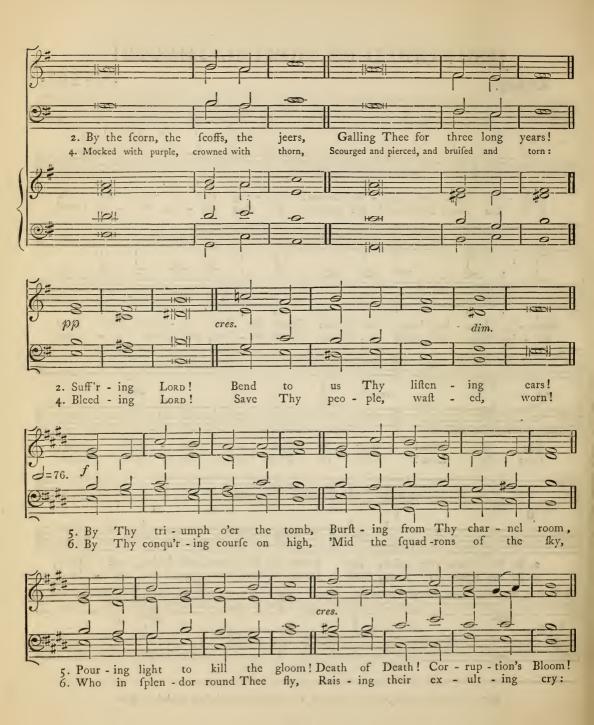
pp In the folemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our fouls, on Thee relying,
cres. Find Thee still our Hope and Stay!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

VII.

mf Jesus, may Thy promifed bleffing
Comfort to our fouls afford!
May we, now Thy love poffeffing,
Find at last the great reward!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

JESU! CHILD OF MORTAL THROES!







I.

Jesu! Child of mortal throes!
Quitting Thy divine repose,
Meekly bowing 'neath the blows,
Dealt by Thy relentless foes:
Son of Man!

Save us from eternal woes!

Π.

By Thy wants, Thy griefs, Thy tears; By Thy hopes, and doubts, and fears; By the fcorn, the fcoffs, the jeers, Galling Thee for three long years: Suffering LORD!

Bend to us Thy listening ears!

By Thy trial, framed in hell, Circling Thee with crafty fpell, Wielding force that none can tell, Quick to ring our mortal knell: Tempted Lord!

Help us Satan's power to quell!

By Thy mercy, ne'er confined; Mercy showered on the blind; Mercy to the shattered mind; Mercy shewn to all mankind:

Pitying LORD!

Grant that mercy we may find!

V.

By the love that touched the bier, Where the widow poured the tear, Knowing not that Thou wast near, With Thy word divine to cheer! Tender Lord!

In the hour of grief give ear!

By the drops, from forrow fed, Which in pity Thou didft fhed, Standing by the rocky bed, Holding Lazarus the dead:

Weeping Lord!
Wipe the eyes with anguish red!

VII.

By the woes of that retreat,
Where for quiet, calm and fweet,
Oft repaired Thy facred feet,
Once the traitor kifs to meet!
Stricken LORD!

Help us from Thy mercy feat!

By the fweat, that dewed the ground, By that bitter, wailing found, Rifing from the waste around; Friends unseen, while foes abound; Lonely LORD!

Oh! be Thou our folace found!

By the Crofs of shame and scorn,
Where Thou hangedst all forlorn,
Mocked with purple, crowned with thorn,
Scourged and pierced, and bruised, and torn,
Bleeding LORD!

Save Thy people, wasted, worn!

By Thy last appalling groan,
Piercing hearts as hard as stone,
As Thy Soul to rest hath flown,
While the Marys weep and moan:
Dying LORD!

Save us! Thou canft fave alone!

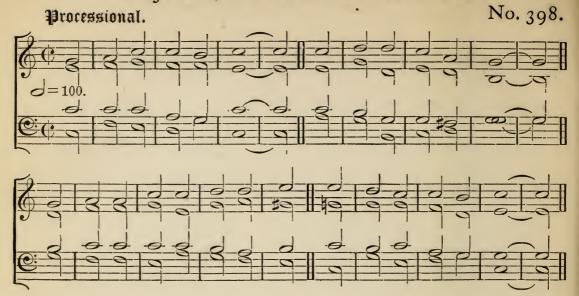
By Thy triumph o'er the tomb,
Bursting from Thy Charnel-room,
Pouring light to kill the gloom!
Death of Death! Corruption's Bloom
Rifen Lord!

Save us in the Day of Doom!

By Thy conquering course on high, 'Mid the squadrons of the sky, Who in splendor round Thee sly, Raising their exulting cry:

Son of God!
Save us ere we fink and die! Amen

REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART.



Ī.

f Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and fing!
Your orient banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

II.

Bright youth, and fnow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raife high your free, exulting fong! God's wondrous praifes speak!

III.

Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng!

IV.

mf With ordered feet pass on!
Bid thoughts of evil cease!
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues
Within the home of peace.

V.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the faints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

VI.

f Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud!

VII.

With voices full and strong,
As ocean's surging praise,

Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days!

VIII.

mf Yes! on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go!
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

IX.

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day.

X.

At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest;
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.

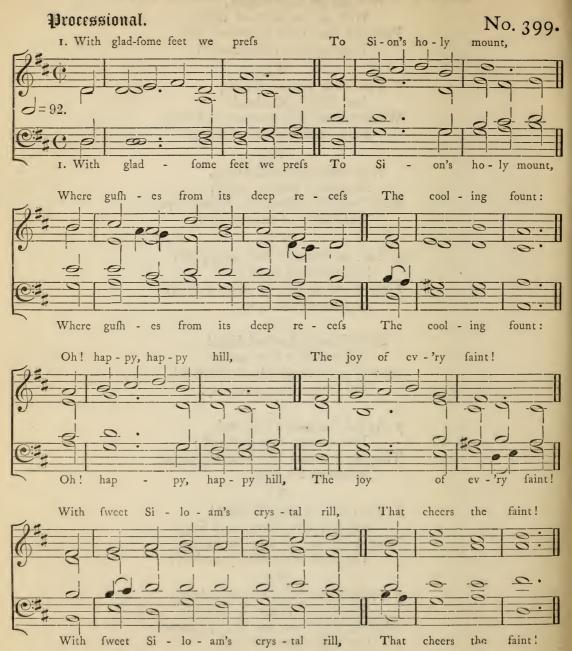
XI.

f Then on! ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and fing!
Your orient banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

XII

ff Praise Him, Who reigns on high, The LORD Whom we adore! The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, One GOD for evermore!

WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.



f With gladsome feet we press
To Sion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount:
Oh! happy, happy hill,
The joy of every faint!
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint!

II.

We love fair Sion well:
The LORD in her is feen;
With her is ever fain to dwell
In radiant sheen!
He there reveals His face,
There stretches out His arm,
A lamp to light a darkened race,
A shield from harm.

III.

mf Thou, Lord, dost crown the steep;
Thou broodest o'er the stream:
Then leave us never more to weep
Thine absent beam!
Refresh the thirsty soul,
Thou springing Well of life!
Conduct us towards the heavenly goal,
Amid the strife!

IV.

p Great City, blest of Gop!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to thee!
The martyrs' bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought thy golden feat,
To win their rest.

V.

mf The tow'rs, that point on high,
Our earth-bound spirits teach
To scorn the world, and upward fly,
True bliss to reach:
To veil Thy shrine of love,
Lord, let no mist arise;
No cloud to hide the scene above
From longing eyes.

We come, with fervent zeal,
Beneath Thy hallowed dome,
The pledge of our eternal weal,
Our happy home!
Thine house our Sion stands,
Though reared of earthly stone,
The type of that, not made with hands.
Yet still Thine Own.

VII.

p There, calming all alarms,
Thy Crofs of love is traced,
Outfiretching falutary arms,
To blefs the waste;
The finner there can plead
In ever listening Ears;
On hope, and Thee, can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

VIII.

mf Lord, while Thy courts we tread,
Arrayed in robes of white,
May evil never lift its head
To shame the light!
But all be pure below;
Each heart from taint be free,
Unfullied, bright as sunless snow,
Meet shrines for Thee!

IX.

f So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

X.

The Father loud adore!
And loud adore the Son!

Exalt the Spirit evermore,
The great Three-One!
The Trinity extol
In Unity fublime,

Till circling ages cease to roll!
The death of Time!

OH! HAPPY FEET THAT TREAD.

Processional, or General.

No. 400.





I.

mf Oh! happy feet that tread

Thine earthly courts, O Lord!

There heavenly light is shed,

There Thine Own peace is poured.

TT

Oh! happy knees that press
Thy Temple's lowly floor,
dim. While contrite hearts confess,
And pard'ning grace implore!

III.

mf Oh! happy ears that hear,
With glad and fimple faith,
cres. The message ringing clear,
"Thy fins Gop pardoneth!"

IV.

f Oh! happy tongues that fing,
With burning praife on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir!

v.

p Oh! happy fouls that rife In childlike trust to Thee, With hallowed facrifice Of prayer and litany!

VI.

f Oh! happy eyes that light,
With brave and holy pride,
The one Faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died!

VII.

pp Oh! happier still who low
Before Thine altar kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And Thy dear Presence see!!

VIII.

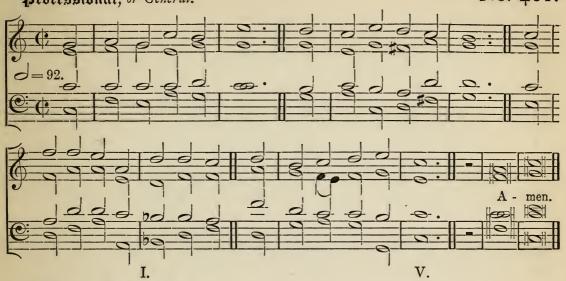
ff But happiest, happiest far
To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore!

WE LOVE THY TEMPLE, LORD.

Psalms xxvi., lxxxiv., cxxii.

Processional, or General.

No. 401.



f WE love Thy temple, LORD,
Thine honor's dwelling-place,
The habitation of Thine house,
The home of light and grace.

II.

How goodly are Thy tents, Great God of Ifrael! We long, we faint for Thine abode, That we with Thee may dwell.

III.

The fongful birds have built
Within Thy courts their nest,
And thither all Thy dear redeemed
Would flock in search of rest.

IV.

mf There blessed waters slow,
A sin-forgiving slood,
And there mysterious wine is poured,
dim. A dying Saviour's Blood.

p Reign peace within her walls,
Soft peace from God above!

f Reign plenteousness within her towers,
The riches of His love!

VI.

One day within her courts
Is Heav'n, fince God is there;
Far better than a thousand days,
That know nor praise nor prayer.

VII.

In this Thy house, O Lord,
Shall we not fain rejoice?

And burn to pass her happy gates,
With swelling heart and voice?

VIII.

ff Great Zion's King extol!

The Triune God adore!

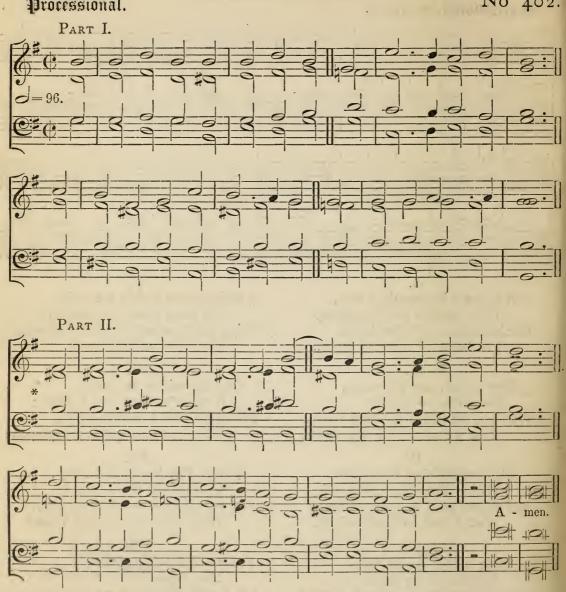
Let founds of triumph rend the sky,

Till Time shall be no more!

TO GOD THE LORD.

Processional.

No 402.



* * Verses 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9, to Part I. Verses 3, 5, and 7, to Part II.

f To God the Lord with one accord The voice of joy upraise! To God our King, in homage bring Your grateful fongs of praise!

V.

pYe birds on wing, that fweetly fing, Pour forth your varied lays! Ye cattle all, that on Him call, Who feeds you, swell His praise!

II.

The LORD is King! break forth and fing, fO fons of men, with deeper ken, O mountains, woods, and plains! O isles, O sea, right joyous be, For God all holy reigns!

III.

pO fun, O moon, O morn, O noon, O dewy eve, O night! O earth, O air, O fountains fair, Proclaim His Sovereign might!

IV.

f Ye winds that fweep o'er fell and deep, Earth's incense with you bring! Ye lightnings flash, with thunder-crash Declare Him LORD and King!

VI.

Praise ye with heart and voice! Extol your King, your off'rings bring, And in His Name rejoice!

VII.

pFor earth and fea, and bird and tree, Have but a transient day; The stars fo bright shall fink in night; Yea, all shall pass away.

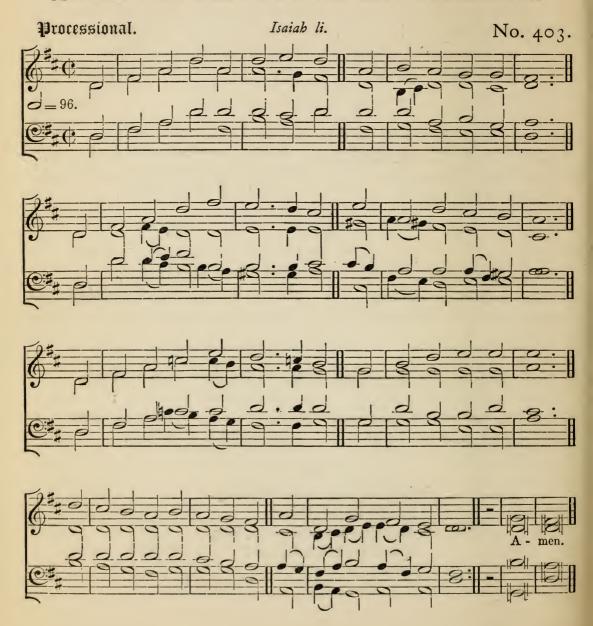
VIII.

f But we shall live; then let us give Him praise, His law obey; Until we come to Heav'n, our home, Where shines eternal day.

IX.

In joyful throng, upraise the song! By men and angel host Be worship done to FATHER, SON. And to the Holy Ghost!

AWAKE! AWAKE! PUT ON THY STRENGTH.



f AWAKE! awake! put on 'Thy strength, mf But lies in front a dreary waste, O Arm of CHRIST the LORD! Awake! as in the ancient days! Fresh triumphs now record! Thou driest up the mighty sea, The waters of the deep, That joy might spring in saddened hearts, dim. And mourners cease to weep.

Where thirst and hunger reign; cres. Yet Thou canst deck the barren hill, And fill the empty plain. f Lift up Thine Arm! lift up Thy Voice! The defert feels the shock! Sweet Manna showers from the skies, dim. Sweet water from the rock.

II.

f Thy ranfomed people passed the wave, They trod the Red Sea floor; The cloudy pillar frowned behind, But smiled with light before. Lift up Thine Arm, display Thy light, Again to guard and guide! Beneath Thy banner, mighty LORD, dim. We too have crossed the tide.

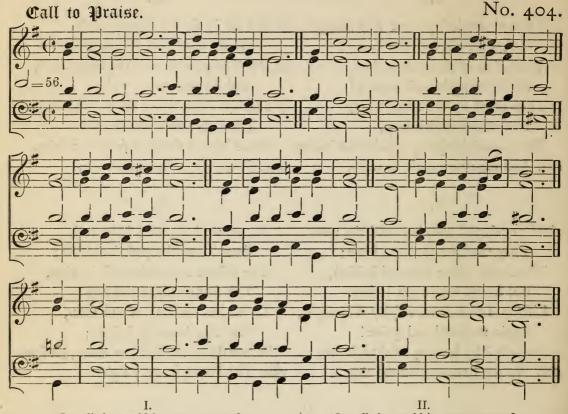
IV.

f On, on we haste with holy zeal, Since Thou the path hast blest; The distant mountains rise in view, Thy feat of peace and rest. There lies the City of our God, The City beaming bright; Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor star, dim. The LAMB its only light!

V.

f Awake! awake! put on Thy strength, That Thy redeemed may come With finging, and with endless joy, To that undying home. ff Awake! O Arm of Christ the Lord! Come touch these lips of clay, And they their loudest praise shall sing To crown this festal day!





The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow:

ff Let all the world in every corner fing
My God and King!

F Let all the world in every corner fing
My God and King!
The Church with Pfalms must shout;

No door can keep them out: But, above all, my heart

But, above all, my heart Must bear the longest part:

f Let all the world in every corner fing
My God and King!

III.

f Let all the world in every corner fing
My God and King!
The Father, with the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
One everlasting Lord,
Be evermore adored!
ff Let all the world in every corner fing
My God and King!

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